October 29, 1932

Collier's

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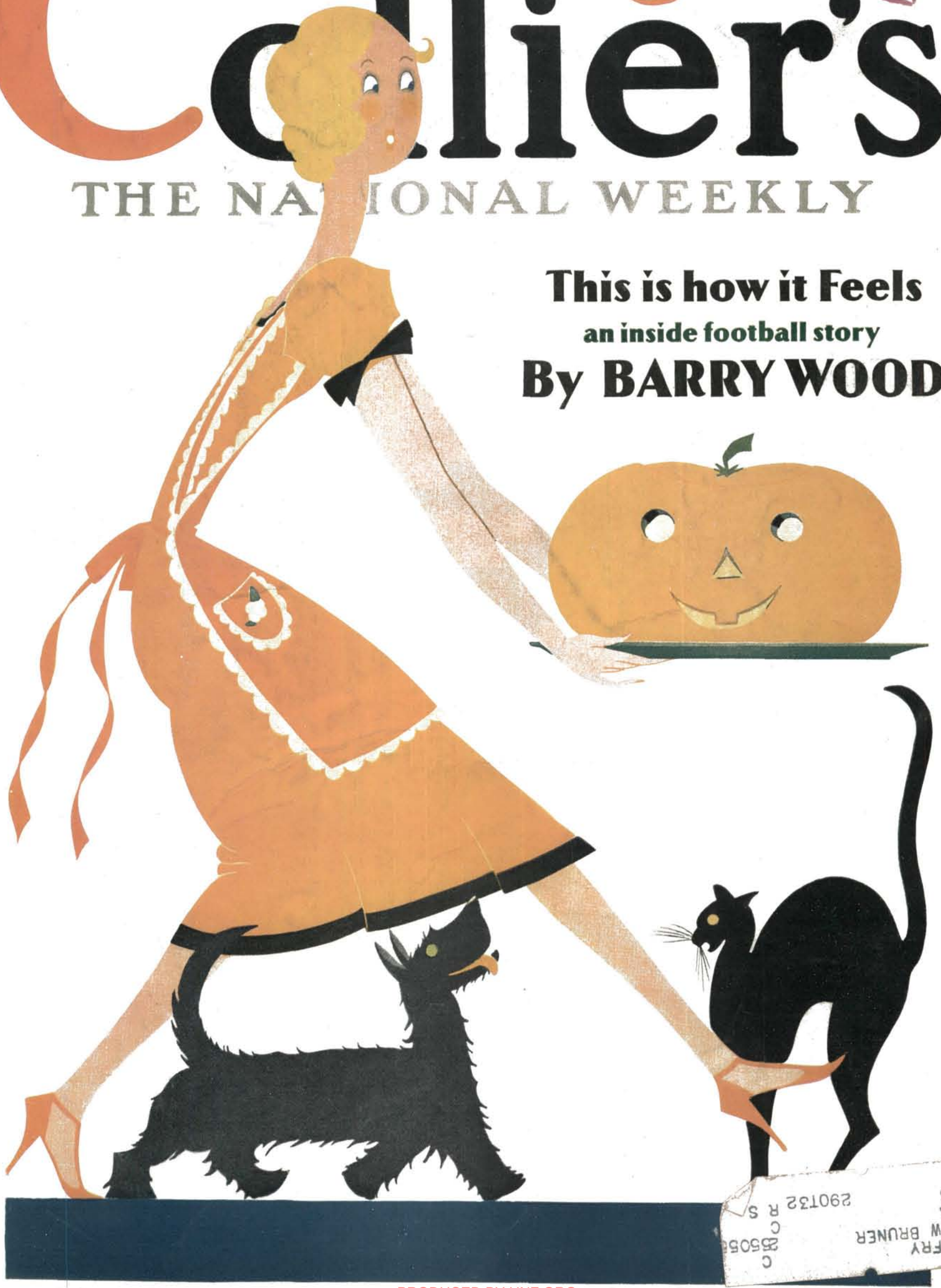
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

This is how it Feels

an inside football story

By BARRY WOOD



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Oct. 29, 1932

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The thrifty answer to.. "May I drain that Summer-worn oil?"

At this time of the year Texaco attendants, following car manufacturers' recommendations, will ask you to drain "summer-worn" oil.

They realize that burned-out bearings, scored cylinder walls and a host of other engine diseases are the direct results of careless, improper lubrication. They know that oil is cheaper than new engine parts and repair bills.

That's why every Texaco man will tell you that weakened "summer-worn" oil belongs anywhere but in the crankcase of your engine.

Drain it off. Fill with the right grade of Crack-Proof Texaco, the golden oil that resists top engine temperatures yet flows freely at zero. Then listen to an engine ready today for the colder weather tomorrow.

THE TEXAS COMPANY—*Texaco Petroleum Products*

DRAIN FILL
LISTEN

TEXACO CRACK-PROOF MOTOR OIL

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e who prefer a 100% paraffin base oil *The New* WAXFREE HAVOLINE —premium-priced and worth it

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Here Is Added Proof—

83 Out of Every 100 People

SLEEP BETTER

When They Take Ovaltine Before Going To Bed

Scientific Investigation Proves That They Not Only Sleep More Soundly—But Possess Greater Vitality And Energy Next Day

83% Said They Slept Better

"83 people out of every 100 sleep better when they take Ovaltine."

This is the statement of an eastern university scientist. Recently he made a test with Ovaltine on 2,500 people. He asked them to take it for three nights straight, and then report as to how they slept.

The people were selected at random. And the test proved that on the average, 83 people per 100 slept better when they took Ovaltine warm at bedtime. Of the remaining 17 per cent, many stated that they already slept perfectly well and did not need any aid.

This practical test merely substantiates scientific facts about Ovaltine that have been known to thousands of doctors and scientists for years.

Ovaltine, as you may know, is a delicious food-drink that was brought to this country from Switzerland. When taken warm at night, it not only induces sleep, but also contains properties that rebuild tissues while you sleep. It makes you waken clear-eyed and refreshed in the morning, your nerves more calm. It also greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue, and enables you to "come back" far more quickly when you are tired.

17% Reported "No Change"

This Is How It Acts

Authorities state that the three most common causes of sleeplessness are:

(1) Blood-congested brain cells. (2) Digestive unrest. (3) Nervous irritability.

Ovaltine is so phenomenally successful because it combats all three.

First: When taken as a warm drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. This combats the mental over-activity, which often keeps you awake when you are trying to get to sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

Begin Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights. Get acquainted with Ovaltine this very night—and see how quickly you sleep.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep every night.

See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

That's why millions take it *night after night*, largely on physician's advice.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

(If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 37-C
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person) 917

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"TOO Many Wives"—that was Derek Vane's trouble. To be sure, there were only two and he had divorced them both; but when you are a movie star divorce is sometimes inadequate protection. Derek took sick, and the two Mrs. Vanes descended upon him simultaneously and began to quarrel over the invalid. "Body snatchers," Derek called them—and there was a hint of bitterness in his voice.

He found a way out, of course. It involved a third Mrs. Vane and gave Director Feineman an inspiration. Even in the confusion of a hurried elopement Mr. Feineman recognized it as genius. "Is Shakespeare such a much when it comes by me for a writer, too?" he asked in a purely rhetorical way. James Warner Bellah gives the answer.

WALTER DAVENPORT, barely pausing for breath after his investigation of the political sentiments of the West—which we reported a few weeks ago—began laying his ear to the ground at various key points east of the Mississippi. Next week he interprets for you what he heard—the unmistakable rumble of coming events. His prospectus will help you enjoy "The Hoover-Roosevelt Fight in the East."

PATRICIA could see, by slightly crossing her eyes, that the tip of her nose was pink. It always betrayed her in moments of emotional stress. The rest of her face would remain calm and composed, but just let that nose scent an emotion and it lit up like a traffic light. And that week-end held plenty of emotion for Patricia. She was taking Mike out to meet her friends—it was his début, really. And Mike was behaving like the rough-neck he was. It made Patricia want either to die or to commit murder. And she was enduring this hideous embarrassment for a man who had never even said he loved her. George F. Worts tells you how Mike finally came to say "Three Little Words."

WEDDING rings for men have never been widely popular—the reason being, presumably, that they are unnecessary. The married man has that about him which fairly screams his state. And it puts him at a disadvantage. George Creel tells the story of a man who could be sufficiently described by merely saying he was a husband. His adversary was anything but that and the outcome was, regrettably, "Not All Romance."

DON MARQUIS, Owen P. White, S. B. H. Hurst, Barry Wood and others contribute stories and articles. The serials by Zane Grey and Arthur Somers Roche rise brilliantly toward their respective climaxes. And—but that will give you the idea.

This Week

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SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Mark of the East. **He thought he had left adventure and romance in China. He was wrong.** **Page 7**

GENERAL GLASSFORD'S STORY
An Interview by Owen P. White. **What happened when the B. E. F. marched on Washington.** **Page 10**

FRANK CONDON
Too Much Violet. **And a violent antidote.** **Page 12**

BARRY WOOD
This Is How It Feels. **A great football player takes you into the game.** **Page 14**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Great Abduction, Part IV. **The plot spreads around the President.** **Page 16**

DON MARQUIS
Something with a Kick. **The Old Soak answers his hecklers.** **Page 19**

ZANE GREY
Thunder Mountain, Part II. **Kalispel meets a tenderfoot—and his daughter.** **Page 20**

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
The Man Who Quit. **And the girl who found him.** **Page 22**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Where the Money Goes. **You ought to know.** **Page 24**

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There Are Men Like That, **by T. S. Stribling.** **Page 25**

HAROLD LAMB
The Rogues' Girl. **She helped King Louis' messenger.** **Page 26**

KARL DETZER
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THE "WRITE YOUR OWN" AWARDS **Page 30**

MARIE BEYNON RAY
The Party Spirit. **Smarter than ever and *much* cheaper.** **Page 31**

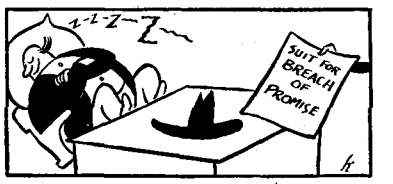
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Consider these facts.** **Page 32**

EDITORIAL
High Wages Are Best. **Page 50**

Any Week

"SUPPOSE," writes Mr. Edwin L. Shores of Ashtabula, Ohio, "we readers and you editors get together now and begin talking about something really important. The only reason I'm looking toward election is that it will soon be over."

BEING a Republican of the sink-or-swim faction, Mr. Lennert Bondman of Louisville, Ky., wants to know whether that hissing he has been hearing comes from the telegraph and telephone wires bearing demands from Republican state chairmen that Dr. Daniel A. Poling, chairman of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, be kept away from their cities in his campaign for Mr. Hoover.



"AND suppose," concludes Mrs. Anna F. Kelleher, "it were possible to sue successful office seekers for breach of promise!"

"THE Drys," writes Dr. Harry H. Bolton, Jr., of Pierce, W. Va., "promised we would abolish our jails and that crime would cease. We now know better. The Wets now promise the death knell of the bootlegger and the gangster if we repeal prohibition. We will learn different. I'm a neutral. I have been misinformed by the drys and am leery of what the wets offer."

WITH a racking sob in every line, Mr. F. J. Perrin of Georgetown, Tex., writes of the pathos in our editorial "Call Off the Armed Thugs." "It is heart-rending to think of so many poor innocent bootleggers having their morals corrupted by being put in jail," he wails.

"AND if," says Mr. R. S. Blinn of New Smyrna, Fla., "we work lively before the next Congress meets we might get pensions for old men, old women, harness makers, stone cutters and teachers of Delsarte who are out of jobs. Let's get the money while the getting is good. Merely put a stamp tax on grass widowers, bachelors and high-pressure salesmen and the money's ours."

"TIME was," sighs Mr. Tom Murfitt of Phoenix, Ariz., "when it took cops, lawyers, jurors and judges to label a man a criminal. But that has become too involved and too slow. Now Attorney-General Mitchell takes out his trusty pen and with one sweep of it makes hundreds. That's progress."

MRS. FRANK E. ROBERTS of Fairfield, Ill., admits having "her back up." She wants to know why, "if Mr. Roosevelt has known all this time how to lead the poor farmer out of the wilderness, he hasn't spilled it."

AND Mr. Philip Senter Robbins of Somerville, Mass., comes out flatly for less murder of the English language by office-seeking patriots.

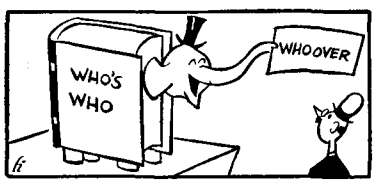
WITH heavy heart, Mr. Bert Tanner of Los Angeles reports that while in the office of the Los Angeles County Stabilization Bureau recently one young applicant for employment was asked what he could do.

"I don't know how to do anything," he replied meekly. "I've just been graduated from college."

MR. MAURY GROETING of Quincy, Ill., comes forward with dismal words of a farmer who, when reproved for his recklessness in betting his farm on the election, replied that he was going to lose that farm anyway and had decided to get a little excitement out of the danged thing while he had it.

WE shudder to think how many worse ideas than Dr. O. V. Robinson's we've heard. From Oakland, Calif., he suggests that it might be a very good thing for political morals if some of our artful dodging officeholders under charges of misfeasance and malfeasance were "suspended less from office and more from rope."

"YOU know and I know," writes Mrs. Sarah M. Dumphries of Denver, Colo., "that no matter what happens at the polls we're not going to have much change in government. If we really want a change let's try a good healthy king for a while. We might borrow Michael of Rumania to break the system in and get things started."



MR. MARSHALL W. MALONE of Portland, Ore., speculates upon the gratification of the Republicans when they found that a poll of Who's Who showed the majority of the occupants of that impressive volume canvassed were for Mr. Hoover. He wonders whether this morale-shoring was kept up by polling "the Republican National Committee, members of the New York Stock Exchange and President Hoover's Cabinet."

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The "Accident" Alibi

"IT was an accident" is a poor alibi for injuries which could have been prevented.

Ask yourself what caused the latest injury to one of your own family or to a friend. Was it a *true* accident which could not have been prevented or was it the result of carelessness? Most accidents are of the preventable kind.

Could any member of your family suffer a serious injury in your home because of hazards you have not removed? Could you walk safely in any part of the house, day or night, without fear of falling over some temporary or permanent obstruction?

Last year in the United States there were almost as many deaths from accidents in homes as there were from automobile accidents. Many cripplings which happened in homes could have been averted.

Scaldings from boiling liquids, burnings from fire and hot surfaces, could have been prevented by greater thoughtfulness. Most of the injuries from sharp tools and instruments could have been prevented by carefulness. Investigating gas or gasoline leaks with a lighted match is a direct invitation to a disastrous explosion.

There were about 17,000 fatal injuries in industry last year in the United States and 29,000 in homes. Well managed industries have learned how to reduce the number of accidents during working hours through regular inspection and protective measures.

Why not inspect and protect your own home? Look around now—carefully—to see what can be done to make your home safer.

Send for and use the Metropolitan "Home Inspection Chart" which lists many of the places where dangers may lurk in your home. Your copy of the Chart and also a booklet, "Accident Prevention in the Home" will be mailed free. Address Booklet Dept. 1132-C.

Are there unsuspected or unheeded dangers in your home?

Brooms, pails, boxes, toys or other objects placed where someone might trip over them?
Unlighted stairways?
Rickety steps, loose banisters or hand-rails?
Unsecured rugs, slippery or highly polished floors?
Wabbly ladders?
Leaky connections in gas heater, range, furnace or lighting fixture?
Defective electric wiring or appliances?
Matches within reach of children?
Unlabeled poisons?

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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REAL LIFE MOVIES . . . . Mary Field's Secret

The most popular young married couple in Summerville were Tom and Mary Field, until . . . Read what happened. Perhaps there is a lesson in their story—a lesson for *you!* . . .

2. Energetic and vivacious, Mary found the first year of her married life quite as crowded and exciting as any debutante's. Parties, bridges, football games, dances . . . what fun she and Tom had!

3. Then, somehow, Mary's interest in people and things began to fade. She lost her verve—and much of her charm. She began to refuse invitations because "she didn't feel up to it." Until . . .

4. It dawned upon Mary how dull and routine her married life had become. She yearned for some of the old fun and gaiety. She realized how many of her friends had "dropped" her. Then . . .

5. An "Ad" in a newspaper stopped her—made her think. Perhaps *her* trouble was—*constipation.* She planned a new health program*—including Post's Bran Flakes *regularly.*

6. And now look at Mary—vivacious, more charming—and more popular—than ever! Her friends wonder at this tireless girl who, a few short weeks ago, was so dull and lifeless.

NOW YOU PAY FAR LESS!

FOR THE EXTRA BENEFITS OF THIS DELICIOUS BRAN CEREAL

Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob you of the good things of life . . . romance, success and friends.

*Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, drink lots of water, exercise . . . and begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* for breakfast every morning.

Post's Bran Flakes is now much lower in price . . . so low that *all* can afford this delicious, effective cereal.

Serve Post's Bran Flakes often! Even more delicious now—because it's *Crisp-Pack.* Serve for health benefits—for sheer enjoyment. A product of General Foods.

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ALSO BIG ECONOMY PACKAGE We have also made available to your grocer a big economy package. Thrifty buyers will welcome the important added savings its extra contents supply.

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Collier's

The National Weekly for October 29, 1932

FREE
IOLA, KANSAS

Mark of the East

What was wrong with the Henderson baby? Bill Ashley thought he knew —and he wasn't a man to be bluffed

By Sidney Herschel Small

Illustrated by Franz Felix

IN ANOTHER short moment the magnificent bronze door of the house on Pacific Avenue was going to open, and then Dr. William Ashley would be forced to step inside. He might, of course, turn and run, new bag in hand, to his equally new car; the zigzag scar on his cheek indicated that in the past Dr. Ashley had not backed away. He hadn't done it when blood had spurted from the slash. That was the time a Chinese woman had been sick, and her husband and brothers had protested, with an array of knives, to the opening of a vastly different door—lest the dread spirits of night enter the room filled with a hot, brooding Asiatic evening and the suffocating fumes of incense . . . five years ago.

This was Dr. Ashley's first professional call in the States. He should have been vastly pleased (he had been, with the idea) at being made one of Dr. Robinett's assistants. His head rather swam with advice; Robinett's advice, personally given. About the importance of the Martin family. About the necessity of impressing the Martins with his experience, especially with fevers.

"You're young," Dr. Robinett had said critically, "but your papers on fever are remarkable, doctor."

ROBINETT hadn't added what was in his mind: that Ashley, lean, dark, alert, with the interesting scar jagged across his brown cheek, ought to be bait for donkeys. Not that the Martins, who owned the great house before which Ashley stood, had ever been donkeys, save in the marriage of the elder girl, whose baby Dr. Ashley was to see. "I've looked at the Henderson child," Dr. Robinett had concluded, "and I see no reason for continued high temperature. I'd like your opinion."

The door was going to open; Dr. Ashley saw a movement of the knob. He blinked once, realizing how ridiculous was his panic, and tried to remember the proper polite phrases. A thousand miles up-river in China, a fellow didn't need them.

The door was open; somebody was saying, in a lovely, husky voice, "Yes?"

Dr. Ashley cleared his throat.

Whoever was standing in the hall said, "Come in, please, doctor."

"Ah," said Dr. William Ashley, his fingers tightening on the handle of the bright new bag.

"You're Dr. Ashley," the husky voice told him, "the baby specialist?"

Stepping dutifully inside, he said, "Cold, isn't it?" which, he considered, was making conversation, and the right thing to do. He said it again: "Cold."

"We thought so," the girl told him. "Perhaps it isn't. The baby's miserable . . . come along. I'm Anne Martin, doctor."

Dr. Ashley looked at her, as she turned to show the way. He was given one swift vision of smooth cheek, and then Bill Ashley blinked for the second time. He thought: "She's the sort of girl I closed my eyes and saw, for five years. And she's got to live in a house like this, and I've got to come and take care of her sister's baby. Bill, the medical hired hand." Then he realized that he mightn't have seen her at all, and he suddenly became very cheerful.

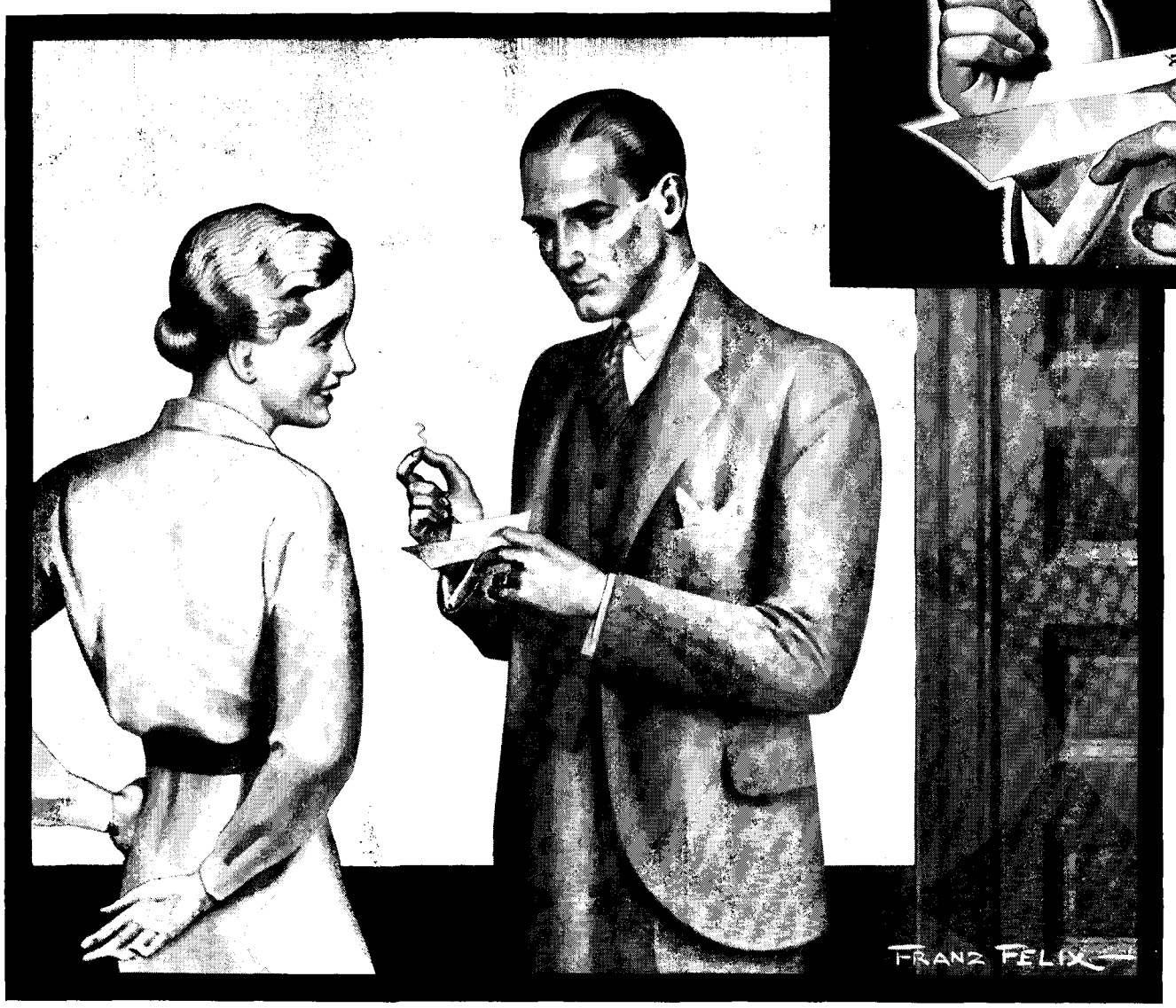
"How do you do, Miss Martin?" he said, halfway up the broad stairs.

THE girl paused, stopped, turned. The light was in Ashley's face; she was able to see him clearly. For an instant she seemed puzzled, uncertain. Then she began to laugh, and Bill liked that also. "D'you always wait this long to say 'hello'?" she demanded.

"Sorry," Bill told her. He was looking at her squarely now; it was as if his eyes were closed, and when he opened them he'd be in a squalid room in China, waiting for a Chinese to die, prepared for anything when the first Wail for the Unhappy Dead began. He said suddenly, sharply, "You said I was a baby specialist. I'm not. I know a little about fevers. You've got to get somebody else."

The girl amazed, surprised, probably curious also, said slowly, "You're Dr. Ashley, the fever man. Dr. Robinett told us. Or aren't you?"

"I'm Ashley. I know about certain kinds of fevers. First hand. I suppose



He placed all three hairs in a fold of prescription paper

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I do know something about the others. But"—get it out, Bill!—"I'm just back from the Orient, Miss Martin. Three days ago. It doesn't seem fair for me to let on I'm a pediatrician, a baby man, because I'm not."

"Aren't you?" Anne Martin asked.

She was laughing at him again, Bill felt. And then, before he could decide why, someone above called, "Oh, Anne. Is that the doctor?" A deep voice, but with a slight cracking in the upper tones.

Anne Martin said shortly, "Yes, Arthur. Dr. Ashley. Doctor, Mr. Henderson, my sister's husband."

BILL followed the girl to the upper hall; he shook hands at once, shifting his bag. Henderson was a handsome fellow; Ashley saw that at once. Not quite as dark as Bill, nor as lean; dark eyes, rather marked eyebrows. Tall, well built, well dressed. And mighty handsome.

"Did I understand you to say that you're just back from China?" Henderson asked pleasantly. "Have a good trip, doctor?"

"Very," said Dr. William Ashley.

"Never been there," the other smiled. "Know China well, doctor? Are conditions there as bad as we hear?"

Bill opened his mouth, and shut it again. Out of the things he himself had said, and Henderson seemed to have heard, the condition of China wasn't the thing an anxious father should have selected to talk about. Bill's interest was growing. In true Chinese fashion he lied blandly, "I couldn't say, sir. I merely passed through. Shanghai, Hong Kong." As a matter of fact, he hadn't said he'd been in China; he had merely mentioned the Orient to Miss Martin. "Now, if I may see the baby, please."

"I'll come along," Henderson suggested.

Professionally, Dr. Ashley announced, "I'll want to make an examination."

"Of course. Er . . . naturally, you'll be extremely careful, doctor? I lost two brothers; pneumonia. I'm worried about my child, of course. You'll do your best? Although I've a feeling that this really isn't anything. . . ."

He was gone; Ashley heard a door close to the right of the stairway. The heavy rugs, set close together, prevented any sound of footsteps.

Anne Martin led the way down the hall, rounded a corner, taking the corridor to the right. Then, abruptly, she stopped.

"You lied, didn't you?" she said, very softly. "Why?"

About to lie again, Ashley said quietly, "Yes. Why? I don't know." Unaware that he had placed his hand on her arm, he went on earnestly, "The truth is that I've been so long in China that I even think like a Chinese. Always trying to find hidden meanings in anything a person says. I'm sorry."

Anne Martin said, barely audibly, "Arthur's crazy about the baby. It's a boy, you know. A dear. When Dr. Robinett came, Arthur couldn't talk about anything else. But he asked you about China."

"And I didn't tell him."

"ALTHOUGH," the girl continued, thinking aloud, "he doesn't like Chinese things. Mr. Henderson doesn't care to go through Chinatown when we take Eastern guests to see the bazaars. We discharged Gee, our old cook, because Arthur disapproved of the food—"

"Look here," Bill demanded, "is anything wrong, Miss Martin?"

The girl's arm, under Bill's hand, was trembling. The movement ceased, and she said, "My sister is waiting to see you, doctor."

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Ashley.

"I asked for it. Not your pardon. Your questions. Nothing's wrong except the sort of thing which is imagination." She walked rapidly away, knocked at a door, called, "The doctor, Peggy," and stepped aside to let Dr. Ashley pass into the room.

It was a grayish day; the sun had remained behind high tulle fog; the shades were drawn. A coal fire burned, yellow and blue and silver. Coreopsis and cornflowers repeated the color in a silver bowl. Light danced and shimmered on the dressing table. Walnut bed, smooth linen, fragrant; a forest Keith on the wall, all sunlit meadow and warm autumn leaves in the foreground. Wealth. Beauty in the woman on the bed, but, to Dr. William Ashley, a beauty missing something of the charm of the younger sister. Certainly not the face he had dreamed about up-river—proof, to Bill, that any pretty face wasn't enough to conjure up the earlier vision.

He was thinking about that as Anne Martin was saying, "This is Dr. Ashley, darling. He's going to look at the baby now."

Mrs. Henderson said, "Dr. Ashley, I don't see why the baby should be running a fever. Without anything else happening. This is my thirteenth day in bed, doctor. I hope they let me up tomorrow. Anne . . . should I ask Dr. Ashley . . . you know . . . about? . . ."

"*I'd* ask him," Anne Martin said flatly.

Mrs. Henderson nodded. "I wanted to see my baby bathed," she said. "We've a good nurse, doctor. Young, but good. There's a little bruise on the baby's back. If the nurse did it"—voice higher—"will you have a different one sent here? Arthur says *he* didn't see it, but I did."

"I'll look," Dr. Ashley promised. "An infant's skin is very delicate, Mrs. Henderson. It may not have been the nurse's fault. I'll find out."

"Arthur acted so strangely about it."

BILL ASHLEY almost said, "Maybe I'll find out about that, too," as, again, he followed Anne Martin into the next room.

He said to the nurse, "Good morning," and, in the same breath, "Too warm in here. Open a window when I'm finished, nurse."

The woman in white said calmly, "Yes, doctor."

Dr. Ashley was looking at the little face on the pillow in the crib; he only half heard Anne Martin say, "Miss Wheelock, didn't Dr. Robinett say the same thing when he was here yesterday?"

Just what was he to look for? A "complete examination" of a two-weeks-old baby wasn't going to reveal anything to Dr. Ashley, and he knew it. If there were a cold, there might be a bit of congestion, which Dr. Robinett hadn't found. Nothing had developed, Robinett had said; it was probably merely a common baby fever, caused by disturbed digestion. A hundred and two or a hundred and three degrees meant nothing, but Robinett had reported the fact that the fever was highest in the early morning, and lowest in mid-afternoon, which was entirely against all rules . . . if, on the other hand, this were China, it might well have been the curious Fever X22 which Ashley had discovered. He put this out of his mind at once. Fever X22 never attacked Caucasians. Not even missionaries who were exposed to it. Not even Bill himself, after he tried to find out . . .

For several minutes Dr. Ashley was professionally at work, and then he looked up. "Hmm," he said.

"THAT'S what Dr. Robinett told us," Anne Martin told him.

"I'll show you the chart, doctor," suggested Miss Wheelock. "The baby's appetite has been very good, and—"

Dr. Ashley looked at the nurse, and found her apparently efficient; Bill Ashley looked at her, past the white uniform and cap, and decided that he didn't like her. So he said, "I won't need that chart, thanks. How was the child bruised?"

"I can't say, doctor. Baby skin is so tender—"

"What did you apply? Witch-hazel compress? Boric? Ichthyol ointment?"

"Why—"

Dr. Ashley said coldly, "Which did Dr. Robinett prescribe?" And, before the woman was able to answer, he went on, "He should have been informed. Mrs. Henderson didn't tell him, but you should." His brown hands, darker than ever against the pale soft skin of the infant, turned the child to its side.

He saw the bluish discoloration on the baby's back.

A second time Dr. Ashley said "Hmm."

Miss Wheelock remarked hastily, to Anne Martin, "It isn't anything . . .

"Brother, we have cut the bonds of the person, and he has departed. I do

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not think he will return"

heaven knows how it happened—"

"Correct," said Dr. Ashley. He wrote swiftly on his pad, and handed the prescription to Anne Martin.

"There'll be no temperature in eight or nine hours," he said, easily enough. "I can promise it. You'll tell Mrs. Henderson?"

"I . . . why, yes. About the bruise, doctor—"

Miss Wheelock broke in with, "Marvelous, doctor! What really caused the fever?"

Bill Ashley ignored her; he said to Anne Martin, "I'm afraid the . . . bruise . . . will be rather persistent. It will fade out, sooner or later. I'll come in again in the evening." Having said this, he told the nurse: "About the windows. They are to be kept open. Is that clear?"

"Yes, doctor. Of course, doctor."

Anne Martin said, "I'll remind you that you promised Dr. Robinett the same thing. Who told you to close them?"

There was a hint of defiance in the nurse's manner, and an undertone of it in her words:

"Mr. Henderson told me, Miss Martin. He said something about pneumonia . . . it's Mr. Henderson's baby, Miss Martin—"

"And it's my case," said Dr. Ashley shortly. "The windows are to be opened, and are to stay open." He swallowed what he almost added: "Even if Henderson's afraid of night devils." Swiftly, Bill bent over the crib. His hand passed over the top of the infant's head, thumb and forefinger close together. Neither of the women saw what he did, but the baby cried once, and Bill said, "It's all right, old fellow. You can't help it."

THEN his eyes narrowed, he straightened up.

"I've got to get back to the office," he said. "If you'll show me the way, Miss Martin—"

She took him through her sister's room again; Margaret Henderson was watching the door. Her husband was sitting near the fire, a cigarette fuming. Before the woman could speak, he said, "A matter of feeding, doctor?"

"No," said Dr. Ashley. "Just . . . er . . . fever. I've left a prescription. The fever will disappear by morning."

"What would you say the trouble has been?"

Bill Ashley saw that the woman had been crying. So he said briefly, "I'll have Dr. Robinett tell you, sir. He'll report to you."

Anne Martin's head was high. She, also, had observed the unmistakable signs of tears. "I wish you wouldn't say things to Peggy," she told him. "I wish—"

Henderson waved a hand toward Ashley, as if saying, "Don't discuss family affairs before strangers." Aloud, he said, "Mrs. Henderson is a nervous woman, doctor. I've been telling her that it would do her good, and the baby good, to get away for a time. Don't you agree?"

"I should say that if she is contented here she's in the best possible place," Dr. Ashley said.

"I'll speak to Robinett about that," Henderson remarked lightly. "He's the doctor, of course. You're merely his assistant, aren't you?"

"The least of them," said Bill. "You asked me, and I told you, and that's that." He looked at Henderson as if he had never seen him before, slowly, carefully. Handsome. That was the word. No wonder the elder Martin girl had married him. No scar on his cheek, either. Bill Ashley said, "I don't blame you; get Robinett's advice." At the door he turned, "I've a hobby, Mrs. Henderson. . . . I've a collection of hair. I'd like one of yours . . . perhaps one of Mr. Henderson's also. . . ."

Henderson said, "Why, that's a new one on me—"

When Ashley was in the hall he opened his left hand. There were three hairs in it now; one, black and silky, one blond and silky also, the third, short and fine, that of the infant. He placed all three in a fold of prescription-pad paper, and put them in his pocket.

"Want one of mine?" Anne Martin asked.

Bill Ashley didn't grin. "D'you think I'm crazy?" he said gravely.

"Rather. Look here, doctor, did you think that was a bruise? I've seen 'em, and I've had 'em myself. Plenty. Is it?"

They were at the lower door. Bill said, "You tell me what's wrong here, and I'll tell you if it's a bruise."

"I didn't say anything was wrong."

"Didn't you?"

The girl leaned against the edge of the heavy door. At first she stared at the house opposite, and then her gaze sought the gap between it and the next; a space which showed a patch of the choppy water of the Gate. She watched a freighter shoving a blunt nose westward, Chinaward. She said slowly, "A doctor's different. You tell him things. Although I never thought about it that way before. What is wrong? Nothing. Everything. He's handsome, isn't he? The nurse thinks so, too. I've noticed. So has Peg. Cried about it. Peg has. Arthur likes to make her cry. To hurt her. He . . ."

"I know," Bill said, when the girl paused. "It all fits in."

ANNE MARTIN went on, as if she hadn't heard what Ashley said: "Remember what he said, about a trip? He'll say something like that, whenever Peggy doesn't want to do whatever he asks. Like a joint checking account. That's the latest. Now, he always says he'll take the baby with him. It's a mess. It's awful. I'm sick about it. He . . . he tried to be sweet to me. I . . . I talk too damn' much," she said abruptly. Her eyes flicked back to Ashley's as she concluded, "You're coming tonight, doctor . . . goodby."

"Is it any of your affair, doctor?"

Dr. William Ashley's first call in the States was over. The bronze door swung closed.

For a third time Bill said "Hmm." Then he stepped into his car. He could hardly wait to get back to Dr. Robinett's offices, to verify his conclusions. And what would happen if he did? Something, certainly. In the presence of the unknown, which might turn out to contain the element of danger, Bill Ashley felt very fine indeed. . . .

Dr. Robinett found his assistant bent over a microscope in the office laboratory.

"I'm sorry it had to happen, doctor," Robinett said. "Probably it was unavoidable. What's your side of it?"

"My side of what?" Dr. Ashley asked, looking up.

"The Hendersons are very provoked," said Ashley's superior. "I gathered it was roughness in handling the baby. Perhaps it squirmed, eh? Or—"

Bill Ashley picked up the dead cigarette beside the microscope. "So that's how they want to explain it?" he grinned. "It won't hold water, doctor. Mrs. Henderson knows better. The nurse knows better. And I'll tell anybody, anywhere, that I do, also. Of course it was Henderson who complained about me?"

"IT WAS Mrs. Henderson," Robinett informed Bill. "She was very excited, doctor. The nurse reported to her that you were impatient with the child; held it with one hand. A bad bruise, I understand, at the base of the spine." The older man shook his head as he said, "You've got to be very careful with infants, doctor. Anyhow, the Hendersons have dismissed us; not because of this unfortunate thing, but because they are dissatisfied generally."

Bill said softly, "I can tell you exactly what is wrong with the child, doctor. It's—"

"Really nothing; I know," Robinett growled. "But it might have developed into almost anything—"

"Including Asiatic fever," Dr. Ashley said gravely. "Otherwise known as Fever X22. That's what it is. I've certainly seen enough to know."

"But you told me only Asiatics were attacked, doctor! And your paper made the same statement—"

Dr. Ashley slipped off the stool. "Won't you look at what I've under the lens, doctor?" When Robinett, after one half-glare at his bungling assistant, did as he was asked, Ashley said, "The top hair is Mrs. Henderson's, sir. A cross-section. You see it's round. The second is Henderson's. Oblong. The third is the baby's. Oblong also. You know—"

Robinett was staring at Ashley. He said instantly, "Caucasian hair's round, Oriental hair is oblong. Good Lord!"

"Exactly, sir."

"There are exceptions, there are exceptions," Robinett almost chattered.

Ashley shrugged. "Possibly," he agreed. "I'm no expert. But I'll tell you two things, doctor: the first is that Henderson discharged me because he was afraid I might know too much, and the second is that there isn't the slightest doubt but that Henderson is a half-caste, a Eurasian, even without the evidence of the cross-sections of hair. His child"—Ashley's voice lowered—"is branded with the Mongol mark. The bluish mark on its back. Every Mongolian baby, every 'caste, wears that insignia for about a year, and then it fades off and vanishes, leaving only the doubtful testimony of the hair. . . ."

"Never heard of it!"

"It's true," Ashley said soberly. "And now Mr. Henderson is going to take a trip with the baby, and he isn't going to return until the 'bruise' has vanished . . . and I'll give any odds on that you want!"

"Henderson is a half-caste . . . ridiculous . . . it might be true . . . the Martin girl met him heaven knows where; it was a week's scandal . . . but . . ."

"He's Caucasian in appearance, sir. A handsome devil. Mean, like 'castes. Has a fear of fresh air, which's bred into the bone. Philanders. Affairs with the nurse, who will do whatever he says. When he goes, he'll take her along to care for the child. Mrs. Henderson is afraid of him, but she, too, will do what he wants. The only one who'll stand up to him is Mrs. Henderson's sister. . . ."

"I'm glad we're out of it," Dr. Robinett admitted. "Of course you said nothing about your suspicions?"

(Continued on page 43)

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General Glassford's Story

An Interview By Owen P. White

Six months after Pelham D. Glassford became superintendent of the Washington police, the Bonus Expeditionary Force dropped into his lap and gave him one of the most difficult jobs a police chief ever had. How he handled it and what he thought about it, he tells you in this interview

NO, SIR," said General Glassford, "I won't do it." I had asked him to write his own story of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, and that was his reply.

"But why not?" I inquired.

"Because," he answered, "I can't capitalize and commercialize an accident. A year ago nobody in the United States knew anything about Glassford. Then, suddenly, this Bonus Army lights in my lap, and as chief of the Washington police I became involved in an incident that has become of national interest and created national feeling. Consequently I don't care to write about it."

"You have written about it, though," I insisted. "You issued a reply to Attorney-General Mitchell's statement, didn't you?"

General Glassford smiled. "But that reply wasn't about the Bonus Army," he said. "It was merely an answer to statements which were in conflict with public records and statistics and which I considered unfair to the Washington police. For me now to prolong a dispute which is rich in political implication would, I think, be decidedly out of place."

"Well, then," I asked, "apart from political implication, will you start at the beginning and tell me something of your experiences with the B. E. F.?"

"Certainly. My first contact with the B. E. F. was when I sat on the grass and listened to the members of the first contingent that reached the city make speeches and adopt resolutions."

"And did you agree with what they said, and with the resolutions?"

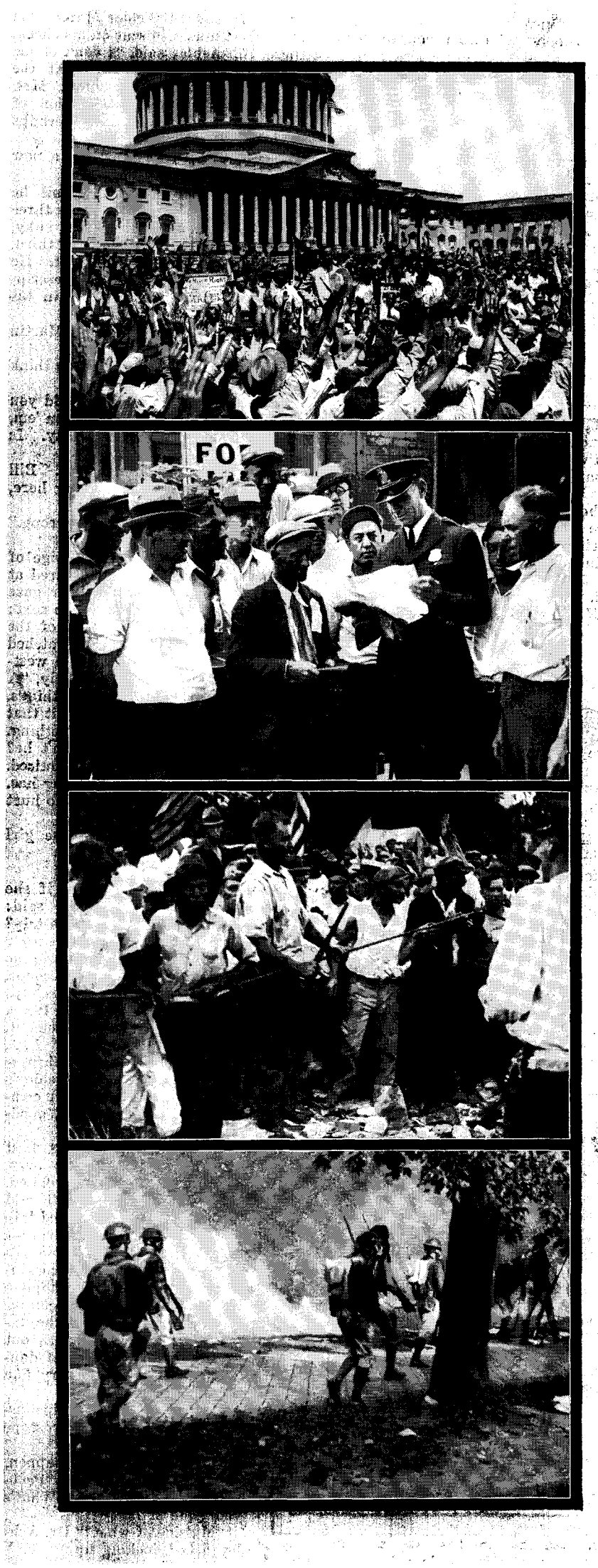
The Commissioner's Plan

"Only partially. I agreed, of course, with their determination to be law-abiding and orderly so long as they remained in Washington, but I disapproved of their reason for having come here. It was a misguided movement, but as I listened to this first group I suddenly realized that what was ahead of me was not a mere local police job. It was national. From all over the United States ex-soldiers were heading for Washington, and what would be the result? I didn't know. Nobody knew, and thus it was that when I first went to talk with the District commissioners I had no definite plan in mind. I just wanted their advice and I got it. I told the commissioners that the few hundred men already in Washington were only the advance guard of what might turn out to be a huge army and I wanted to be told how they wanted it handled.

"Imagine my surprise when it was suggested to me that I treat these men as indigents, pass them along to the Salvation Army or any other charity organization that would feed them, and then make them move on as rapidly as possible.

"That almost floored me—I couldn't see it that way. A precedent, in fact, had been established in another direction. Hunger marchers and Coxey's Army had been allowed to come into the Capital, parade, petition Congress and remain in the city on a scheduled program, so I couldn't see why ex-soldiers should be discriminated against. If the men as they came in proved to be crooks and radicals I'd know what to do with them, but if, as I expected would be the case, they showed up with good military records, wound stripes and decorations for bravery, I knew that as a soldier myself I couldn't tell them to keep moving just as if they were a lot of tramps."

"Well, what did you tell the commissioners?" I asked.



Top to bottom, bonus seekers pledge themselves to law and order, and present credentials to General Glassford; Washington police holding the men in camp, and Federal soldiers laying down a tear-gas barrage preparatory to the "big push"

The preliminary

"I told them very emphatically," replied General Glassford, "that if they wanted me to carry out that kind of an order they would have to hand it to me in writing."

"And—?"

"And nothing," answered the general. "They just wouldn't put that order in writing. For reasons of their own, I suppose, they preferred not to, and so at the outset it was up to me to handle the arriving Bonus Army as best I could, and that's just the way I did handle it until on July 21st orders in writing were issued by the commissioners which completely repudiated the policies which had been pursued."

But I wasn't going to knock that chip off of General Glassford's shoulder. Behind his remarks on any subject there

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is six feet three inches of as brawny American manhood as I have ever seen, and yet that is not his most impressive quality. No, his magnificent physique may be convincing but in the end it is merely an adjunct to his delightful frankness. I walked with him down the street, with everyone turning to look at him; I drove with him in his car and noticed that he obeyed every traffic signal; I sat with him in his office at police headquarters and watched him dispatch his business there; I attended a luncheon at the National Press Club in his honor, and I visited him at his modest home, where he himself cooked the breakfast for us; and at no time did I detect in him a trace of anything that would lead anyone to doubt his simple sincerity.

Least of all could the men of the Bonus Army have doubted it. From the very day that the commissioners refused to give him a written order to make the marchers keep on marching

skirmish with police, which brought about eviction by the government

he proved to the ex-soldiers as fast as they arrived that he was their friend.

"Of course," he said, as he poured a second cup of coffee for me out of his crippled percolator, "I had to be friendly to those boys and I'm not going to try to make anybody believe that there wasn't a double motive back of it. There are always two motives for everything and one of them is generally selfishness. It was that way with me. I could have been a hard-boiled police officer and made a lot of trouble for myself. On the other hand, by pursuing the course I did I made a constantly increasing number of hungry men who represented thousands of veterans and unemployed all over the country believe in me instead of becoming my enemies, and naturally that made the situation comparatively easy to handle."

"But how did you do it?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied General Glassford. "I suppose they just trusted me. From the very beginning of the invasion, you see, I realized that they needed a supervising leader, and so"—here the Glassford eyes twinkled merrily—"without going through the formality of holding an election, or even formally notifying them of what was happening, I simply took the job over."

I interrupted: "Didn't it disturb you at all to think that what might turn out to be a great army was converging on the Capital with the avowed purpose of endeavoring to force Congress to take a certain line of action?"

A Campaign of Discouragement

"Why, certainly it disturbed me. I didn't want the Bonus Army to come here. The responsibility was tremendous, and so when I was informed, although I do not know with what degree of truth, because it is no part of my police duty to delve into the activities of politicians, that certain congressmen were instigating in their districts the organization of reënforcements for the B. E. F., I began to try to devise means to stop the progress of the invasion."

"What were some of those means?"

"Let's see." The general thought a minute. "The first step I took," he said, "was to start a campaign of discouragement. Somebody was urging these men to come on to Washington and I started in to combat the march by sending a wire to the governor of each state and also to a great many railroad presidents. And likewise I had letters sent to every American Legion post in the country urging that everything possible be done to stop the advance."

"That was a big job, wasn't it, General?"

"No, not so very," he replied, "because you see I had plenty of help."

"Help?" I inquired. "From whom?"

"Why, from the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars," he said, and then he added, "because, you see, they were not in sympathy with the assembly of the bonus marchers in Washington."

"Then what did you do next?" I asked.

"The next step I took," responded General Glassford, "was taken shortly after the arrival of the first contingent of bonus seekers and was in the nature of a call made by me upon three prominent gentlemen to each one of whom I suggested that the best way to stem the tide of soldiers then advancing upon the national Capital was for them to dig the bonus bill out from under a lot of unimportant measures that were then smothering it in the Ways and Means Committee and at once vote on it."

"Yes, I see, and who were these gentlemen and what did they say?"

"Well, the first two," replied the general, "were Senator Watson and Representative Rainey and all that they did was to receive me courteously and affably agree to take my suggestion under advisement."

"And the third—who was he?"

"The third was Mr. Walter Newton, secretary to President Hoover."

"What did he tell you?"

"Now, you know I can't reply to that," said the general. "When I came out of the White House after my call on Mr. Newton the assembled gentlemen of the press asked me the same question and of course I told them that I couldn't quote the President's secretary. I did tell them, though, what I had been to see him about, and even that created a rumpus. You see, I didn't then understand that it was not considered ethical for me to tell the newspapers the truth. I always had done that, and so, the next day, when Secretary Newton called me on the phone and wanted to know why I had told the press anything at all, that was the only explanation I gave him."

"And wasn't there quite a disagreeable flareback to that remark?" I asked.

Empty Stomachs Make Trouble

"Not that I knew of at that time. Within the past few days, however, I have heard that there was a very considerable one; but just then I was far too busy attending to my job, which was getting bigger every day, to pay any attention to what I would call gossip. At that stage of the invasion there were only about fifteen hundred bonus seekers in Washington but thousands more were on the way and you can see what my contract amounted to. It was a double-barreled one. I not only had to care for the men who were already here but also had to keep as many as I could from getting to Washington.

"None of it was easy. The responses that I had secured from the governors with whom I had pleaded not to let the marchers come on through their states had been practically all negative, in action, if not in words, and so on came the horde of hungry men. Now everybody knows that empty stomachs create riot and rebellion. Food, therefore, increasing quantities of it, was necessary and, to be exactly honest, I don't know just exactly how we managed to get it. We did. Of course we got nothing from the Federal government, but the people of the District of Columbia were magnificent in helping us out. The bonus marchers also did their part by going on short rations and enforcing their agreements with me regarding panhandling, orderly conduct and *no* liquor. Naturally conditions were not always one hundred per cent perfect. They couldn't be. In all groups of men there are some unruly ones and the B. E. F. was no exception. Its own titular leaders, however, worked with me to keep the situation as clean as possible."

"How about the Reds?" I asked.

"That might have become a hard problem," replied General Glassford, "but because of the spirit and the attitude of the ex-soldiers it was never a real menace. The veterans themselves handled it effectively. As everybody knows, the radical element was separated from the main body of the marchers and got no sympathy from them.

"Then the Red situation," I persisted, "did not alarm you?"

"No. You see I have been commanding soldiers for thirty years and as the B. E. F. was made up of soldiers who knew the meaning of discipline, who proved it by their behavior while they were here, and who were all full of this group patriotism that hardly anything can disrupt, I left the Red situation practically in their hands. They handled it, too."

However, I didn't want to let the matter stand there. During the period of hostilities when both bricks and words were flying, all sorts of pro and con

(Continued on page 32)

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Alfred, being now in a lively state, announced that this was the life. "From now on," he avowed, "I am a wastrel, wastreling happily"

Too much Violet

By Frank Condon

Explaining the singular dereliction of Dr. Alfred Persis Russ, who was not so simple as he seemed

HIS name was Alfred Persis Russ, and his wife's name was Violet, and wives named Violet are strong-minded females and rule the roost. He was a small man with a prominent nose, faintly bucked teeth and a pallid skin, and he was shy among strangers and timid by nature. His life was as free of evil-doing as that of the babies he cured. He rarely had even a wicked thought or the contemplation of scandalous conduct.

Quite naturally he was married to a girl named Violet, a congenital roost-ruler, and there never was a doubt about who dominated the household. He had friendly blue eyes, a boyish smile, his hair was thin and getting thinner and occasionally his hands shook.

He was a baby doctor—a first-rate child specialist. He knew what to do if your baby turned green during the night. He removed safety pins from tiny throats and eased colic. He was a real technician and master of baby megrims, and the other doctors in town admitted his abilities. He lost very few babies if called in time, made a fair income, lived in a neat brick house with lilacs in the back yard, had two half-grown kids of his own, drove a small, peevish automobile among his patients and enjoyed the respect of Buffalo Wells; and his wife was known as Violet, which means "Do as I say" in German.

He belonged to the Buffalo Wells Golf Club, and to an upstairs lunch club over the Eagle Grill, where fellow doctors assembled to eat forbidden foods and to deplore the dishonesty of sick people. Among all the doctors and surgeons, Alfred Russ was a minor figure, a mere fixer-up of bambinos, good but not important.

The big shot of the town was Dr. Clarence Cook, a surgeon with a loud voice, a red face and a snappy hospital of his own. Dr. Cook often nodded to Alfred, who reflected that it must be sweet to be a truly large frog. Cook made more money in a month than Alfred earned in a year, drove three expensive cars and was seen in the bank. Alfred often wondered how it would be to hook up with the town's leading doctor and have a firm of Cook and Russ. He never mentioned this wild notion, not even to Violet, which means "no back talk" in Russian.

VIOLET was somewhat larger than her spouse and had bright yellow hair and blue eyes. Her arms were growing fat, especially above the elbows, and when that is so a woman may simper and be girlish, but she fools nobody. She was bringing up her children. Alfred pottered with other people's babies, but Violet kept him away from their darlings, who were called Agatha and Jimmy. Alfred always felt inwardly that he had very little to do with the existence of Jimmy and Agatha. It seemed to him that Violet had brought them into the world. He felt like a stepfather or, as you might say, a spectator.

Spiritually, he moved along in the precise center of the straight and narrow path. He attended church services and contributed fitfully to funds to save savages from something. He dressed soberly and even somberly. He never owned a pink or a yellow necktie, and once when he came home with a silk undershirt Violet made him take it back. He had not looked at another woman in sixteen years, except in the line of professional duty, and when you look at a woman in the line of duty you can hardly call it looking.

Evenings he took Violet to the movies, if she so listed, or he remained at home, stretched in his stuffed plush chair, and either dozed among innocent dreams or listened to his daughter Agatha, while she boasted of young men conquests. She was sixteen and would eventually be another Violet, no matter what they called her. Alfred, snoozing in his great chair, often toyed with fugitive thoughts—vagrant, ribald reflections, sometimes a bit dissolute—but he never did anything about them. He continued to be a good man. Then the stock market started due south and times became not so keen in America and Buffalo Wells. Money tightened and Alfred had trouble collecting.

"Better give up the golf club," Violet advised, and when Violet advised, it was the admiral speaking to the gob. "Better give up your golf club and likewise the Doctors' Lunch Club. We must economize."

"Well," said Alfred mildly, "I don't like that."

"Probably not. We must now do many things we do not like, as these are trying times."

THE golf club—that meant Saturdays with the boys, when the babies permitted, and sometimes Thursdays. It meant a care-free, pleasant afternoon, swinging a mashie in the fresh air, with no women in sight, and frolicking in the locker-room, with an occasional snifter for the good of the soul. He found the golf club fellows friendly. He liked to go among them. Sure, it cost money. Anything that is good costs money. . . . The lunch club for doctors was a different matter, but he liked that, too, and it cost little.

Later on, maybe a week, Violet inquired:

"Have you resigned, Alfred?"

"No," he replied. "Not yet."

"Will you kindly do so," the wife directed, "and at once. I have cut down

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on household expenses. You must do your share."

"All right," he said, and he went moodily away to fix up a baby.

BEFORE he could do anything about his clubs he had to pack a bag hastily and rush off to New York City, six hours on the limited, to have a last look at a Buffalo Wells baby that was going abroad with its doting parents. That job finished, a mere trifle, Alfred walked forth into the streets of the fascinating metropolis, where seven million souls rub against one another. Nothing happened to him until he paused before a restaurant, a place with red and green lobsters in the window, lying on a bed of seaweed. A girl asked him a question.

"Pardon me," she said, "can I speak to you?"

Alfred started to tip his hat and halfway tipped it. The questioner was the kind of girl that makes you wonder whether to tip your hat or not. He was mainly conscious of rouge. The girl's lips were red as fire. There were dabs of crimson on her cheeks and her eyelashes were too long and black to fool even a doctor from Buffalo Wells. With it all, she was not such a bad-looking girl—maybe twenty-four. Holding to his hat brim, Alfred asked her what she wanted.

"Something to eat."

"That ought to be easy," he replied, being a kindly man. "You're not kidding me?"

"I'm hungry. And I haven't any money."

"Here's a restaurant," he said, indicating the green lobsters in their seaweed. "I'll buy you something to eat."

And thus, without meaning to plunge into the night life of a sinful metropolis, Alfred P. Russ, the baby doctor of Buffalo Wells, found himself seated at a restaurant table opposite a personable young damsel who required food. A waiter took their orders and brought provender in plenty, and the girl ate with a gusto that proved her story, paying slight attention to her benefactor. He had an appetite of his own and went for broiled lobster and hot butter sauce.

BREAKING off a stem of celery, he glanced about the dazzling scene, a room of mirrors and gleaming tables, and saw at the doorway, handing their hats to the cloak-room girl, Mr. and Mrs. George Detwiler of Buffalo Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hockenbury of the same brisk town. They were well-known to him and to his Violet. They belonged among the socially elect.

He replaced the sprig of celery and stared, for this was a situation over which he had often pondered. . . . Here he was, dining in New York with a gay young dame. At least, she looked like a gay young dame at a little distance, and he was about to be caught in the guilty act by four leading citizens.

What did people do under such circumstances and what manner did they adopt? For many years he had thought, on occasions, of leaving his well-ordered home. Every husband has such thoughts. There had been moments when he hated his home and his wife and his motor car and the babies of Buffalo Wells. He had even thought, in the wilder flights of fancy, of going far, far away and plunging into some grand, mad romance with an exotic creature, the details always being vague to him, but somewhat as in a Garbo picture.

He had once read a roaring novel, wherein the hero became weary of the shackles of home, family and friends and went suddenly into the remote places, saying as he departed: "The hell with 'em." Alfred always pictured this hero as a man overly reckless.

The quartet from Buffalo Wells discovered Alfred at once and hurried toward him, the four of them smiling.

"If it isn't Alfred Russ!" shrieked Mrs. George Detwiler, otherwise Ruby. "Good old Alfred!"

"In person!" cried Mrs. Henry Hockenbury. "Why didn't you tell us you were coming to New York?"

Alfred arose politely, shook hands, asked the waiter to bring chairs, and the newcomers sat down. Everyone talked at once, the tone of the assembly being joyous.

"This is Miss Lewis," said the baby fixer of Buffalo Wells, indicating his companion, who was quietly eating stuffed crabs.

HE DIDN'T know her name, but felt that he should use some name. The visitors were in high good humor and smiled pleasantly at Miss Lewis. The men smelled faintly of old-fashioned spirits, such as gin, whisky and beer, and they continued to shake hands with Alfred even after they had shaken hands. The two ladies were jolly, their eyes sparkled and they beamed upon Miss Lewis, assuring her that they were overjoyed to meet her. Their cordiality was astounding. As for the two men, Detwiler and Hockenbury, you would think they were being introduced to Jean Harlow or Clara Bow. Nobody said a single word to indicate that Alfred P. Russ was apparently raising hob in a great city.

"There is a swell-looking dame," said George Detwiler, leaning over and speaking in what he thought was a whisper. "Boy, you pick 'em right, Alfred, old kid. This sure is a town for swell gals, isn't it, old man?"

Alfred P. Russ nodded benevolently.

"And how lucky to bump into you, Alfred," continued Mrs. Detwiler. "Dorothy and Joe are over at their hotel on Broadway, and it's Joe's birthday, and the party begins just as soon as we get there. And what a party! We're going there from here, and you are going with us and so is Miss Lewis."

"Well," said Alfred, running over things in his mind, "I don't know."

Dorothy and Joe were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eastman of Buffalo Wells, three houses down Elm Street from Alfred's front door. The two families were like that. Violet and Dorothy belonged to the same bridge clubs and bought face powder from the same druggist. "I dunno," Alfred repeated musingly.

The home-towners asked him, speaking as man to man, if he intended deliberately to wreck a birthday party in New York. Miss Lewis continued to eat slowly and to stare at the folks from Buffalo Wells, wondering at their gayety. They seemed all right to her—small-townish, but all right. They continued to gabble, and presently the six people arose, piled into a taxicab and set forth to the birthday party.

"WELL, well, well, Alfred!" howled Joe Eastman, slapping the baby doctor on the back, and Dorothy Eastman shook hands with Miss Lewis, welcoming her as an old friend. "Just think of having you and Alfred in time for our little party!" she cried. . . . You might have thought, listening to the enthusiastic flow of language, that he had no wife, or that Violet Russ had died many years before.

Alfred could scarcely believe his ears and eyes. Not one person in the room even mentioned the word "Violet," yet they knew his wife and knew her well. They often dined at her table. They telephoned her. Here he was, gadding around with a red-mouthed siren, and everyone seemed to think nothing of it.

Nobody accused him of this and that. Nobody took him aside and gave him Hail Columbia for running loose with New York hussies. . . . A genial and friendly glow pervaded the birthday celebration, which proceeded to howl, sing, dance, slap persons jovially and tell pointless stories. In the end, all were mellow and jolly, except Miss Lewis.

Entering into the festive spirit of the affair, Alfred dipped his unaccustomed beak into the juice of the grape, and when the room began to spin, he sat on the floor and beamed happily, the perspiration standing on his brow. Miss Lewis contemplated the merriment with a dumb and unappreciative eye, and answered when spoken to, but behaved like a stranger. At an early hour she said she guessed she would be going home, and she went home, scarcely anyone paying attention to her exit. The Detwilers and the Hockenburys sang a jolly ballad that showed its age and theirs, the Eastmans danced to the hotel radio and Alfred, being now in a lively state, suddenly rose up and announced that this was the life. He tried to sing but, being unable to sing, he removed the shade from the lamp and wore it as a hat.

"And when are you going home to Buffalo Wells, Alfred?" Mrs. Detwiler inquired, hoping they might all ride up on the same train.

"I am never going home," responded the baby repairer. "From now on I am a dissolute debauchee, living a life of shame. . . . I like this. . . . I love New York. . . . It opens fascinating vistas. . . . Far too long have I been the settled and married man. . . . The hell with 'em."

"The hell with who, Alfred?" asked Mrs. Hockenbury, who loved to make trouble between man and wife.

"The hell with all of 'em," he repeated, waving the lamp-shade, but refusing to be definite.

"YOU'RE not going home to your wife and family?" they asked in shocked tones.

"No. I am not. I am done. I am a wastrel now, wastreling around happily among the hell-holes of New York. They had me long enough in Buffalo Wells. . . . I cast off responsibility. . . . I am a free soul. . . . I live. . . . I will abide here for evermore, living the abandoned life in which you found me tonight."

"Oh, Alfred," said Mrs. Hockenbury, bursting into tears, but pleased to be in at the start of a domestic tragedy.

They argued with him for two hours, but he was adamant, with a slight touch of concrete. He spurned them. Presently the party became incoherent and Alfred went home to his hotel in a taxicab, awakening the next morning at ten o'clock. His mouth felt full of dead butterflies and, in the shaving mirror, his tongue looked like something you might find back of a morgue in any large city.

The Detwilers and the Hockenburys and the Eastmans returned to Buffalo Wells on a morning train, shivering with suppressed news, and one hour after their arrival the town began to buzz. It became known that Alfred Russ had abandoned his native heath, cast aside his family, changed his life and outlook, and was now a New York man-about-town, who could be seen, night after night, dining with the gay moths in the smartest restaurants.

Scandal of this sort requires little time to permeate a community. Violet Russ heard the news in the afternoon, but had nothing whatever to say. A neighbor asked her, a Mrs. Gant. Violet looked at Mrs. Gant out of her quiet blue eyes and explained that there must be a mistake.

"Alfred," she said calmly, "is in New York City on professional matters. The rumor is nonsensical."

Later on, when a reporter came out to the house from the Evening News—an apologetic, perspiring reporter, merely seeking a bit of light—Violet was a figure of dignity. She was kind, matronly and polite.

"My husband," she said, looking the reporter in the eye, "is making a short business trip to New York. The gossip is sheer nonsense, and you will realize how unfortunate it would be for your paper to mention malicious and unfounded stories about prominent persons."

"Yes, ma'am," said the reporter, "but isn't it true that his car is down in Mike Grogan's garage by the railway station?"

"It is," said Violet. "He often leaves his car with Mr.

(Continued on page 47)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Nothing happened until he paused before a restaurant. A girl asked him a question

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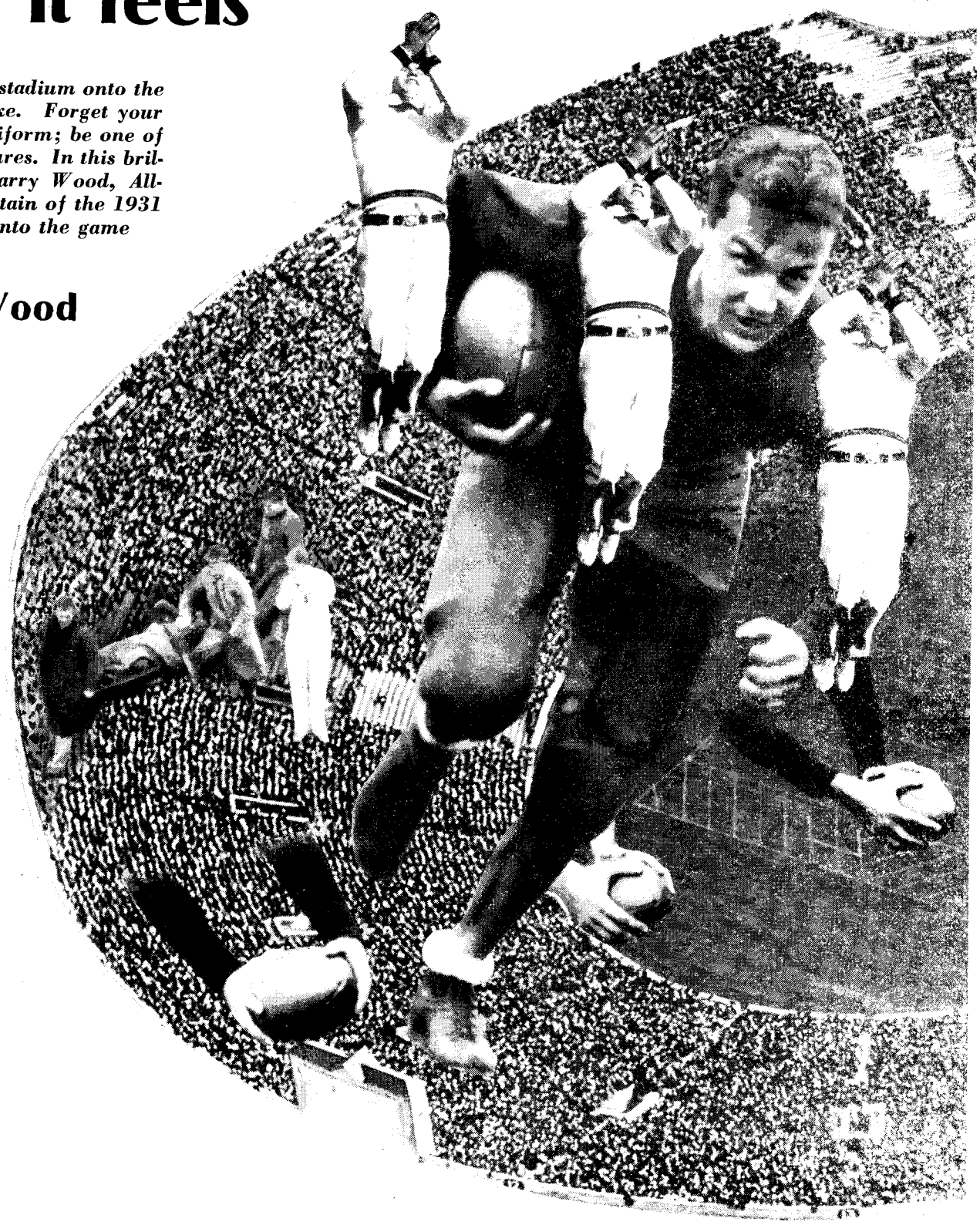
This is how it feels

Come out of your seat in the stadium onto the gridiron and see what it's like. Forget your criticisms and get inside a uniform; be one of those twenty-two charging figures. In this brilliant and exciting article, Barry Wood, All-America quarterback and captain of the 1931 Harvard team, takes you into the game

By Barry Wood



THE quiet bustle of ordinary traffic was interrupted by the insistent wail of a distant police siren. Rising from a low moan to a high-pitched shriek, falling, and rising again, it grew louder and louder as the police car approached. The frantic waving of a state trooper warned cars to pull over to the side of the road, and two motorcycle cops sped into sight, followed by a line of long, low busses. Traffic lights were flashed to green and at every crossing the policemen held up long lines of machines to let the procession pass. Pedestrians, alarmed by the screech of the siren, stopped to watch the busses go by. A group of small boys recognized the travelers as a football team on its way to a game and ran along the sidewalk, pointing and yelling in great excitement.

In the first bus one man sat alone near the front. This was his senior year; he had played for three seasons and yet he still wondered what the people thought who watched the busses pass with their police escort. They seemed to have an astonished look on their faces as they stopped and peered at the rather formidable procession. No wonder they expected a great deal from football players—most ordinary people do not require a police escort. He found it hard to get used to, well aware as he was in his own mind that he was only going to play in a college game.

You Can't Forget Football

An hour before, he had tried to eat a light lunch but he hadn't been hungry. Hot tea tasted good, but the rest was hard to get down, especially the meat. He had eaten only half a piece of toast, a small potato and lemon sherbet. It was always like that; even the coaches didn't eat much. He had learned that it was only because he was "keyed up," and that he felt better if he ate very little. He always put a few lumps of sugar in his pocket to eat on the bus; that seemed to help, for someone had told him that sugar served as a "quick source of energy."

His hands felt moist in the pockets of his overcoat, his head throbbed a little and he seemed to perspire even though he had not moved for almost half an hour. It was like having a very slight fever. A feeling of laziness stole over him as he lolled back in the soft seat of the bus, and something made his stomach feel weak. He had been trying to forget the game, trying to think of something that would take his mind from it, but always his thoughts led him back to football. Almost unconsciously, he had been going over play after play, checking up on his assignments and remembering what the scouts had reported during the week about the opponents' formations and weaknesses. The pictures of certain "key" plays, from the movies taken by one of the scouts of the opponents' last game, flashed at intervals across his mind. Last night he had played the whole game through several times before going to sleep. He knew that sleep would have done him more good than thinking about the game, but Friday nights somehow were always like that. Why couldn't he forget football until he went onto the field? Why did he always experience that same weak feeling before a game? By this time he should have grown used to it all.

The busses stopped in front of the field-house, and he piled out with the rest of the players and went to the visiting-team room. Five or six assistant managers had been there hours before, unpacking huge trunks and arranging equipment. A separate locker had been assigned to each player, bearing his name and containing his own uniform, including a pair of mud cleats to be used if the field were soggy. He found an illustrated program in the top of his locker and sat down to read it, or rather to look at the pictures. The team was not scheduled to go onto the field for another hour.

At one end of the room stood three long rubbing tables, and the wall at the head of each was covered with broad strips of adhesive tape. They had been cut by the managers and were to be used as ankle straps, for every man's ankles had to be taped before the game by one of the doctors or trainers. Since this precaution had been adopted there had been very few ankle injuries.

White Shoelaces for Luck

After browsing through the program, he undressed slowly and took his place in the line waiting to be "taped." Most of the men did not seem to be in a hurry, for there was plenty of time, but he noticed that a few sophomores were almost all dressed when he started. Sophomores often did that; he remembered that he had done it himself two years ago. They would only have longer to wait now, and somehow waiting was not easy. As he stood in line he watched the doctor tape a lineman's shoulder and then his knees; covered with adhesive tape, the player looked more like a wounded veteran than an aggressive tackle. At the next table one of the trainers was rubbing out a stiff "charley-horse."

With his own ankles taped and one wrist strapped, he returned to his locker and pulled on the rest of his uniform. Before putting on his shoes, however, he obtained a pair of white laces from the manager and sat down to replace the black ones which had been given to him. He was superstitious about shoelaces—white ones always seemed to bring him luck. The shoes were made of light kangaroo leather and had just been oiled to protect them from moisture. They were beautifully made. As he laced the right one, he examined the square kicking toe attached to its sole; it was a great help to his place-kicking.

Coaches moved about the room, most of them smoking nervously. From time

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to time, one would take a player aside and give him a few final instructions. The doctors and trainers were now taping up the last few men. Although everything moved rather slowly and quietly, there was a distinct tenseness in the atmosphere.

Pulling on a heavy "hood" over his uniform, he ambled into the next room, where mattresses and blankets had been spread on the floor, and the players, fully dressed, lay stretched out, quietly resting. He found a vacant space and lay down. The strange, weak feeling in his stomach was worse than ever. He wondered if everyone in the starting line-up felt that way before a big game; he always had. If the coach had told him that someone else was to start in his place, it would have been a relief. He didn't know just why, for there was nothing about a football game that he disliked; in fact, the actual playing was more fun than almost anything else he knew. It wasn't that howling mob in the stands, either; they made a lot of noise, but no one minded that.

Was it the responsibility of playing in a game that interested so many people which seemed to weigh heavily on his shoulders? It would be so much easier to be a substitute, a spectator, or a newspaper reporter; they had nothing to worry about. Yet he knew that if he had not been chosen to start the game, he would have been keenly disappointed. The same thought recurred before every game; he was hardly proud of it. As soon as the kick-off was over, this would all go, and he would be playing football, his whole mind intent upon the game.

Thirty Minutes to Go

But now, half an hour before the opening whistle, he had time to think about what was coming, and merely thinking about it brought on the weak feeling in his stomach, in his arms and legs, and the clammy perspiration and strange laziness that pervaded his whole body. Why couldn't he forget it all until two o'clock? It never worked that way, and he knew that he would not play as well if he were not nervous before the game.

The voice of the head manager informed the players that it was time to leave for the field. Crowding into the locker-room, they filed slowly out through the narrow door. Outside, the coaches were waiting in a group, and walked along with the squad, following the captain and the head manager to the stadium entrance. The crowds moving toward the near-by portals were held up by policemen, and watched them curiously as they passed. When they reached the end of the long, low tunnel under the stadium the manager stopped to allow the squad to bunch up; then, with the captain in the lead, they jogged out onto the field.

He was vaguely conscious of the cheering as he trotted across the gridiron with the squad. A manager tossed him a ball, and, peeling off his heavy hood, he followed the place-kickers to the far end of the field. Feeling a little shaky, he flubbed his first two tries, then settled down and kicked six goals without a miss.

The day before, the squad had had a short workout in the stadium, and its vast emptiness had given it a quiet, deserted appearance. Now there were spectators jamming their way in through every portal; each section was being rapidly filled, and only a few scattered patches of empty gray remained. Everything seemed to be in motion—people crowding into their seats, ushers running up and down the narrow aisles. There was a dull murmur from the thousands of voices; the quiet of the deserted stadium was gone.

After the place-kicking he did some punting, with and against the wind, trying especially to get his kicks away fast. He had had one blocked two weeks ago and he had not forgotten it. The wind was not strong enough to be of much advantage either way. He caught a few forward passes from the quarterback and then went off with the rest of the squad, as the opponents' gaudy sixty-piece band paraded pompously up the center of the field amid wild applause from the stands.

It was warm inside the small team-room under the stadium. Only the eleven men starting the game, the coaches and two managers had come in; the rest of the squad waited outside. The atmosphere was even more tense than it had been in the locker-room. The players sat silently in a row on the narrow wooden benches along the wall. One of the managers with a small can containing a mixture of shoe-blacking and water was smearing the faces of the ends and backs just under the eyes to keep off the glare of the sun. The backfield coach had taken the quarterback aside and was speaking to him in a low voice.

The Coach's Big Moment

The other assistant coaches stood in a group by the door, and the head coach, after nervously lighting a cigarette, walked back and forth across the room. He stopped, pulled out his watch and looked at it closely, thrust it back into his pocket, and nodded to the coaches and managers. They went out, the last one closing the door quietly behind him, leaving the head coach alone with his players.

That nod from the coach, he knew, meant "Three minutes more!" His head throbbed, his mouth was dry, and his face was covered with perspiration. The laziness had left him, but he was conscious still of the sick feeling in his stomach, and felt feverishly weak. He glanced at the man next to him, a sophomore starting his first big game at guard. He sat staring blankly at the floor; his face was pale and drawn, and his lips were tightly shut. Nervously he was rubbing one knee with his clenched fist. Watching him, he remembered how nervous he had been during his sophomore year; he was better now, but still this waiting was hell. He wondered what it was like for soldiers before going over the top; a football game is not like fighting, but he didn't see how the waiting could be much worse.

The next sixty seconds seemed hours. The coach still paced the room, smoking impatiently; he was nearly as nervous as the players. Coaches usually gave their men a short "fight talk" before sending them onto the field, but he had not spoken a word since he had entered the room. He did not believe in "fight talks."

Suddenly he stopped, crushed the cigarette butt under his foot, and turned to the players. "I'll say again what I have said every Saturday this year: tackling and blocking win football games. That's all I need to tell you."

There was a rap on the door. Two minutes! All eleven players were up on their feet, pulling on their headgear. The coach moved toward the door, and as each man passed he shook him by the hand. Men who shook his hand now did not need "fight talks." . . .

A roar from the stands greeted them as they trotted onto the field. He was glad they did not run through signals; they had done it last year, and he used to get out of breath running only ten

(Continued on page 38)

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

BROCKRIDGE, the President of the United States, is in peril. The most dangerous racketeers in America, directed by the mysterious Carl Bramer, are plotting to kidnap him and hold him for a ransom of five million dollars! . . . Little dreaming of what is going on, but hoping to "rip racketeering to pieces," Ned Dabney, owner of the Leader, a powerful newspaper, gives Ken Meridew, his most brilliant reporter, a different assignment. Meridew is to "turn racketeer"—actually become one, and get the whole ugly story of graft and crime in New York City.

Pretending to be one "Pat McGrath" who is trying to evade arrest, Meridew calls on Jim Cattrone, a racketeer to whom old Mike Blannard, a retired police captain, has given him an introduction. From Cattrone, in his speakeasy on West Twenty-third Street, he receives a card of introduction to—Carl Bramer! . . . Meridew is deeply interested in a charming girl: Myrna Dale. The girl—cultured, beautiful, wealthy—seems to be fond of him; but he has, he is well aware, a powerful rival: a sixty-year-old widower—*President Brockridge!* His chances, he fears, are slim. . . . Leaving Cattrone's, Meridew receives the most startling surprise of his life: as he goes out, he sees Myrna Dale enter! . . . Puzzled, perplexed, wondering what possible business Myrna could have with a man of Cattrone's type, he goes in search of Bramer and finds him in a shabby hotel, the Rockwood, on West Street. The man—brutal, but well-dressed and of remarkable intelligence—receives him politely. Then: "I know you, Meridew—you've been pointed out to me. What do you want?" Discomfited, Meridew makes his departure.

Then comes another rude shock. En route to the Wetherings, in his car with Myrna, he is calmly informed by the girl that she has spent the entire day shopping uptown *—far from West Twenty-third Street!* . . . At Bramer's hotel, Meridew had been received by a fat clerk—obviously one of Bramer's hirelings. Now, during a traffic jam, he sees the same man, in a near-by car. Bramer, the relentless Bramer, who never hesitates to put his enemies "on the spot," is having him shadowed!

IV

WE ALL have little mental kinks, of which we are frequently unaware, which have much to do in deciding our attitude toward others. Tiny prejudices, unimportant preferences—of such are composed our likes and dislikes.

Kendrick Meridew disliked people who had no spontaneity. He had once been pretty well infatuated with Mary Staggard. He had taken her to dinner, and they were taxiing down Eighth Avenue on the way to a theater when they passed Madison Square Garden.

"Rodeo," she shrieked. "Oh, I wish we'd gone there."

Promptly Meridew had stopped the cab.

"Let's see it," he said.

"But we have theater tickets," Mary protested.

"Are we slaves to two bits of pasteboard?" he demanded. "*Must* we go to the theater when we prefer the rodeo?"

"Oh, but we'd planned to see the play," objected Mary. And she abided by her decision. It wasn't the waste of money—it was the fact that she hadn't *expected* to attend the rodeo. Mary was methodical-minded; she couldn't accept a change of plan; she had no spontaneity.

Meridew's ardor cooled from that moment, although he never really knew why.

And this evening he approved of Myrna Dale. As they strolled out to the pool of the Ocean Beach Club, having already placed their dinner order with the head waiter, Meridew remarked that he'd like a swim.

"Let's," she instantly agreed.

"We'll have to get our swimming suits out of the car," he said.

"Bother," she exclaimed. "Can't we borrow some here?"

They could and did. And not the fact that in the scanty one-piece suit she looked equipped to step into a bathing beauty contest accounted for his warming toward her. It was the fact that things could be suggested without surprising her into some defense. She'd change their dining place; she'd postpone the evening meal; she'd swim in a borrowed suit.

She was adaptable—*fun.* And of such little things is congeniality made.

As she stood poised upon the springboard—"for one last dive"—the gayety suddenly died from his eyes. She couldn't be more companionable, more charming, and the pulses that her lithe young figure couldn't stir didn't deserve to be stirred.

HE HAD felt a moment of excitement when he told her of Frances Dabney's gentle plot against them, and now, watching her outlined against the sea and darkening sky, he felt that intensity return to him. In every possible way, except one, she filled his ideal of what a wife ought to be. Oh, he wasn't in love with her. At twenty-eight one learns enough to discount thrills. But it wouldn't be difficult to become mad about her. And if a man ever let himself go over her, he decided, recovery of oneself would be none too easy.

Only—Meridew could never let himself go over a girl who was mysterious. The mystery of character, of moods, of temperament—that was different. But unfrankness, deceit—that sort of mystery was unforgivable.

Sitting on the pool's edge, watching her "last dive" repeat itself half a dozen times, he pondered her. He tried to be just. People frequently tell untruths as a rebuke to curiosity. But her untruth wasn't of that kind. It had been a deliberate misstatement. It hadn't been a rebuff of an unpardonable inquisitiveness on his part. She stated definitely that she hadn't been south of Forty-second Street.

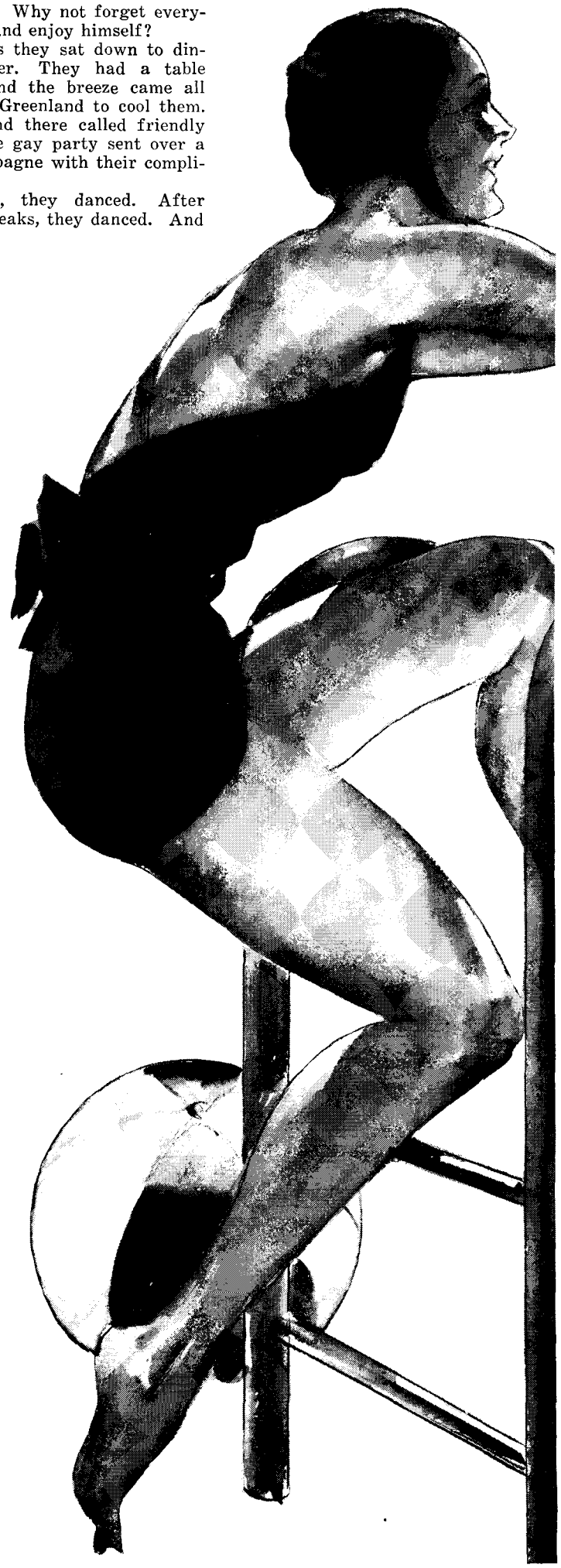
AND he, warned by her manner that falsehood was about to issue from her lips, had misstated the location of his seeing her. Just why he had done this he could not quite explain to himself. It was, though he didn't know it, an instinctive delicacy on his part. He didn't want to compel a girl to lie. If she didn't want to admit having been at Cattrone's saloon—and he could tell that she wasn't going to admit it—then she could confess that she had been on lower Fifth Avenue. And she hadn't even admitted that.

For even as the virtues of one who has begun to stir us are magnified through our too-fond gaze, so are his or her faults enlarged by our too-critical vision. Which is, after all, but a paraphrase of the old adage that love and hate are so twin-like that it is not always possible to tell one from the other. To solemn age, which has learned that practically nothing is of real importance, the doubts and tremors and miseries of youth seem ridiculous and unnecessary. But to youth they are real. And Meridew, despite his brilliant success in his chosen career, was still youthful. Yet he was wise enough to feel vaguely annoyed with himself.

Damn! Why must he bother with reason and inner argument? She had left the pool now and was hurrying gayly to the dressing-room. She was beautiful and desirable and this was a summer night. Why not forget everything dubious and enjoy himself?

His mood, as they sat down to dinner, was better. They had a table on a porch, and the breeze came all the way from Greenland to cool them. People here and there called friendly greetings. One gay party sent over a bottle of champagne with their compliments.

After clams, they danced. After their minute steaks, they danced. And



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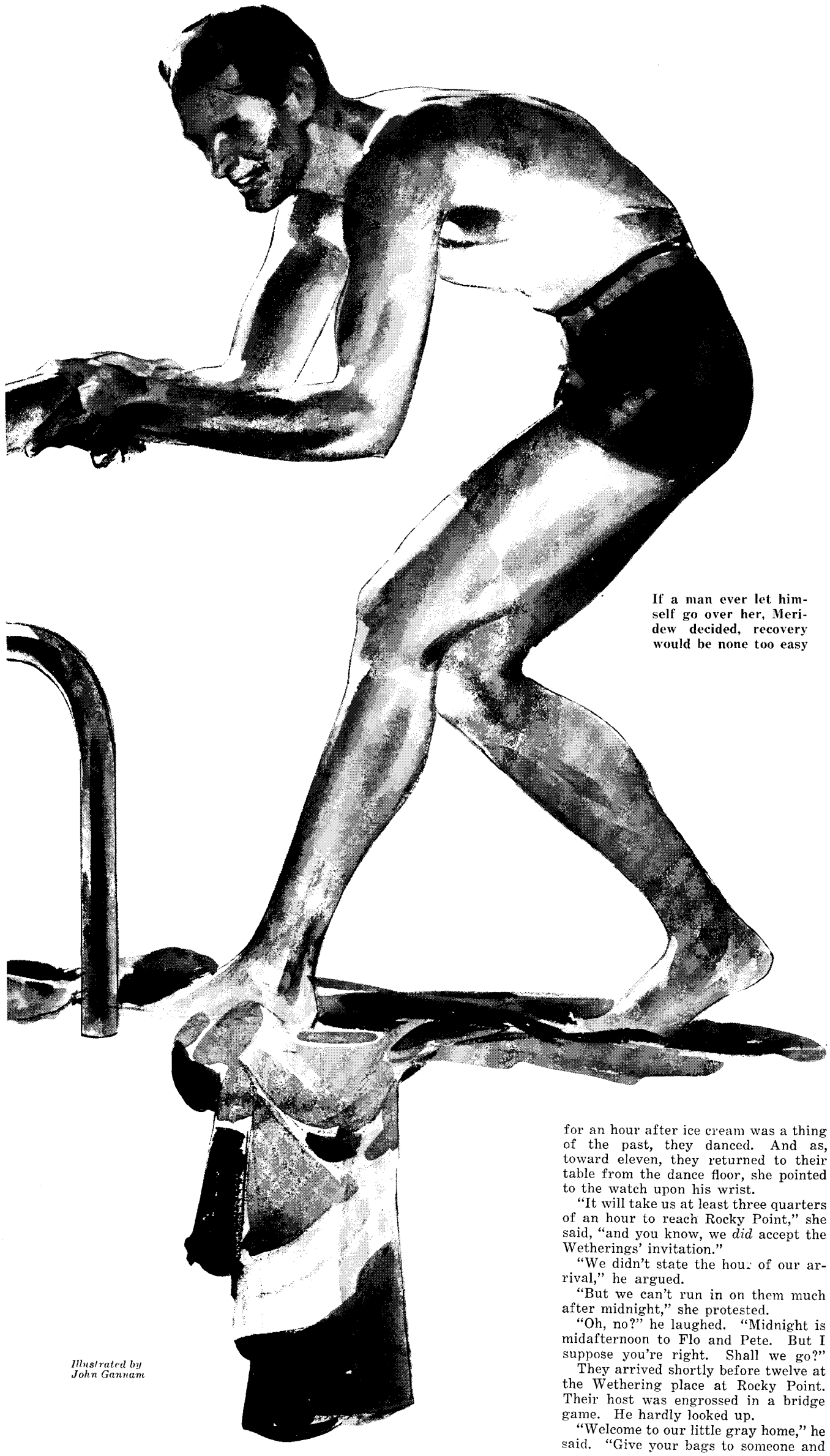

If a man ever let himself go over her, Meridew decided, recovery would be none too easy

Illustrated by John Gannam

for an hour after ice cream was a thing of the past, they danced. And as, toward eleven, they returned to their table from the dance floor, she pointed to the watch upon his wrist.

"It will take us at least three quarters of an hour to reach Rocky Point," she said, "and you know, we *did* accept the Wetherings' invitation."

"We didn't state the hour of our arrival," he argued.

"But we can't run in on them much after midnight," she protested.

"Oh, no?" he laughed. "Midnight is midafternoon to Flo and Pete. But I suppose you're right. Shall we go?"

They arrived shortly before twelve at the Wethering place at Rocky Point. Their host was engrossed in a bridge game. He hardly looked up.

"Welcome to our little gray home," he said. "Give your bags to someone and take care of yourselves. This is a set game and you're not going to horn into it. You'll find Flo and the rest of the gang out on the croquet course. Now quit annoying me."

His three companions grinned at the late arrivals.

"Pete was just set eighteen hundred points. Let him have air," said Larry Montfort.

"I think we'd better," whispered Meridew. The girl nodded, amusement in her black eyes. "Shall we go outside?" he asked.

SHE nodded again and they tiptoed with exaggerated caution through the room where the bridge progressed, to a great flagged porch. From there they could hear voices. Meridew recognized the voices of Sarah and Tom Cooley, and of Flo Wethering. Then a fourth voice drowned those three.

"I was born," said a voice which he instantly recognized as that of Mark Brockridge, "on the western slope of the Alleghenies. I played croquet in the foothills, on the plains. From the Mississippi on the west to the Atlantic on the east, from the Great Lakes to the Ohio, the name of Mark Brockridge and the name of that great game of croquet are practically synonymous. I have played with bank robbers, statesmen, financiers, and the children who were my youthful playmates. But nowhere in that vast territory where my skill is universally acknowledged, have I ever encountered such out-and-out, brazen, bare-faced cheats as you, Mr. Cooley, and you, Mrs. Wethering. My lovely partner is *not* dead on *anyone*."

Myrna Dale turned a smiling face toward Meridew. But, though at any other time he would have smiled, his countenance was set rigidly now. Was this why Myrna wanted to come out here to the Wetherings? Was he being used as a stalking horse of some sort? Did she hope to meet the President here? Then his common sense returned to save him.

Suppose she had? After all, she was under no moral compulsion to tell him about it, was she?

"And I voted for the man," groaned Cooley. "I helped to install in the White House a man so devoid of honor that to win a pitiful croquet game he will uphold in her crookedness a woman as notorious for croquet dishonesty as my wife!"

MERIDEW and the girl crossed the lawn. They came out upon a brilliantly lighted expanse, bordered by great trees, and surrounded by scattered iron seats. There were the four players and looking on were half a dozen other people whom Meridew knew.

Brockridge saw them first.

"Hello, Miss Dale. Hello there, Meridew. You two are appointed umpires. Everyone else here is disqualified because they've bet on the game. Come right down and listen to what my ridiculous opponents say!"

It was fun, Meridew conceded. All four contestants played very badly, and the game, with varying fortune, lasted another three quarters of an hour before the President and his partner were finally defeated. And they libeled each other outrageously all through the match.

A human side of Brockridge was exposed which Meridew found delightful. He fought with apparent bitterness, but really with great good humor, for his just due, and with equal bitterness opposed every claim of his opponents, as is the duty of all croquet players. He denounced his partner when she failed to make a shot, and accepted her denunciations with calm when he was himself guilty of some error in the

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play. He took games, Meridew decided amusedly, with the mock seriousness with which they ought to be taken.

The fact that he was the Chief Executive of the nation might have justified a certain pomposity, might easily have made him the sort of man to whom one found it wisest to lose games. But he was neither pompous nor petty. A really swell person, thought Meridew. But his liking for the man was somewhat diminished when a casual word from someone informed him that Brockridge was winding up his week-end with the Wetherings. He was spending the night there.

Now, Myrna Dale must have known that. Flo Wethering would certainly, as bait to get the girl down there, have told her that Brockridge would be there. It was just one of those things that a prospective hostess couldn't forget to mention. Yet Myrna Dale had failed to tell Meridew about it. And it was just as unlikely that Myrna would forget to mention it as that Flo would.

IN HIS ground-floor bedroom, a couple of hours later, Meridew tried to analyze the girl and himself. Why hadn't she said that Brockridge was to be here?

Deliberately he forced her from his mind. What a fine bust his attempt to save America from gangster rule had proved to be! Don Quixote had never stepped out with higher hopes, nor had those hopes ever been more absurd. Armed with nothing more than a good intention, he had actually persuaded himself to believe that he could accomplish what all the forces of good government had been unable to do.

An introduction to Jim Cattrone, and a card to Carl Bramer—and exposure. Probably Bramer's pals and he were having a good laugh over it tonight. The highbrow writer—so they would characterize him—who had tried to pose as a crook.

Well, damn them!

And his mind went back, as minds of young men have a habit of doing, to the pretty girl who attracted him. Was he in love with her? Was he jealous of old Mark Brockridge? But that *must* be impossible. He'd never seen her nor heard of her until a few days ago. Still, before he'd even met her, he'd been attracted to her.

But that wasn't *love*. It had been the normal attraction that a pretty girl possessed for him. Nothing more. And one didn't become jealous merely because a charming girl, whom one barely knew, showed a mild interest in such a tremendous celebrity as Mark Brockridge.

Then what the devil did ail him? Why couldn't he enjoy himself, as other people did, in a normal way? Suppose Myrna Dale *had* known that the President was to spend the night here? Suppose she planned to meet him? And suppose, furthermore, that she had visited Jim Cattrone and then lied about it?

What difference did these matters make? Jim Cattrone, President Brockridge—he was making an abject ass of himself. Why, Brockridge hadn't singled Myrna out for any marked attention. He hadn't monopolized her after the croquet game. Whereas, at Tilly Gentry's, the two had gravitated together and had not been parted—she had gone off to dine at the Cooleys' with him—tonight there had been none of that. As a matter of fact, after the croquet, Myrna had suggested backgammon to Meridew, and they had played for over an hour. If she had wanted to be with Brockridge there had been nothing in her manner which even faintly suggested that desire.

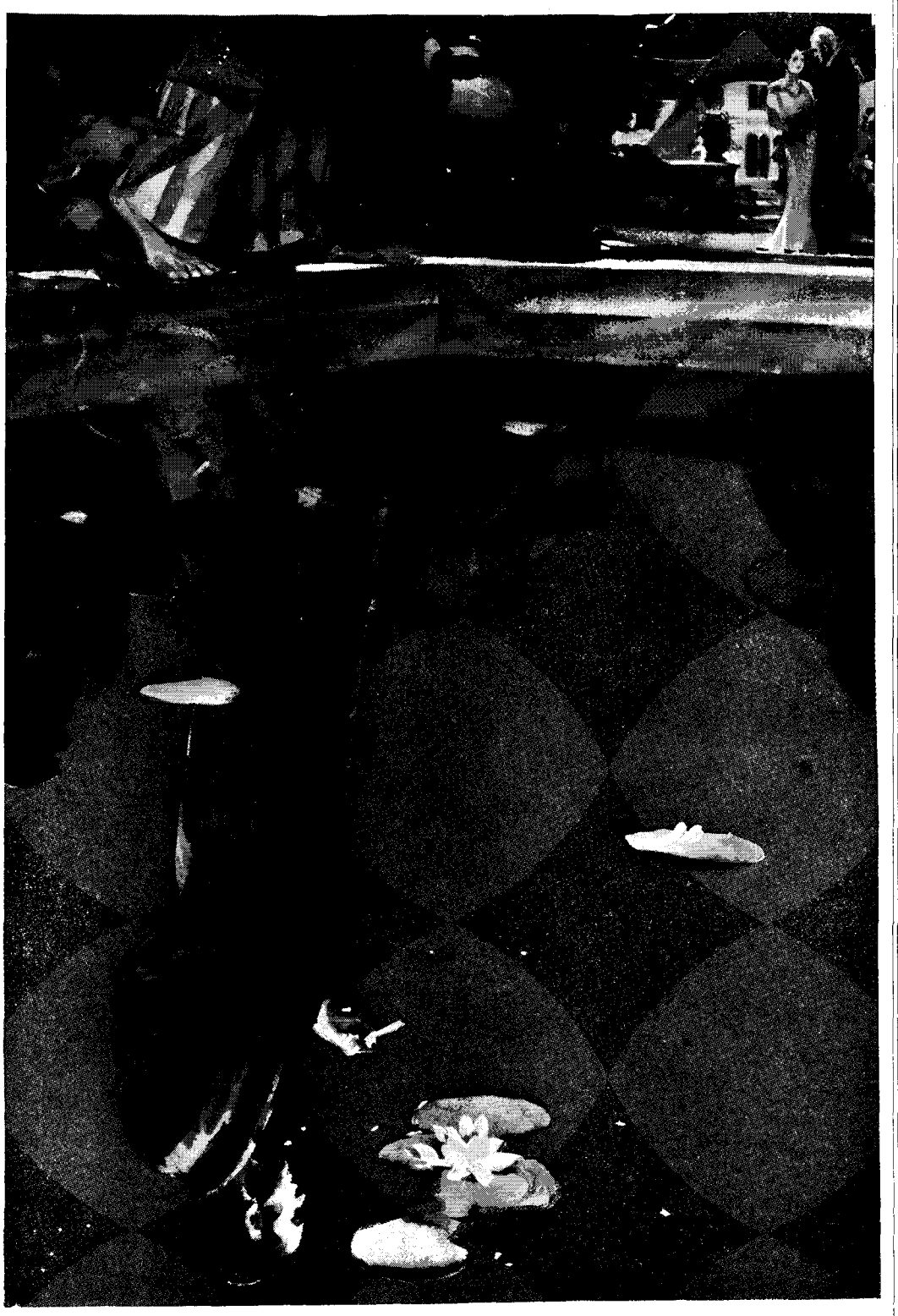
Meridew had heard of insane jealousy. It must be that which was attacking him. For certainly a jealousy utterly without foundation must be insane. And yet all the time, even when Brockridge had been absent from the room where he and Myrna played backgammon, Meridew had been conscious of the older man's near presence. But when, with the departure of the other guests, Brockridge had announced that with golf facing them all in the morning he wanted a night's rest, his good night to Myrna was so politely casual that Meridew felt ashamed of himself.

Now, in his room, shame gave way to cynical amusement at himself. What would Corthell, the Leader's society reporter, give for a chance to observe Brockridge and the girl? Not since Wilson had there been in the White House a President without a wife. If Corthell could only look at the two, then peep into Meridew's mind . . .

And here was Meridew, all hot and bothered about a matter that should merely arouse an intense curiosity in any good newspaper man. Romance in the White House! He could imagine the headlines. Damn! The world was filled with pretty girls. Was he going to let this one disturb him?

YET she did disturb him. Sleep, he soon decided, was impossible. The heat of the night made no restful combination with his racing brain. He got up from bed and sat by the low, open window.

Outside, from somewhere, came a vagrant breeze, a timid little breeze, shy, afraid to make more than a rustle in the leaves. But it was, when all was said and done, an indisputable breeze. But not a breath of it came through the open window.



Amazement made him stare as well as listen. Myrna Dale and Brockridge!

Meridew stepped across the sill and the dew on the grass was soothing to the soles of his bare feet. He walked, smothering a giggle, toward the water's edge.

A great elm hid him from the house. From his dressing-gown pocket he took a cigarette and lighter and began to smoke.

The tobacco soothed him. Or perhaps the breeze—he could feel it out here—was restful. Anyway, by the time the cigarette was finished he felt suddenly sleepy, rid of the silly ideas that had made bed distasteful to him.

As he neared a great lilac bush he heard voices.

He stopped short. In the night that which is usual in the day takes on mystery and menace. Then he smothered a chuckle.

Rendezvous in the dark were commonplace things. They ceased to be that, however, when they were discovered. Then, sometimes, they became nasty intrigues, divested of romance and glamour.

MERIDEW started for the window through which he had so recently come. Whoever met secretly in the dead of night on the Wethering lawn he did not wish to identify. It would embarrass him no less than it would embarrass them.

But the voices came nearer and nearer and Meridew shrank back into the deep shadow of the bush.

He was glad that his dressing-gown was dark; if it were white he could hardly avoid that discovery which might prove so embarrassing to the others and himself. He was glad, too, that he had thrown his cigarette away.

He buried his face in his hands. He didn't wish to see the faces of the couple, and he wished that he could close his ears, too. But he couldn't. And as the voices reached him more clearly, his amazement made him stare as well as listen.

Myrna Dale and Brockridge!

He wished himself a thousand miles away. He was no Peeping Tom, no keyhole spy. And this witnessing of a dark-of-night intrigue was unpleasant.

Then he caught at his unspoken words. There was no necessity for him to think like a peeper, even if, through accident, he acted like one. This was not intrigue in the ordinary sense in which the word was applied to an affair between a man and a woman.

On this he would have risked his soul. Myrna Dale was above that sort of thing and so was Brockridge. Why, neither of them was married. Either and both could indulge, without faintest criticism, in any romance they desired.

So why would they arrange a furtive meeting in the night which would be open to misconstruction? Could there possibly be between these two anything but incipient romance? But what else *could* there be? Yet, if they were not the kind to indulge in cheap affairs—and they were not—why did they meet like this?

He was still asking himself the question when, having slipped back unseen

(Continued on page 48)

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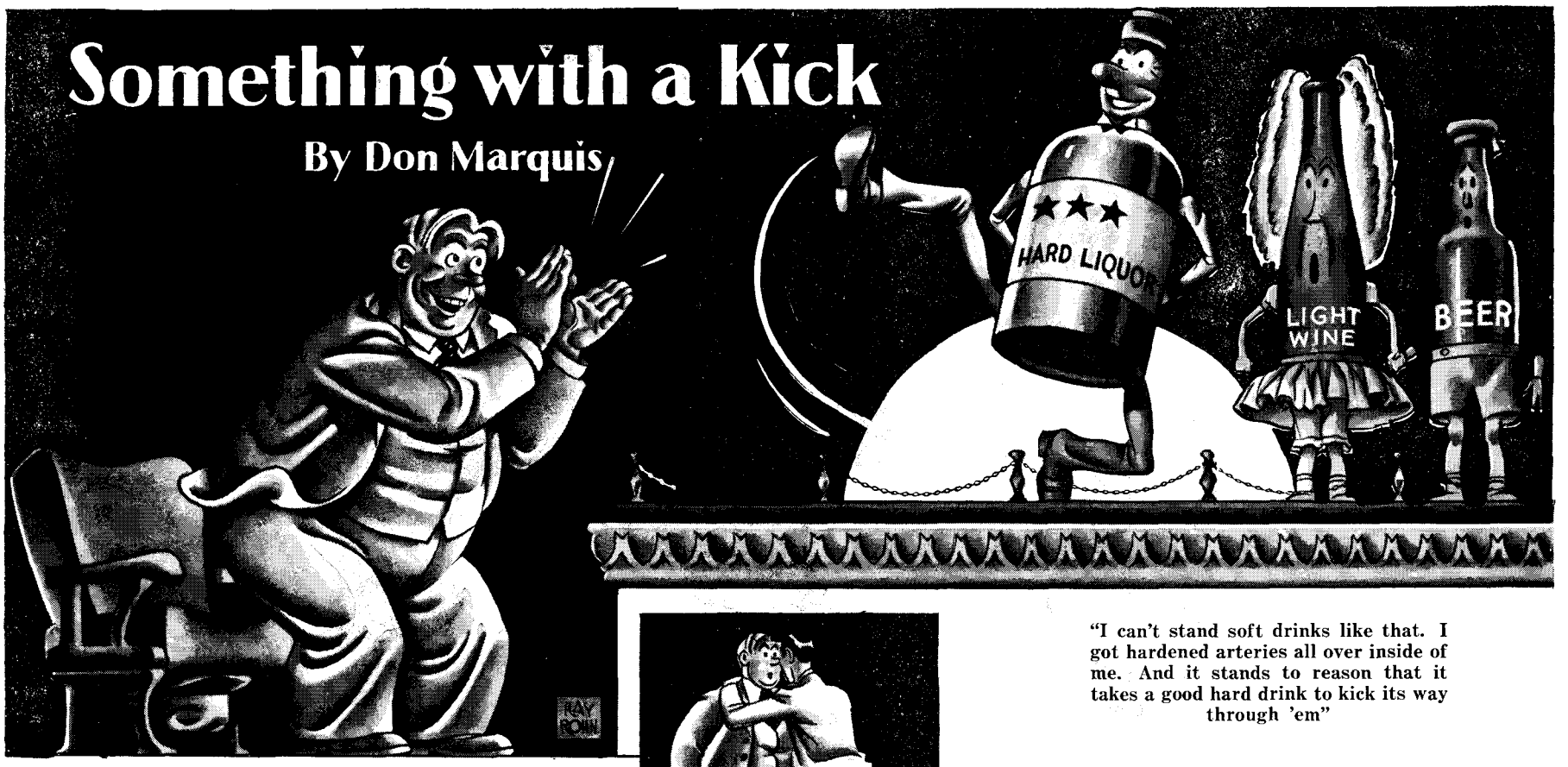
Something with a Kick

By Don Marquis



"I can't stand soft drinks like that. I got hardened arteries all over inside of me. And it stands to reason that it takes a good hard drink to kick its way through 'em"

THE Old Soak showed us a letter which he had just received the other day:

> You and other men like you are the disgrace of this country. You want the return of legalized liquor so that you can control the politics of the nation just as you used to do through the relations of the saloon with general political corruption.

"I wish you'd say for me," said Mr. Hawley, "that such is not my notion at all. In fact, it's my belief that the liquor situation in this country will never be settled right until it's been took out of politics entirely."

"Who should have charge of it then?" I asked him.

"Us Old Soaks should," he replied. "Don't we know more about it than anyone else, at first hand? No situation oughter be handled by them that's ignorant of it, had it? And here's another letter." I read:

> Would you be contented with the return of beer and light wine, or must you have your ardent spirits? Are you reasonable, and satisfied with a reasonable compromise, or are you determined to force a high alcoholic content upon the country?

"Just say for me," commanded Mr. Hawley, "that I never seen any light wines and beers which could not be designated as soft drinks. In the old Bible days wine must 'a' had some kick to it, for I read a lot o' cases where the old peetryarchs like Noah and Samson yielded to its authority.

"But, personal, I can't stand soft drinks like that. They can't force their way into my circulation. I got hardened arteries all over inside of me. And it stands to reason that it takes a good hard drink to kick its way through 'em. It's a matter of my health to me. No, sir; I'm Biblical in my sentiments; the old-time religion, calomel and hard liquor for me—somethin' with a kick to it."

I tactfully suggested that there might be some connection between his hardened arteries and the hard liquor he has drunk. He denied it bitterly.

"No, sir," he said; "it's rust. I been drinkin' too much cut liquor the last few years; and all that water has finally done its work."

He highed and fell into a melancholy silence, from which he presently emerged with the remark:

"You know what I'm really scared of? Now that Canaan's Land is almost in sight, and us that has borne the heat and burden of the day is almost through with our meanderin's in the desert? I'm scared that when we get good liquor again we won't really like it no more."

▲ ▼ ▲

"A very able platform," said the elephant,
Laying down a paper.
"Is it yours or mine?"
"I never read one," confessed the donkey.
"Does it promise prosperity?"
"Yes, but both always do," replied the elephant.
"I usually read platforms myself.
They are such excellent devices
To keep the public from thinking about
What the politicians intend to do."
"I never knew a politician," said the donkey,
"Who did anything about anything."
"Refusal to act," said the elephant,
"Is often action in itself
And it constitutes nine tenths
Of the science of government."
"Do you suppose," meditated the donkey,
"That the public will ever get wise to us?"
"It seldom has," said the elephant,
"And when it does it is easy enough
To deny everything, promise everything
And go on doing nothing as before.
Now I think we had better wrestle a little;
Some customers are looking this way."

There was once a philandering oyster
Who coaxed a young clam from her cloister—
But the best family papers
Didn't publish their capers:
You can rollic in print, but not roister.

I can remember—maybe you can, too—younger and more hopeful days when I really expected that a national election would Make a Big Difference in Things.

A bulletin from Archy, who is hitchhiking from California to New York with Mehitabel and the platinum-blond kittens which she accumulated in Hollywood:

somewhere in arizona
sometime in october
still three thousand miles from new york
and losing a little ground as i fell
into the colorado river and got washed
downstream
climbed a mountain for two weeks
found nothing on top but altitude
and three cows licking green paint
off a broken down ford car thinking
maybe it was grass
mehitabel trying to flirt with a young
mountain lion who looked at all
those kittens and said romance in
the great open spaces is okay and
i want free life and I want fresh air
and i sigh for a canter
after the cattle but who the heck
wants to be that much of a stepfather
at my age o please boss come and
get me a jealous centipede has
been chasing me for days and i
swear i never looked at his wife
i couldn't buy shoes for a family
like that yours in distress

archy

▲ ▼ ▲

Mr. Hoover's somewhat lukewarm and belated friendship for beer, and Mr. Curtis' cold-water principles, rather give these gentlemen the appearance of running against each other on the same ticket. But if Mr. Curtis' activities should have the result of electing Mr. Willie Upshaw, the Prohibition candidate, the least Mr. Upshaw could do would be to make Mr. Curtis his ambassador to St. James'. Mr. Curtis would have a splendid opportunity to convert the royalty and aristocracy of Britain to cold water by his well-timed speeches; and his insinuating (I use the word in its best sense) social tact; the Dry movement would spread around the British Empire, which constitutes so large a portion of the world. The Dry Cause is not doing so well here just now; it is time to get it started somewhere else in a big way. Upshaw and Curtis are its ideal prophets.

I shall always have a tender regard for Mr. Upshaw. The first time I ever met him, which was dreadfully near thirty years ago, he threw his arms about me, embraced me with tears running down his face, and sobbed: "Brother! Brother!" I had just published a poem in an Atlanta paper which I thought was an agnostic poem. Mr. Upshaw—he was called Earnest Willie—thought it was an orthodox religious poem; hence those tears and that enthusiasm. I don't know now which one of us was right about the poem; perhaps we were both wrong. He left with me a quaintly illustrated pamphlet telling the story of his life, which I shall republish when he becomes President, if ever, and a few pious admonitions. The last time I saw him was at the Democratic national convention in New York in 1928. He came up to me and said:

"Don, what makes you write so many mean things about people?"

"Willie," I told him, "it is because I run across so many fakers."

I am a little afraid he may have taken the remark as personal, for he has not, as far as I know, wept over me since. I do not think he has done it privately and secretly; it is my recollection that Mr. Upshaw's tears are shed in public.

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

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Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

SAM EMERSON, a prospector, befriends an Indian who shows his gratitude by telling him of a wild valley, deep in the Saw Tooth Range, where there is gold. With his two brothers—Kalispel, a cowboy, and Jake—he finds the valley, where the trio make an amazing strike: a quartz vein which should, they feel sure, yield a vast fortune.

Sam—a man of wide experience—makes his plans carefully. A ten-ton stamp mill will, he knows, be needed; and he has very little money. Jake and Kalispel can, he believes, sell a half interest in the mine in Boise for at least a hundred thousand dollars. He accordingly tells them exactly what to do (stressing the necessity for secrecy) and sends them off, while he remains in the valley to guard the lode.

Heretofore, Kalispel has lived recklessly. Wherever he has been, his escapades, his hard drinking and his shooting scrapes have made him known as a dangerous reprobate. Now, at last, he resolves to alter his ways, to live down his reputation. . . . On the trail, Jake suggests that he go to Boise alone, and that Kalispel go to Salmon, a mining town, buy three more burros and supplies, and hurry back to Sam. Kalispel accepts the suggestion; like Jake, he is afraid that, should other prospectors find the lode, Sam may be murdered. Going to Salmon, he takes a room in a lodging-house, where he has two neighbors who interest him: a lovely girl (whose name, he presently learns, is Sydney Blair) and her father. They are, he sees at once, from the East. . . .

Like most mining towns, Salmon is full of rough characters. Kalispel wears his gun and is ready for trouble. It comes quickly. At the Spread Eagle, a dance hall, he meets a girl—a pretty, golden-haired creature hardly more than sixteen. "Say, cowboy," she says, "I like you. Who are you?" Kalispel laughs. "And I like you, too," he replies. Instantly a pale-faced, somber-eyed man strides up and sends the girl away. Then, turning to the cowboy, he stares at him coldly.

"Pardon, lady," said Kalispel curtly. "Did I hear you order someone from your room?"

II

"YOUNG fellow, you'll excuse me," the stranger said. "Nugget is very much in demand."

"Nugget?" queried Kalispel slowly.

"Yes, Nugget. Nobody knows her real name."

"Ah-huh. Suppose I take this act of yours as an insult? Your Spread Eagle is open to all."

"Certainly, but not overcordial to tramps."

"Your mistake, mister, an' damned risky," flashed Kalispel, changing to a hardness the bitter range had fostered in him. "If I had intended to dance with your Nugget—an' she asked me to—you'd be dancin' to dodge hot bullets with your feet, right this minute."

Whereupon Kalispel lunged out of the glaring hall into the cold, dark night. It was getting late and the street was no longer crowded. He took to its center and made for his lodging-house. A familiar old sensation assailed him, a weakening, a sinking down, always in the past the prelude to a drinking debauch and a period of oblivion. But this had to be battled now. His status had changed. There was a fortune to be made and happiness to achieve. In that clarifying, passionate moment of vision, he saw the future and it was like a picture, beautiful and golden and rosy.

He reached the tavern. Men were passing in and out of the crowded, noisy saloon. Kalispel went into the hall and up the rickety stairway. The lamp burned brightly on the landing of the second floor. As he turned toward his door he heard a low agitated voice: "Get out—of here!"

He stopped short. That Blair girl, whom her father had called Sydney! A man's voice, hurried and sibilant, answered her: "Ssssh! Someone will hear. Listen to me—"

"No! Get out of my room!" she cried, her voice poignant with anger and fear.

KALISPEL saw that her door was ajar. In two long strides he reached it and with forceful hand shoved it open violently. The act disclosed a tall man starting back from this sudden intrusion, and a white-faced girl, with dark eyes distended in fear, in the act of slipping off her bed. She was clad in a long nightgown and with one hand held the edge of a blanket to her breast. A lighted lamp stood on a little table close to her bed; a book lay face open on the floor.

"Pardon, lady," said Kalispel curtly. "Did I hear you order someone from your room?"

"Yes—you did," she replied.

"All a mistake. I got in the wrong room," spoke up the man, with a short laugh that betrayed little concern for this intruder but considerable annoyance at the intrusion. He had to brush by Kalispel to get out the door.

"It was not a mistake," spoke up the girl hotly. "He came in. I asked if it were Dad. He saw me—in bed—reading. I ordered him out. Twice! But he—he came toward me."

"Aw, nonsense," rasped the man, halted by her accusation to confront Kalispel. He had bold eyes that gleamed, a protruding clean-shaven jowl, a forceful presence. "She's a tenderfoot, scared silly because I happened to open her door instead of mine."

"Ah-huh. Why didn't you step out quick when you saw the lady in bed?" demanded Kalispel.

"I was going to."

"Say, I heard her order you out. Twice!"

"Look here, are you questioning me, you—"

"Not any more," interrupted Kalispel. "But I'll take a whack at you."

A sharp, left-handed blow sent the man staggering back off his balance. He might have gained his equilibrium, but Kalispel leaped after him, and swung a terrific right to that prominent jaw. The sudden blow knocked him against the railing, which gave way with a crack. He went down the stairway, to fall with a resounding crash to the floor below. The jar that accompanied the fall brought the trample of heavy boots and excited voices of men entering below.

"LADY, shut your door," called Kalispel, and whipped out his gun. He hardly expected any trouble from the offending Romeo he had knocked down, but he had lived to distrust these incidents so often forced upon him.

"It's Borden," rang out a hoarse voice. "Dead—or damn' near it!"

"Back of his head all bloody," spoke up another man. "Must have been hit with an axe. Holdup, mebbe. That Casper outfit's in town. He had a big roll on him. I seen him flash it today. Search him, boss."

"Hold the lamp, somebody. . . . Nope—no holdup. Here's his money an' watch."

"He's not dead, either. He's comin' to."

Kalispel stepped to the head of the stairway. "Hey, down there!" he called. "Who is that man?"

"What man?"

"Why, the one I just rapped gently on the chin."

"Ha! It must have been orful gentle, stranger."

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Harold Von Schmidt

"Yes—you did," she replied

"Wal, come out with it. Who an' what is he?"

"His name's Cliff Borden. An' he's well known hyar. Part owner of the Spread Eagle. Buys minin' claims, an'—"

"Forces his way into a young lady's bedroom," interrupted Kalispel scornfully. "An' wouldn't get out when she ordered him out. . . . Now listen, you Salmon gentlemen. Drag Mister Borden out of this lodgin'-house an' when he comes to his senses tell him he'd better steer clear of me."

"An' who might you be, young fellar?" queried the gruff leader below.

"My name is Emerson an' I hail from Kalispel."

A whispering ensued, which soon gave place to the clearer voices of men engaged in lifting and carrying Borden out of the house.

After a moment Kalispel sheathed his gun and stood irresolute. Should he not assure the girl that the incident was past? The fact of her door being ajar emboldened him, and he knocked.

"Who is there?" came the quick response.

"It's me, Miss Blair."

The door opened wide. Kalispel had intended to inform the girl that all was well, but sight of her sent his thoughts whirling. She had thrown a dressing gown over her shoulders, the effect of which simply enhanced a beauty he had only faintly grasped upon first sight.

"Oh! . . . is—is he dead?" she faltered, with great, dark eyes upon him.

"Goodness, no, miss!" exclaimed Kalispel, hastily. "I only hit him. Shore he fell hard, an' must have busted his head below. They said it was all bloody. Don't you fear for him, miss. He's not hurt much, I reckon."

"YOU misunderstand me. I don't fear for him. I wouldn't care—if—if you had killed him."

"Aw, now!" ejaculated Kalispel, staring. A flush came over the whiteness of her cheek. Her face was the loveliest thing Kalispel had ever gazed upon. He felt something terrible happening to his heart.

"I thank you for saving me— I—I don't know what—" she said tremulously.

"Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad as it looked," replied Kalispel lamely. "He might have made a mistake about your door—an' then, after he was in—just lost his head, you know—which wouldn't be no wonder."

"You are generous to him, and—and—" she replied, suddenly to check her reply and to blush scarlet. "But I should tell you that he followed me today. He spoke to me twice. He knew this was my room."

"I stand corrected, Miss Blair," returned Kalispel. "It will be just as well for Mr. Cliff Borden to keep out of sight tomorrow."

"I heard what you told those men to tell him."

"Yes? I'm sorry. That wasn't nice talk for a girl new to the West."

"I'm new, all right," she breathed, almost passionately. "I'm a most atrocious tenderfoot—and I—I hate this West."

"I'm terrible sorry to hear that, miss," replied Kalispel earnestly. "It's shore tough on newcomers. I know. I came from Missouri, years ago. . . . But you'll love it some day. . . . Here I am, keepin' you up! I only wanted to tell you everythin' was all right."

"But it's not," she said. "There's no lock on my door. That's why I was reading while waiting for Dad. His room is next to mine. Only he stays out so late. And he comes in—"

She broke off confusedly, evidently in her serious train of thought about to betray something not favorable to her father.

"You'll be all right. Never mind when your dad comes in. Shut your door tight an' brace it with a chair under the knob. My room is just at the head of the stairs. An', havin' been a cowboy, I sleep with one eye open. I'd hear if a mouse came sneakin' up this hall."

"Thank you," she replied, shyly. "I will see you tomorrow. . . . Good night, Mr. Emerson."

HE BADE her good night and went to his room, to light his lamp and sit upon his bed, for long so absorbed that he had no idea where he was or what he was doing.

Around midnight Kalispel heard voices below in the lower hall. He opened his door slightly. Blair had evidently been accompanied, if not escorted, back to the lodging-house by his western acquaintances. They were hot on his trail. Kalispel heard him stumble over the broken steps and come up breathing heavily, to open and close a door. Kalispel undressed and went to bed.

He was up early, the first to await breakfast in the restaurant. From there he went to the largest store in town and presented his list of supplies, and told how he wanted them packed for a hard trip into the mountains. His next errand was out to the pasture. This proved to be unfruitful, as the owner was in town, whereupon Kalispel went back.

He remarked to himself that he had seen the sun shine before, he had seen the pearly, fuzzy buds opening on the willows, he had been out on many and many a cold, sparkling, spring morning with the gold and rose on the hills; but no morning nor any of the things he noted had ever been so beautiful and heart-swelling as now.

"Must 've been Sam's gold strike," he mused, as he swung along. But he knew that was a lie.

In front of the tavern he encountered Blair talking to the proprietor and another man.

"Here's your Kalispel fellar now," said the proprietor.

"Kalispel—? I met this young man last night," returned Blair. "How do you do, sir. It appears I'm indebted to you for a service in my daughter's behalf."

"Mornin'. . . . Nothin' a-tall, Mr. Blair," replied Kalispel. "Some gazabo named Borden had been annoyin' Miss Blair all day. An' last night he busted into her room. I happened to be goin' up an' heard her order him out. But he didn't come, so I investigated."

"Haw! Haw!" laughed the proprietor. "Who's gonna pay for the damage to my stairs?"

"Damn' if I will. You make Borden pay," retorted Kalispel.

"I'll gladly foot the bill," interposed Blair hurriedly. "Young man, I'm greatly obliged to you. Excuse me if I persist. Sydney, my daughter, told me about it. Very different from your version. She's very much worried this morning. She fears there'll be a fight."

"MR. BLAIR, your daughter didn't waste any fears on Borden last night. She'd been glad if I had shot him."

"Maybe so. . . . But now it'd distress her—and me, too—if Borden and you—"

"Not much chance, Mr. Blair," interrupted Kalispel shortly. "I know his stripe."

The proprietor interposed: "Wal, young fellar, with all due respect to your nerve, I'm givin' you a hunch somethin' will come of it. But sure I don't need to tell *you* to keep an eye peeled." After this trenchant speech he went indoors with his companion.

"Here's my daughter now," spoke up Blair.

Kalispel, with a strange sensation of dread and rapture combined, turned to see a slender, graceful young woman almost at his elbow. He did not recognize her. But the shy greeting she gave him, the blush that suffused her face, the way she slipped her hand under Blair's arm, appeared to establish the fact that she was the man's daughter.

Kalispel doffed his ragged sombrero in some embarrassment.

"Mornin', lady. I shore hope you slept well," he said.

"Not so very well," she replied.

In the bright sunshine, Kalispel discovered that the girl's hair was of a chestnut-gold color, and the eyes which he had imagined matched her dark tresses were violet in hue. In her street clothes she seemed taller, too, but somehow Kalispel began to associate her with the lovely creature of last night.

"What's your name?" asked Blair.

"Emerson. Lee Emerson. I got the nickname Kalispel out on the Montana range."

"Pray overlook my curiosity, Emerson. . . . There seems to be an idea in this town that you're—what did they call it? A bad hombre. Last night, one of those men you met with me—Pritchard—he gave you a hard—"

"Pritchard!" interrupted Kalispel, sharply. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere. Mr. Blair, that man is a gambler—a shady customer. Look out for him, an' all of them. Don't drink with them, or gamble, or consider any deals whatsoever."

"THANKS. I'll admit I'd grown a little leary. There might be a reason for Pritchard calling you a bad hombre."

"Aw, I am a bad hombre," admitted Kalispel coldly. "But that's no reason why I can't do a good turn for newcomers to the West."

"May I ask just what *is* a bad hombre?" inquired Sydney Blair, her disturbing violet eyes searching his.

"It's no compliment, Miss Blair, I'm sorry to say," replied Kalispel, returning her intent glance.

"Don't embarrass him, Sydney," said Blair. "See here, Emerson. I've got considerable cash on my person. Is it safe for me to carry it around?"

"I should smile not. If you're going to be here after dark, put your money in the bank—pronto."

"Thanks. That's straight talk. I'll ask you another. I came West to go into a mining deal with a Boise man, a promoter named Leavitt. I met this

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The Man who Quit

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The story of a man who couldn't be saved—and a girl who decided to save him

QUITE suddenly the gentle slope stopped fooling and, in spite of anything that Ann had time to do, became a hill. As trees and things began to hurry up and slide by faster, Ann said "Whee!" and realized that any moment now the time would come when she and this darn' thing must definitely part. Always the optimist, Ann hoped a hope that it would show no sentimental, weak reluctance to be separated from her. When the crisis came, if it continued to adhere to her, the chances were she'd wake up munching on a pedal with her hair full of coaster brakes and handlebars and things.

The front wheel wabbled with alarming indecision and Ann had a sudden sinking feeling that her influence with it was almost at an end. Ahead the road turned sharply, inconsiderately to the left and here, at just the crucial spot, Ann saw with one wild glance a large, established-looking man was situated. Ann might have made it if he'd only cheered her on a little; hollered "Tallyho!" or something; even kicked the rock out of the road. But no; he simply stood there till the front wheel hit it and she closed her eyes and yelled, as inconspicuously as she could, and soared up in a graceful arc and fluttered firmly down upon his chest.

They ended up against a tree, not very hard, and Ann heard a muffled voice from somewhere urging: "End of the line. All off."

Ann bitterly removed herself and sat up hating him and said, "You might at least have braced yourself."

"You didn't tell me you were coming my way," he replied.

"You might at least have kicked that rock out of the road," Ann said.

"It wouldn't have been sporting. Rocks are hazards," said the large young man.

"You might have done something, at least," Ann said.

"You had me rooted to the spot," he said. "I wish you could have seen yourself come down that hill. It would have rooted anybody. Darn the luck, my pipe is busted!"

"Your pipe!" Ann said. "Your pipe! I might have killed myself. For all you know I might have something dreadfully the matter with me now. Inside. I might have broken something terribly essential."

"You did," he said. "My pipe."

"I bet I did, too," Ann said. "I'm beginning to feel funny right this minute and I bet that I could go ahead and die and you'd just simply sit there."

"You mean you've really hurt yourself?" the young man asked. "Good Lord, I'm sorry. Wait a minute."

HE SHOULD, of course, have leaped to her side immediately. Instead, he moved slowly, awkwardly, as if—why, he was hurt!

"Why, you're the one who's hurt," Ann said. "And—why, you're Eric Paine!"

Two years ago Ann Hilton or, for all of that, ten thousand other girls her age and nearly all their mothers would have seen at once that this was Eric Paine. Two years ago they had been writing him by hundreds, every week, and Epic Films was just about deciding that he'd have to be a star. Two years ago, before the tragedy they turned into a scandal, Eric Paine was headed for the heights. And now—"You're Eric Paine!" Ann said again.

Ann remembered the last picture of him in a movie magazine that came out just about the time the story broke and he had dropped from sight. He had been photographed in polo clothes, immaculate and shiny-booted, and the camera had caught the grin Ann liked, so she had saved it.

NOW she saw him garbed in old duck pants, a green shirt that looked as if it had a past, and run-down golf shoes. Clothes, of course, meant nothing but Ann thought that she could read the story clearly in the way he stiffened at her recognition and his altered voice as he replied, "Why, yes, I'm Eric Paine."

"And I'm the girl," Ann said, "who took their word for it. They said to me as one man, 'Sure you can. No one ever forgets how to ride a bicycle.' And so—"

"If you're all right now . . ." he began.

"You think that you'll be going on somewhere to try to find another accident to watch?" Ann asked.

"I only meant," he said, "that unless I can be of further service—"

"Frankly, Mr. Paine," Ann said, "I think the service around here is terrible. And you had such good training. In the movies, when they hurt themselves or swooned or something you would cry out and clutch them to your bosom and you'd—"

"Sorry," Eric said, "but I'm not in the movies, so if—"

"Well," Ann said, "I've done my girlish best. I threw myself straight at your head. I even knocked you down and sat on you, but—"

"Listen here," said Eric Paine: "You don't have to be nice to me because—because you're nice."

He would of course be difficult, Ann thought. As difficult as possible. He'd stand there freezingly polite, without a smile, until she went away. Ann remembered that two years ago he'd not made one reply to all the storm of criticism. He had simply disappeared. No doubt he'd been here ever since, just lurking in these hills and thinking that his life was wrecked and thinking no one wanted anything to do with him and being proud and lonely and silly. What he needed was a darn' good talking-to!

"And so," said Eric Paine, "if you're all right now—"

"But I'm not," said Ann decisively. "I'm not all right. I'm simply being brave. I feel all goofy, kind of, and I'm not strong anyway and if you weren't so out of practice—"

Eric said, "I live just down the road. I haven't got a car but if you can make it down there you can lie down while I get someone to come for you. I haven't got a phone."

"I'll try," Ann said. "I'll try to walk

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if you can bear to sort of put your arm around me slightly."

So this was where he lived, where he'd been lurking. Nice inside, though. One big room with just a lean-to built on for a kitchen and a screened porch facing on the little river and the green serenity of low Connecticut hills. A fireplace, an easy-chair or so, a table piled with books and papers and a typewriter. Eric helped her to the biggest chair.

"Unless you'd rather lie down on the camp bed? The nearest phone is just about a mile. I'll hurry."

"You're limping still," Ann said, "and anyway I'm not quite sure I should be left alone. I think perhaps that what I need is rest. Just lots of rest with someone near in case . . ."

"To be quite frank—"

"Oh, let's," Ann said.

"Well, then," said Eric flatly, "I don't think you're hurt at all."

ANN made her eyes as wide as possible. "But, Mr. Paine!" she said. "You've simply got to. Why, it's all there is for you to think unless you want to think I've simply forced myself upon you, smitten. Do you think I'm smitten, Mr. Paine?"

"I think you're having a swell time kidding me," he said.

"You mean," Ann said, "you think I'm fresh. But when I recognized you—aren't you curious to know just how I recognized you? In your retreat?"

He'd found another pipe and sat down facing her and said, through smoke, "Just why the word 'retreat'?"

"Well," Ann asked, "isn't it?"

She hoped that this would irritate him and it did.

"Look here," he said. "This situation's pretty plain, isn't it? You must think I'm dumb not to get it. You simply bumped into me—I didn't mean that to be funny—and you remembered dimly that I'd been in some movie scandal, so you thought—"

"I thought—" Ann began.

"You thought," he interrupted, "when you recognized me some way that it would make a swell story for you to tell. Sure. How you met the disgraceful Eric Paine, hiding out and looking like a beach-comber."

"Who had lost his comb," Ann nodded brightly.

"And how you kidded him along. And then—"

"And then?" Ann asked.

"And then," said Eric, "I suppose it would add a swell finish to your story if you could say you'd got me to fall for you or something. That seems pretty plain. So run along now, snoopy."

"Snoopy! You can't call me—"

"Sure I can," said Eric, "Snoopy. Cry, now. That's swell. Go ahead and cry. Oh, hell, I'm sorry. Stop it, will you?"

"I'm not c-c-crying," Ann said. "It's just s-s-simply that I sn-sn-sniffle when I get infuriated."

"Sure you do," said Eric. "Good Gad, what makes me such an awful clown? I'm sorry."

"And anyway, it's time," Ann said. "It's time somebody snooped at you for lurking in these mountains."

"Lurking?" Eric echoed.

"Lurking," Ann said firmly. "And I'll bet you anything you've been here ever since. I bet you thought that it was proud and cute and lofty just to disappear like that and come out here to lurk. I bet you anything you need a darn' good talking-to."

"It's hardly fair," said Eric, "if we're going on like this, for only half of us to even know your name."

"My name is Ann Hilton," Ann said. "You can't change the subject, either."

"Sure not," Eric said. "Except to say it's hardly fair for only one of us to know so much about the other. Look here, I've been living here for nearly two years and you're the only person who's connected George E. Paine with any lurid past."

"So that's it," Ann said. "Just as I suspected. Living under a what-you-call-it in the mountains."

"What-you-call-it?"

"Alias," Ann said, "in the mountains."

"It's my real name," Eric said. "They took the George away from me in Hollywood. And, after all, they're only hills. And still I don't know how you recognized me."

Suddenly Ann's manner changed. Her eyes were downcast and her hands clasped soulfully.

"Oh, Mr. Paine!" she said. "Oh, Eric! I can't fight against it any longer. I must tell you. Eric, every day for weeks, for months, I thought of you. I couldn't get you off my mind. You haunted me."

"What's this a scene from?" Eric asked.

"MORNING after morning," Ann said, "I spent poring over papers. Dozens of them. Papers from all over. Magazines. Oh, anything that might have just a mention of you. Ah, Eric, sometimes I would think that I was going mad and—"

"Nuts," said Eric.

"Going mad and nuts," Ann said, "and have to quit the clipping bureau."

"What?" Eric laughed.

"The clipping bureau," Ann said, "where they clip things."

"That's the catch, then," Eric said. "That's how you knew about me."

"That's how I know all about you," answered Ann.

"I used to watch my notices, of course," said Eric, "but I never subscribed to any clipping bureau."

"Someone did," Ann said.

"The studio, perhaps."

"And someone still does," Ann said.

"Still does?"

"Yes," Ann answered. "That's how I kept on remembering you."

"That's dog-gone' funny," Eric said. "Who could it be?"

"I don't know," she told him. "You see, we simply have a list of names to memorize and then we read these flocks and flocks of papers to see any mention of them. When new names are added we study them; and when a subscriber discontinues, the name is taken off the list. Yours is still there. That's why I remembered you. It was rather—queer—your name still on the list for two years and not a single mention of you anywhere, in any paper. It seemed sort of—sad, you see."

Eric puffed his pipe and it was obvious to Ann he wouldn't help her.

"You see," Ann said, "I'd read about it all. About what happened. All the stories in the movie magazines and papers. And I didn't think that it was fair of them and—"

"I did," Eric said.

"You see," Ann said, "I kept expecting you would say something. Defend yourself. And then they wrote you'd disappeared and finally there wasn't any mention of it any more. But there your name was on our list. It's still there after two years without a mention of you anywhere and it was sort of—sad, you see. As if you too had been—had died—"

"Been killed, you mean," said Eric. "Been killed like Jim Romney."

"I used to think about it," Ann said, "and I'd wonder why you simply disappeared. It wasn't your fault about him. You had to have a double, didn't you?"

"I guess I thought so then," said Eric.

"I didn't think that it was fair of the reporters to pick you out and make an—an—"

"Example of me?" Eric asked.

"And call you what they did," Ann said. "It wasn't your fault. And you shouldn't have just let them make the public think you were a—what they thought."

"A coward?" Eric said. "A sissy?"

"Well," Ann said, "that's what you let them think. And disappearing made it all the worse. I used to think about it and I'd make up stories about why you left that way. You see, you didn't seem the type to just give up that way, without a fight, and go away."

"And now you've found I am."

"NO," ANN said. "No, you won't let me find out anything. You just sit there and smoke your pipe and have a funny look and think I'm snoopy and you won't let me find out anything."

"It's something I can't talk about," said Eric. "I don't think you're snoopy. I think you're—well, I think it's swell of you to feel like that, but honestly there isn't anything to say. Look here, did you ever see any of the pictures I was in?"

"All of them," Ann told him.

"Well," said Eric, "maybe you remember the sort of parts they gave me. Freddie Fearnot stuff. Continually scaling things and bounding to the rescue. Battling against big odds. That kind of bunk."

"Yes, I remember," Ann said.

"The point is," Eric said, "they built me up as rash, adventurous. You see? So, when I mugged around in love scenes people liked it because I was a hero, winning out against great odds. See

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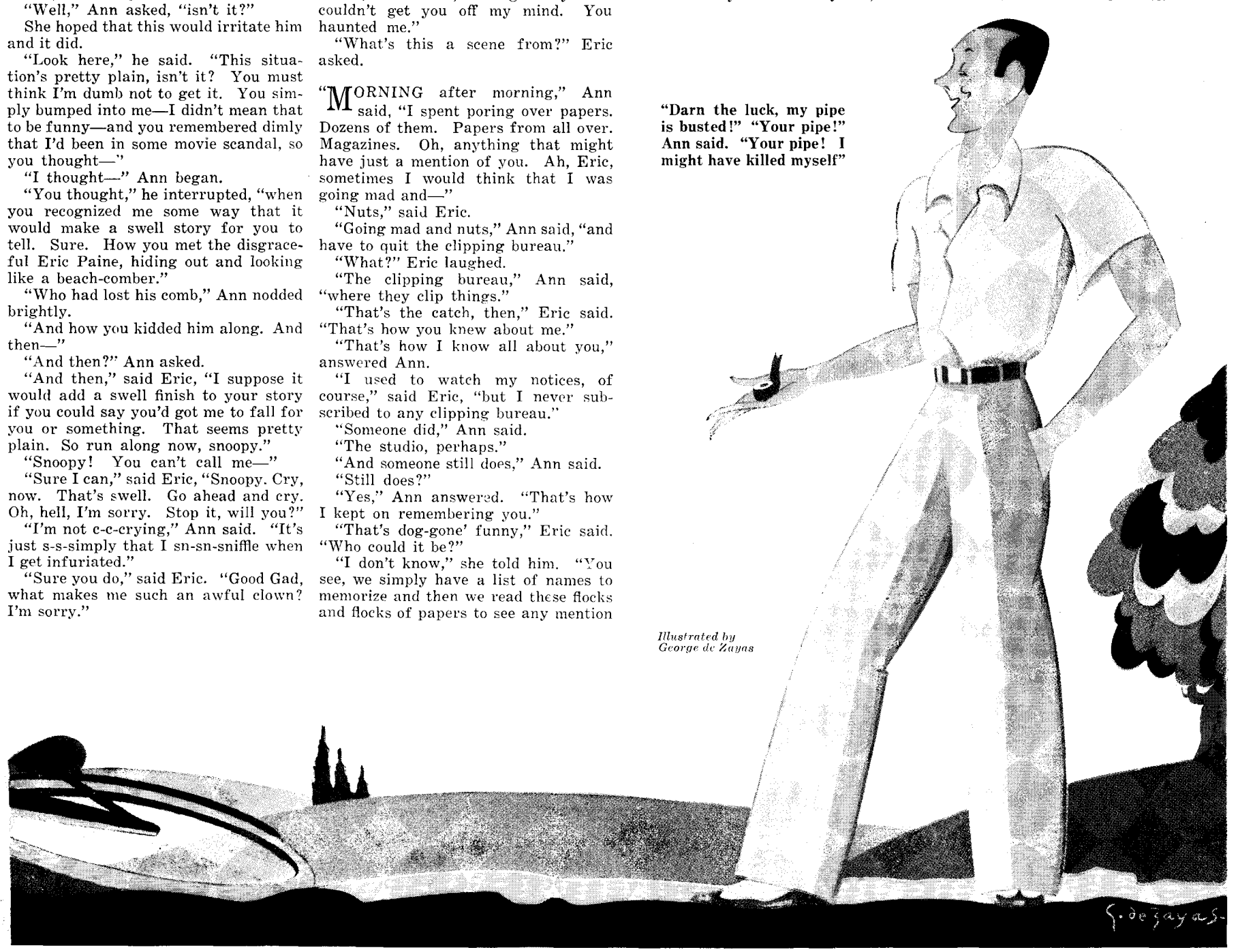

"Darn the luck, my pipe is busted!" "Your pipe!" Ann said. "Your pipe! I might have killed myself"

Illustrated by George de Zayas

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Where the Money Goes

By Clinton W. Gilbert

ONE way the Federal government's money goes is through the spending of it in two inconsistent and mutually destructive directions at once. The chaos of sectional and minority demands reflected in Congress compels this waste.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation recently has loaned hundreds of millions to the railroads to protect the insurance companies and banks which hold the bonds of the railroads, much of which money may never be paid back. And at the same time the Federal government is busy subsidizing competition with the railroads. Thus the United States has a heavy stake in and at the same time is doing its best to weaken the railroads financially.

There are two striking illustrations of this chaotic use of the government's money. One is the Mississippi barge line, owned by the government and operated at government expense. This line was started during the World War, when the railroads were so jammed with government war materials that shipment of goods down the Mississippi by boat was started by the government to give the Middle West access to the sea. It is still operated by the government. Indeed, the barge service has been gradually extended into the upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Over the whole period the barge line has been operated at a loss. Below St. Louis the barge line gradually became profitable during the period of the Coolidge boom. But above St. Louis there was a loss. Major General T. G. Ashburn, chairman of the board of the line, testifying before a House committee, put the loss on the whole operation for 1927 at $21,808.46. He said that this figure took into account depreciation. Government figures on depreciation are always questioned.

Why Railroads Need Money

In all that time, although the avowed intention has been to induce private capital to take up the carrying of goods on the Mississippi, there was no other common carrier of any importance on the river. Private capital has shown no disposition to take over the government's line. And private capital cannot compete with it. In 1928 it was said that the "experiment" would have to be carried on ten or fifteen years longer. In estimating the loss on the operation no part of the cost of maintaining an open channel in the Mississippi, $200,000 to $300,000 a year, is charged to the barge line.

Water rates are cheaper than railroad rates. So the barge line diverts traffic from the railroads. The Illinois Central, which parallels the line, feels its competition more severely than any other road. The government has just had to lend the Illinois Central through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation $11,000,000 to meet interest on its bonds. The Illinois Central was once one of the most prosperous railroads in the country.

Other roads also lose, through the barge line, freight that they otherwise would carry, for much freight which ordinarily would go overland now reaches the sea by barges. And the railroads are virtually compelled to make joint freight rates with the barge line. So the government subsidizes a competitor of the railroads and at the same time is compelled to lend money to the railroads to keep them out of bankruptcy.

There is strong pressure for the abandonment of the barge line, which was started only as a war emergency measure. This pressure comes from the railroads and from Eastern business interests. But the line will not be abandoned. The Middle West, strongly represented in Congress, insists on its maintenance. The farmers demand it as a means of securing cheap access to the sea for their products. Industrialists think they can build factories in the Middle West to compete with Eastern factories by reason of cheap freight rates to the sea.

But there the government shows its delightful inconsistency again. Having given the Middle West cheap access to the sea, it does all it can to close the sea to American products, agricultural and manufactured. It closes the doors of the country to foreign trade by high tariffs, encouraging the rest of the world to put up tariff walls against us. And, by insisting on the collection of war debts, it lessens the capacity of foreign countries to buy from us.

This inconsistency applies to the whole inland waterways development policy to which this government is deeply committed. The main end of that policy is to bring the seaboard into the interior of the country, while the general trade policy of the country is violently isolationist, and we have had a foreign trade for the last ten years only by lending—perhaps to a large extent giving—money to foreign peoples to buy our goods with. Five hundred millions to one billion dollars have already been spent on waterways, a good deal of it wasted.

The Mississippi barge line is an old story. But here is a new and more formidable competition which the government has just started with the railroads, to which at the same time the government is lending money hand over fist. That is the sea-train.

New and Harder Competition

An American engineer, Graham Brush, designed a ship capable of carrying one hundred loaded freight cars at 16½ knots an hour in the ocean—across the ocean, for that matter. One of these sea-trains, slightly smaller, has been operating from New Orleans to Havana. It was built in England with American money and has carried the British flag. The Post Office Department and the Shipping Board have subsidized the building of two sea-trains of the one-hundred-car size in American shipyards to run from New Orleans to Havana.

The sea-train is undoubtedly a remarkable vessel and it promises to revolutionize the handling of freight along the shore and probably to South America. Since it costs twice as much to build one of these monsters in this country as it does in England, the government has had to subsidize the operation. The Post Office Department will pay the Sea-train Company $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 for carrying mails from New Orleans to Havana in the next ten years. The United States Shipping Board has made a loan of $2,400,000 to the builders. The board will pay in ten years one half the cost of building the two ships.

The New Orleans-Havana route will compete only with the Florida East Coast Railroad, which has a car-ferry service from Key West to Havana, on boats capable of carrying only thirty-six cars. But Mr. Brush, testifying before a congressional committee, suggested formidable competition in the future. "With proper encouragement" (that is, with government subsidies), he said, "we hope some day to establish lines to Mexico, Central America and Canada, *as well as in our coastwide trade.*"

The sea-train appears to be a great invention. It will cheapen the handling of freight. But it is absurd to lend hundreds of millions of dollars to the railroads and at the same time subsidize competition against them. Congress says, "Oh, there will be traffic enough for all." But a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission points out that there has been a steadily declining use of the railroads, even during the Coolidge boom.

There is much talk of a planned economy in this country. There can be, as these instances show, no planned economy so long as the government is responsive to the conflicting interests of sections and classes and goes in several mutually destructive directions at once.

Uncle Sam has a heavy stake in the railroads, and at the same time does his best to weaken them financially

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

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There are Men like that

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By T. S. Stribling

"And not one of the seven lived?" she asked. "Not one, madame." "You know that is true?" "I saw it happen, madame"

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

ONLY the man telling this story maintained an impassive, even a masklike countenance. The other passengers in the forward salon leaned toward him with eyes intent, breathing through open lips, and in their ears the drumming of the waves on the far-off outer hull came as a kind of shadowy echo of the guns the speaker described.

"Huddled together in a roofless cellar like that," went on the teller, "the seven men decided to stay where they were and allow themselves to be captured. As they planned this, partly with words, partly by gestures, under the intermittent flare of the Very lights overhead, it suddenly dawned on all seven at about the same time what must happen to the girl. . . ."

The man with the masklike face paused, hesitated, then in half explanation to a German in the group, "You see, m'sieur, in war, one army are never human beings to the other. They are . . . animals with T. N. T. . . . demoniacal intelligences, but human beings . . . no . . . if they were, m'sieur . . . there could be no war."

One of the women hurried the narrator with a nervous, "Oui, oui, m'sieur, but won't you go on with your story?"

The man sitting beside her reproved her gently, "Marie, allow m'sieur to tell it in his own fashion."

FOR a space the queer-faced man sat swaying faintly to the recurring list of the liner, reconjuring that vanished field of France. Presently he went on:

"When the girl understood that the seven, on account of her, would not stay where they were and risk the poor safety of prison, she got up from beside the old woman and stretched out her hands toward them as if they were children. She begged them to stay. What did her life amount to, one against seven? How could they escape with her out of the shattered village? And her stricken grandmother . . . she could not abandon her poor old . . .

"And one of the seven pointed out in the crashing uproar that her grandmother was dead. . . .

"Then, in the middle of this moment, m'sieurs, the hard, brilliant light above them blinked out. In the blackness the seven stared at the spot where the girl had stood, waiting to begin their council anew. Another rocket spurted into the sky. —The girl was gone.

"With a shock they saw her scrambling up the ruined steps of the cellar. The seven jumped for her. The nearest man shoved her feet from under her with his rifle stock. She came tumbling back down into their arms. She was frantic. The seven, too, were on the edge of their nerves. They shook her by the shoulders, demanding to know why she had done such a trick. The girl made a sick gesture at the futility of their loyalty to her. How could they help her by flying with her? They would all be struck down together. She turned and began to climb again.

"This time the men caught her and held her loosely while they planned. The light above them vanished. In the renewed blackness one of the seven began groping, thumping his comrades on the chest and shouting in their ears. When the next light dazzled forth, the others were staring at him intently. He tapped the men, one by one, in rotation, numbering them. He was first . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven.

"THE girl, watching him, suddenly understood. She shook her head passionately, denying his plan. But the seven brushed her protests aside with the brevity of men toward the arguments of a woman. That was their plan. That was what they would do. The girl held out her hands and prayed them to let her go alone. But they caught her and held her in readiness.

"When the light vanished again they thrust her up the ruined steps into the leveled courtyard. They scrambled after her, got on their feet and dashed across the black, uneven earth.

"The next rocket picked them up, scuttling like mannikins across the churned field beyond the village. The girl and six fell flat on their faces. The seventh continued running, a grotesque little target in the blinding brilliance over the battlefield. A whining stream whipped after him. It flicked a path through the dirt as it overreached him. His legs missed stride; he took a long fall forward, pawed ahead a few yards with his hands. He held up his torso for a target as long as he could, then collapsed and was beaten to bits under the machine-gun fire. When blackness came again the girl and six dashed forward."

The man with the queer, still face paused, moistening his lips. The seas against the hull repeated in miniature the detonations of a vanished war. One of the listeners whispered, "M'sieur . . . the next light? . . ."

"At the next light five and the girl fell down, but the sixth ran on and drew the fire from his comrades and the girl. That was their plan: one to save the other and the girl. Piecemeal they dashed toward the friendly trenches, five and the girl . . . four and the girl . . . three . . . over and over."

The woman listening asked in a strange tone, "And the last man, m'sieur, the man who made the final dash toward the trenches with the girl . . . what happened to him?"

"They were out of machine-gun range, madame, but a shell, something not in the game at all, tore him into little bits. The girl reached the trenches, leaped to the rifle ledge among the soldiers and was taken to the hospital. . . ."

"And—not one of the seven lived?"

"Not one, madame."

"You know that is true?"

"I stood on the rifle ledge with my company and saw it happen, madame."

THE speaker with the queer, impassive face arose slowly, made the faint bow of a story teller to an impromptu audience and said he would take a turn on deck in the darkness. The group broke up and wandered away.

With strange eyes the woman watched the story teller enter the elevator. She said to her companion, "Henri, I . . . I must follow him. . . ."

"But, Marie, why must you follow him, darling? What he has told has set you free from a shadow. Now you can love me utterly. . . . Jacques is dead."

The woman looked at him, reached toward him as if protecting a child from hurt. "But . . . he is not dead, Henri. . . . He . . . he is alive . . . isolated from men . . . and women . . . by his poor, strange, surgeon-made face."

The man stared incredulously. "You don't mean *he* . . . is Jacques?"

The woman nodded faintly and moved toward the elevator.

"But this man . . . saw him killed."

"Oh, no, no . . . he was only trying to give me back to myself . . . and to you."

"But, Marie, my own heart, you yourself saw Jacques die in the explosion . . . this man saw the same thing."

The girl shook her head.

"No . . . no," she whispered, "he is Jacques . . . no one else could have known. . . ."

"But, darling, any of the soldiers on the rifle ledge could have known. . . ."

The woman began weeping.

"Henry . . . the front trenches were empty . . . the troops had been withdrawn . . . there . . . there were no soldiers on the rifle ledge."

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The Rogues' Girl

A tale of love and courage in the boisterous days when John of Burgundy was master of Paris and the Monarch of France his captive

By Harold Lamb

THE sun was going down behind the roofs of Paris. A chill wind came up from the river, whispering over the bridge of Notre Dame. One after the other, far-off bells clanged and chimed for vespers, and Jeanne put away her fiddle. That is, she tied a cloth round it and started homeward—a slight ragged girl with slim legs thrust into muddy slippers.

The wind tossed the tangle of red hair upon her shoulders, as she bent to count the day's earnings in her hand. Six copper coins she had, a clipped piece of silver, an old ring with a broken moonstone in it, and a link from a gold chain. A great lord had thrown her this link as he rode past, but Jeanne doubted it was gold.

At a money-changer's stall she held it out, and a claw-like hand reached for it—felt of it and rang it down upon the counter. And thrust it back to her contemptuously.

"Brass!" The money-changer sneered. "Not the value of a *sol*."

"But," cried Jeanne, her gray eyes innocent, "a seigneur with six spears and a trumpeter to follow him gave it me."

"*Eschec!* Will the like of him cast gold to a rogue's girl? Now that ring you have is worth a chip—"

"Don't burn your fingers." Jeanne had been looking at the pale moonstone all afternoon and she liked it.

"Half a crown."

"My faith," she grimaced, "do you think to buy a crown jewel for silver? I'll be wearing it myself."

With a toss of her head she was off across the bridge, pausing only to bargain for cheese and bread. She nibbled at her supper as she edged around a veiled leper who sounded his clacker mournfully. It was late—almost dark between the leaning houses—and she circled wide where men-at-arms loitered over a watch fire. Jeanne was sixteen years old and she knew well where harm and where safety lay for a fair fiddling girl in the alleys of Paris. Humming to herself, she tossed a copper into the basket of a begging woman, mimicking as she did so the air of the seigneur who had thrown her brass for gold. Then she shrank against the wall, hiding her face in her hood.

THE horsemen splashed through the mud of the alley, heedless of the women. The leader, a bearded man in red Burgundian colors, carried two shields and Jeanne saw that one had been broken. Down toward the river galloped the riders, swinging away from the watch fire.

"My faith," Jeanne muttered, "they go apace!"

She wondered, as she turned from the alley into another, why a led horse with empty saddle had been with the men, and why they chose a way to darkness and water instead of a lighted square. But she had seen much of the feuds and the fighting of the lords of Paris.

Abruptly she stopped, peering into the dimness before her. A man lay there, outstretched and motionless. A tall youth with yellow hair darkened by running blood. Jeanne knelt down and touched his chest, her fingers feeling the iron rings of mail. But he was breathing.

Quickly the girl glanced about her. No one else was in the alley and the walls were blank and silent. Jeanne bent over the white face of the wounded man, and it seemed to her he must be dying. She drew a long, helpless breath, and hurried to the end of the alley—through an archway to the black void of a stair.

"Giron!" she called, and whistled melodiously.

After a moment a figure broad as a bear appeared before her, and another followed, bearing a candle. They had shaggy heads and they smelled of the wine cellar from which they had come.

"There's a poor dupe," she cried, "turning up his toes yonder."

THE two rogues grunted and followed her to the wounded man, where they blew out the candle and searched the ground by him.

"Thunder of God," whispered the broad fellow, "he's been stripped by them that laid him down. Ay, pouch and rings, all gone."

"And belt and cloak," added the other. "Sword and knife gone—like a peeled turnip he is."

But before the candle had been put out, Jeanne had caught a glimpse of a lean, proud head and gentle lips twisted by pain. "Nay, Giron," she exclaimed, "carry him down to the cellar and look to his hurts."

"Let him lie," muttered the big man with an oath. "See you not, Jeanne, he is a high Mark? He'll be cold in another hour, belike, and if he be found in our hands, they will e'en hie us off to the Big Jump."

He meant that this was a seigneur, whose death in their cellar would mean hanging for all of them. Giron was one of the most skilled dice coggers and picklocks in the city, while his companion, Pied-à-Botte, was a veteran mock-monk and mumper. They felt aggrieved that the fallen man had not even a belt worth taking on him, and they had no mind to set their necks in a noose to help him in his dying.

"Nay, he will live," cried Jeanne. "See ye not how strong he is, and a stranger, by his dress? And if he is a lord's son, ye will not lack pay for this hour's work. Be quick, before he bleeds his life away."

She kept at the rogues until they bore the man down to their fire in the abandoned wine cellar, and laid him on the straw. But they had neither clean clothes to bind up his hurts, nor water. Jeanne tried to wash away the blood with wine, in vain.

"Wait!" she cried. "I will bring one to tend him."

TEN minutes later she was climbing to the top of a dark stair, with her pulse throbbing. At the landing she found a lantern that cast specks of light upon a black curtain, disclosing curious writing embroidered in gold upon the cloth. Jeanne could not read, but she knew this writing was not honest French—since she had come to stare at it once before. And at the curtain she hesitated.

Behind it lived Ibn Athir, the Arab. Some said he was an alchemist who knew the art of drawing the essence of gold out of quicksilver. Others said he was a sorcerer who could summon to him the demiurges of Satan in the fire of his furnace. Surely the great ladies visited him to buy spells for their beauty, or secret potions. Yet Jeanne

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

She heard the voice of John of Burgundy: "A fiddling wench, Sire, seeking a coin." And

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had seen him give medicine to a wine crier who had a fit in the street below.

"*Maître* Athir!" she called, crossing her fingers before her eyes. A strip of light showed beneath the curtain, and she heard slippers moving over stone.

Then the light vanished, and Jeanne almost turned and fled as the curtain was drawn aside and a tall figure confronted her within the gloom of the doorway. "Who seeks?" a deep voice asked.

"'Tis Jeanne, the fiddling girl," she explained. "Oh, Master Athir, will you come now, at once, and bring a medicine to save a young lord who has been cracked on the scrag—on the head?"

"Who is this seigneur?"

"I know not. I found him in the alley, and he can say no word."

ATHIR disappeared from the doorway and after a moment came out on the landing wrapped in a long, gray kaftan, the hood drawn over his head. In one of his wide sleeves he carried a bundle, and he nodded to her—she thought that his dark eyes were not evil, but only amused. "Lead," he said briefly.

The two rogues and the girl watched while the Arab drew the mail shirt from the wounded lad and ran a lean finger over the wounds—for the silvered mail had been hacked through across the chest. He felt the faint pulse beat in the wrists, and drew the slashed flesh together, applying an aromatic gum that stopped the bleeding. Then he bound up the wounds, and skillfully poured a little fluid down the throat of the unconscious man.

"Will he live," Jeanne asked, "now that you have worked this magic upon him?"

Athir shook his head. "Verily, little demoiselle, I have worked no sorcery. The drink will bring sleep to him presently. Such a blow on the head may do great harm, but this youth is strong as a colt, and—*inshallah*—if God wills it, he may yet live with a clear mind."

"Yonder whack on the scrag," observed Giron from the fire, "was a foul blow. Ay, 'twas dealt him when the poor lordling lay outstretched on the ground."

"And how so?" demanded Pied-à-Botte.

"Did I not see the cut o' the blade in the mud? Ay, right against this young cock's comb. Now bend thy peepers on this."

Giron pointed out the line of a red bruise running across the forehead of the wounded man. "'Tis the mark," he said, "of the steel cap that kept him from being cracked open like a melon."

then, louder, "Give her silver, from my hand"

"And where," Pied-à-Botte inquired, "is this helmet? It lieth not i' the alley. Nay, who would carry off a split cap?"

"Why, them that stripped his gear from him. See ye not, addle-head, that they took every mark of his name and rank, and left him for dead?"

SUDDENLY Jeanne bethought her of the three riders with the riderless horse and the broken shield galloping toward the river. "Then," she exclaimed, "I saw them, and they were followers of My Lord of Burgundy, with a red-bearded lord leading them."

"A red beard close-clipped upon his chin?" demanded Giron. "A hawk's beak and a roving eye?"

Jeanne nodded.

"God's thunder! That will be Renault. Ay, the Duke's lieutenant he is."

The name of Renault was well known to the rogues of Paris. They called him the Gardener, saying that he kept the gallows-tree loaded down with fruit, and the grave diggers ever busied at turning up the soil. This red Renault was the confidential agent of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. So if Renault had struck down this stranger secretly, the Duke had desired his death. And it was not safe to cross the path of John the Fearless.

"Here we be," muttered Pied-à-Botte, "a-nursing of this wight."

A shadow of dread fell upon the two rogues. That day they had seen the archers of Burgundy mustering at the street corners, while the butchers came forth from the markets with pole-axe and knife to join them. Rumors ran through the alleys that the Duke had become master of the city. Certainly he held the gates, while the retinue at his house—the Hôtel St. Pol—was more like an army. Both Giron and stout Pied-à-Botte could not help wondering how much Renault would pay to hear that the man he had thought slain was lying alive in a certain cellar. And Jeanne read their thoughts.

"Asses, with long ears!" she cried. "You would flit off to the Duke's men, and gab for a silver pound. And then, what would befall you? Why, Renault, who hath taken pains to hide this deed, would swing you up to dance in the air, to still your tongues."

The straw beside her stirred, and a deep voice muttered drowsily, "What is this talk? Where is—my horse?"

AROUSED by their voices, the wounded man had raised himself on his elbow, to stare wearily at the fire. His brown hand quivered as he raised it to his head, then fumbled at his side for the missing sword.

"Messire," said Athir quietly, "you were struck down before nightfall and left to die. Your horse is lost, with all you carried on you, and these people—"

"Get me a mount. I must go on!" He rose to his knee, thrusting aside the Arab's restraining arm as if it had been an empty sleeve.

"Nay, this night you cannot sit a horse, messire. Wait, and sleep."

The sleeping draught had begun to take effect, and the boy's head swayed on his shoulders. Only by an effort did he keep his eyes open. "I tell you," he said hoarsely, "I carry word to the King, and it may not wait."

"The King!" Giron and Pied-à-Botte stared, round-eyed, but the alchemist glanced shrewdly at the half-conscious messenger.

"Then, messire," he suggested quickly, "write it down, or tell it me."

"Am I a clerk, to write a missive?" The wounded man shook his head and swore under his breath: "*Sieur Dieu!* No one but I may bear it." He tried to stand up, but sank back on the straw instead. "Ay, Sir Rohan and De Trault, they lie dead by the road—"

As his eyes closed and his limbs relaxed, Athir touched his shoulder. "Your name," he whispered urgently, "what is it?"

The two rogues edged closer, their ears cocked, and the wounded man smiled a little. "You may well ask that, but you'll not know it." And in another moment he was asleep.

Athir, however, could guess at a good deal. By his profession he was brought close to the court, and for some time he had heard whispers that the rising star of John of Burgundy would soon eclipse that of a sickly and irresolute monarch of France. Did not John the Fearless virtually hold Paris in his grasp—so that he might at any hour close the gates? He had gained the support of the guilds by promises, and had rid himself of some nobles of the King's party by a reign of terror in the streets.

AND now John of Burgundy had the monarch of France a guest in the Hôtel St. Pol. Few men gained admittance to Louis without the Duke's consent, and rumor had it that the Lord of France could not leave the gardens of St. Pol until the Duke chose for him to do so.

The King, no doubt, had officers and servitors to attend him, and even John of Burgundy would not risk harming his person. But Louis was a prey to moods, and the Burgundian persuaded him that only in his house would His Majesty be safe from the mobs of Paris. Athir suspected that John of Burgundy had not wished this stranger to reach the presence of the King with his message, and if so it was no matter to meddle in.

"Keep him here," he advised Jeanne, "if you wish him to live."

Then he went thoughtfully up the narrow stair. As he did so he heard above him a sound as of a rat scampering on the stones. Hastening his step, he gained the top and glanced quickly to right and left along the alley. The only light came from the stars and a distant lantern, but Athir had eyes accustomed to dark nights, and he made out the figure of a man slipping away under the wall—a man clad in a beggar's cloak and hood, yet moving away with a stride that was no beggar's discouraged shuffle.

Whereupon the Arab waited until the alley was deserted. Then, muffling himself in his kaftan, he vanished silently in the other direction. John of Burgundy had eyes and ears that served him well for hire of nights, even, perhaps, in the rogues' alleys.

Jeanne did not go to her room, in a neighboring attic. While Giron and Pied-à-Botte snored in their cloaks, she sat in the straw to tend the fire, and ceaselessly her eyes strayed to the face of the sleeping stranger. At times she reached out to touch his bandaged head and run her fingers timidly through the yellow hair dark with dried blood.

Hugging her knees and wide-awake, she played a game of pretending—that this unknown man belonged to her, and looked at her with eyes of love.

EARLY the next morning Ibn Athir answered a tap at his door to find Jeanne standing by the curtain. The girl had made a hasty visit to her quarters and had washed carefully, adding a touch of rouge to her cheeks and a flimsy bit of lace to the throat of her dress. She said nothing as she wandered

(Continued on page 35)

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Who'll Boss the Ship?

It happened on one of those Great Lakes boats, where there isn't much time for romance, but—

By Karl Detzer

THE Great Lakes steamship Ottawa Chief measured four hundred feet over all, yet her pilot house and engine-room were a million light-years apart. Between her white texas and the red-lipped ventilators on the afterhouse, bulked three thousand tons of coal, the black skeleton of the conveyor, seventeen battened hatches, and a world of cross-purposes, opposed traditions and strife.

Fair weather or foul, up lakes or down, discord moved like an ominous cloud above her. Its shadow lay blackly across the ship, soiled hull and upperworkings, seeped into the quarters of officers and crew until it found their hearts, and printed its dark stain indelibly there.

Only one of her twenty-seven men escaped it. Captain Peter Daane sat aloof and secure in his chart-room like an overfed god in a black derby hat. He knew that his first officer, young Joe Foster, hated and distrusted every bolt and wheel and shaft beneath the afterhouse, and every man quartered there. And that Chief Engineer Murray MacDonald despised the forward end, and with it each watchman and wheelsman, the boatswain and both the mates.

Daane ignored them. When either complained, he listened soberly and did nothing, except, perhaps, contrive more work for both. He concerned himself entirely with their heads and hands. Their hearts were their own affair.

So in spite of old Murray MacDonald and young Joe Foster, in spite of MacDonald's red-haired daughter, Jane, in spite of feud and rancor and hurricane, the Ottawa Chief accomplished quick passages, loaded in seventy minutes, emptied in five hours, and made money for the owners.

THE quarrel began, quite naturally, the day Foster was transferred to the ship. Rather, on that day he took up the quarrel, left as a brawling heritage by the mate who preceded him. For ever since the first paddlewheel slapped the astonished water beside the first steamboat there has been enmity between all pilot-houses and all engine-rooms. Each belittles the other, magnifies its own importance, and finds endless fault with the other end of the ship.

And when a first officer is young and stiff as steel, and a chief engineer is old and hard as flint, sparks fly inevitably. To this add the red-haired daughter of the engineer, adored by him, admired by the mate, and you have tinder.

Joe first saw Jane MacDonald in Toledo, where the broad Maumee empties its yellow waters into Lake Erie. The Ottawa Chief lay at her winter berth, sides draped with boatswain chairs, while the crew scraped and painted, and blew off boilers, while riveters armed with bedlam assailed the cool spring air, and the first smoke of the season groped its cautious way up the black funnel from the fire-room.

Foster stood watching the painters when Jane MacDonald walked swiftly along the dock. When she paused beside the ship, he let down the ladder and held it with his left hand as she climbed; with his right he helped her down to deck.

He touched his cap and said: "Look out for the paint, miss. It's fresh. Want to see someone?"

She glanced quickly at him, but not too carelessly to observe his firm lips and cool gray eyes, and even at that moment the admiration in them.

"My father," she said, "Mr. MacDonald."

"Your father!" he repeated. She looked aft, so he turned his head and saw the chief engineer threading his way toward them around open paint buckets, his whole, full, red face contorted with distaste. Jane waved to him, then turned toward Foster.

"You're the new first officer?" she asked, and when he nodded, "I've seen a great many of you come and go."

IT WAS like a challenge, and Joe accepted it as one.

"I don't intend to go," he told her.

"None of them do, at first," she answered, and went, smiling, to meet her father. They spoke quietly to each other, out of earshot, in the middle of the deck, and MacDonald at length gave an envelope to her and she returned to the ladder.

She ignored Joe's offer of a hand this time, as she climbed over easily.

"Never mind," she said. "I can manage. I come aboard often."

Her independence annoyed him, yet quickened his interest in her.

"Good!" he said. "Then we'll be meeting again. My name's Foster."

She answered tauntingly: "Foster? I'll try not to forget it."

"Don't put yourself out," he replied to her rebuff, and watched her descend the ladder, still smiling at his discomfort, and walk rapidly away. As she rounded the dock office, he heard a foot scuff the deck behind him. MacDonald stood scowling at him. He wore a smudge of soot like a black scar across his cheek, and his eyes were screwed small.

"Was there something you wanted?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, Chief," Foster answered amiably. "Nice day. Fine spring weather and unusually early, too."

"I don't come to talk weather!" the old man growled. "I come to say that if you've time to chitchat, you might train your hoodlums not to break up that deck engine. I don't repair it for a pack of riffraff to break up. . . ."

"You said all that before," Foster answered. "I looked over the engine. Can't see any damage."

"Your eyes are failing then," MacDonald answered sharply. He walked away, and Joe tried to turn his attention to the painters. Yet, in spite of himself, his thoughts were of Jane MacDonald.

At supper that night he sat on the right of Captain Daane; opposite him MacDonald ate silently. Only the radio operator, a young man with freckles and a voluble enthusiasm for amplifiers, talked between mouthfuls. No one listened.

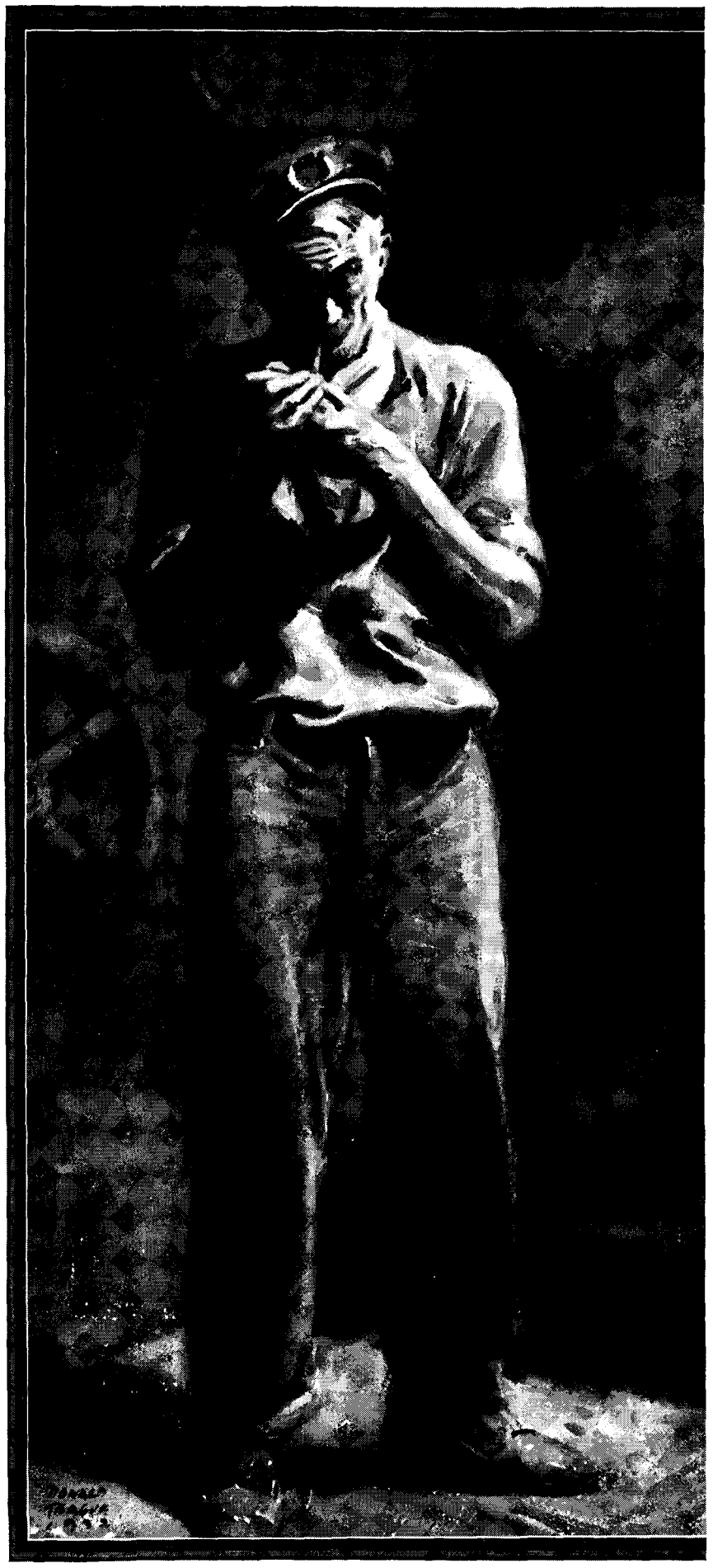
At last Daane set his black derby on his head and departed, and when he had gone, MacDonald shook a fork across the table.

"That deck engine . . ." he began fiercely.

"Forget it!" Foster snapped. He stood up at once, and let the screen door slam disrespectfully as he went on deck. But before he reached the texas, the evening breeze had cooled his rancor and he was able to reflect pleasantly again on MacDonald's daughter, who had tried to put him in his place.

Her eyes were as blue as Superior, and there had been a faint, deep huskiness in her voice. A musical huskiness. Joe found himself smiling at the lights across the broad river, golden lights that winked understandingly to him through the haze. The color of her hair. It wasn't really red . . . golden. But what if it was red? He liked red hair.

In the mates' quarters he found Emil Ferkins, an incredibly old little man, in-



The old man turned, his face set in a scowl.

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Illustrated by Donald Teague

"I want a steam-line," Joe told him

credibly wise. He had served aboard the vessel for ten years, and each spring when he signed on gave his age as sixty-two. Now he sat patching a pair of trousers.

"I see you talkin' to her," he said in his flat voice, like a bell buoy iced over. It was as if he had read Joe's surging thoughts. He stitched for a moment. "She's pizen. I'm warnin' you." When Joe started to protest, Ferkins added ominously: "There was three other first officers . . . young 'uns . . . went for to win her. They didn't last the season."

"Why not?" Joe asked.

"She tuck their mind off their job. And then her old man . . . blast him . . . he got somethin' on 'em. Dirty engine-room trick."

Joe decided to keep his mind on his job, but twice, before the ship sailed out to its summer labor, he found his resolution tried. Both times, when she came aboard, he felt a warm pleasure at the sight of her, liked the voice with which she still taunted him, somehow enjoyed the memory of her short visits there. And on the eve of sailing he saw her again.

Ferkins, MacDonald and half a dozen sober souls remained aboard while the rest of the company, according to their varied tastes, took leave of land. Joe did not know that she was on the ship, so he halted with gratified surprise when he met her at the ladder, as he started overside.

She bantered him while they walked up the dock together, and when they came to a small car parked at the gate, invited him to ride to town with her. Joe, looking back, saw Ferkins watching him, and felt keen relish in the disapproval in the old man's eyes.

He returned at midnight and took over the watch, and Ferkins growled: "So she's got you in tow! I tell you, she's pizen!"

"A little poison's a good tonic, I suppose," Joe answered him, and went eagerly about his work. Finally, when the steamship nosed down the stream through the smoky dawn, he carried with him a satisfactory memory of his last night ashore. They had gone to a movie, he and Jane, then late supper, and while she tormented him, he had enjoyed her voice, with its drowsy undertones.

Once she had turned serious, as he was about to leave.

"I wish you'd keep an eye on my father," she had said.

He answered, startled: "Keep an eye on him?"

"Dad's getting old," she reminded him. "Needs looking after."

He had made some vague promise, forgetting in her presence that any engineer was his natural and instinctive enemy.

THE Ottawa Chief romped down Lake Erie in water ballast, into Ashtabula Harbor, loaded coal in one roaring, dusty hour, then for three days butted her way up lakes, against stubborn headwinds.

That trip, and the second, and the third, MacDonald kept to his own end of the ship. Joe remained forward. However, when chance drew them together, they quarreled violently. The old man grew daily more petulant, and daily Joe's patience and his resolution waned. The engine and fire-room crews naturally supported their chief, while boatswain, watchmen and wheelsmen made Joe's quarrel their own. . . .

The steamer loaded coal in Toledo, late in July, and the owners ordered her laid up for sixteen hours. Jane came down to the ship, spent an hour with her father, and when she came on deck again Joe saw her, and walked quickly to speak to her.

Thirty minutes later he had changed to shore-going clothes and, in spite of Ferkins' premonitions, met Jane at the dock gate, and spent the evening with her. Again in August he saw her, and once more in September called her by telephone, to say that the steamer would lie six hours that evening in the harbor, while her father and his men cleaned the Number Two boiler.

He turned from the telephone elated, and a little dazed, repeating under his breath the words that had passed between them. She had invited him to dinner, at home, and he had accepted. He set out at once. Ferkins nagged him like a heavy conscience as he went ashore, but the old man was forgotten when Joe saw Jane. All doubts departed as he felt the soft warmth of her hands in his.

She asked immediately about her father, and Joe admitted that they saw little of each other. "He's busy aboard tonight," he added.

"Yes, he telephoned," Jane said. She looked hard at Joe. "You quarrel?"

He nodded.

"Dad's usually right, you know," she said positively.

"He has his whole gang working against the front end," Joe retorted. "I wouldn't call that right, would you?"

At once she objected: "When a man is as old as Dad, he must be humored." They were sitting at table, and the shaded light, falling upon her, accentuated her slimness and deepened the blue in her eyes. "The trouble is," she added, "he tries to do too much. To make up for all the mistakes made all over the ship. It's hard on a man his age. I thought I could trust you to look out for him, Joe. You promised me. . . ."

She halted. A key sounded in the lock. They sat motionless, and Joe felt the muscles straining in his forearms. The door opened, and Murray MacDonald strode in.

Jane cried: "Dad!"

BUT he gave her no attention; instead, he glared unbelievingly at Joe, then demanded: "How long's this been *going on*?"

"I've never been here before," Joe answered. He was standing now, his right hand gripped upon the back of the chair to steady it. "But I'm coming again, sir." He was glad his voice held firm. "I'm coming often."

"You're not!" MacDonald cried. He swung on his daughter. "Don't see this man again," he roared. "He's a low, despicable character!"

"But, Dad . . ."

"But nothing! Get out, Foster. Never come back!"

He paused, and Joe looked from him to Jane. Her face was tense, and she was swallowing repeatedly.

"You'd better go, Joe," she said.

"So it's Joe, is it?" her father cried. "Well, it's no longer. He'll not bother you again. Taking up with a deckhand!"

"You'd better go," Jane repeated. Joe started toward her, but her father stepped between them.

"Don't touch her!" he warned.

Joe's fists ached from holding them so tightly at his sides. Rage choked him. Jane made no move, uttered no word, and his anger widened, suddenly and unreasonably, to include her in his hatred for all that belongs to all engine-rooms.

"So, you let him bully you!" he cried. Still she did not speak, merely stood with white cheeks and submissive eyes. He turned from her then, and as he went out left the door ajar. For half an hour he walked furiously, ridding himself of rage and disappointment.

When at length he returned to the steamer, Ferkins looked shrewdly at him.

"I told you she was pizen," was all he said.

THE Ottawa Chief sailed at midnight. The malice between her two ends was like a contagion, from which even weather was not immune. Storm trailed the vessel; delays marked unloadings; up lakes and down, the tired ship staggered with an invisible cargo of rancor and misunderstanding and wrath.

In mid-November the owners flashed a radiogram ordering Captain Daane to pick up limestone at Alpena for Toledo, there take on coal for Ludington, and that done, return to winter berth. Joe counted the days ahead. By December tenth they should be in port. It was not too soon; for winter comes early to the Great Lakes.

Snow harried the ship into Toledo. There Joe saw MacDonald go ashore, saw him return. Since that night in her house, two months ago, he had not heard of Jane. He tried to forget her. . . .

December rode a crying gale down Lake Huron. The Ottawa Chief nosed stubbornly through it, hauled westward at Bois Blanc, rolled through the Straits of Mackinac, and hauled again, southward through Lake Michigan.

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She found Ludington, unloaded, and turned back to the irascible lake. All day the temperature had dropped. It wavered at ten degrees above zero as darkness folded black wings about the ship.

"Go to supper," Daane ordered Joe. "Get some hot food."

Joe obeyed.

He pulled the mess-room door open against the wind, and stepped into the generous warmth. The cook was sprinkling water on the cloth to make it grip the dishes. No one was yet at table. Joe had lifted his coffee cup when the radio operator stumbled in, shivering, a blue envelope in his hand.

"Message, sir," he said to Joe. "From MacDonald's daughter."

A voice cried, "What's that?" Joe and the operator jerked about. The chief engineer stood, glaring, in the galley door. Joe gripped the envelope.

"My girl? Then it's mine," MacDonald snapped.

"No, sir, for the mate," the operator insisted.

"A copy! Get me a copy!" MacDonald ordered.

"Can't, sir!" the operator pleaded. "Government regulation."

The engineer persisted, argued inarticulately, barbing his arguments with threats, while Joe stood up from his unfinished meal, buckled slicker and sou'wester, and tramped out to deck.

From Jane! For him!

THE ship wallowed, and irate winds, smashing across it, sought to rip Joe from the life-line as he moved toward his quarters under the texas. Spray stung his face with freezing particles. Snow pelted him.

He halted breathlessly under the light in his cabin and spread the message in his two hands. His eyes widened as he read.

What did she mean? What did she expect of him? Was she trying to make a fool of him? Still confused, he folded it, thrust it into his pocket, and climbed to the bridge.

By the glow of the hooded gyro-compass repeater he saw the wheelsman, braced on outspread legs, and Captain Daane, hunched forward at the windows, still wearing his derby hat in defiance of weather.

"Through already?" Daane asked. "Then I'll go eat."

"Lots of ice on the ladder," Joe warned.

Daane said: "And lots of weather out there. Can't see the end of your nose."

He closed the door behind him and stood a moment on the flapping starboard wing of the bridge. Joe watched his bulky figure, dark and indistinct in the flying snow. Saw him snatch upward toward his hat as the vessel lunged, turn half about clawing at the handrail, then plunge downward.

Joe slapped open the door, dived after him, and found him sprawled on his back upon the icy deck. It never had occurred to him before how heavy Daane was. He realized that he could not climb the ladder. His own door loomed ahead. He staggered in, with the captain in his arms, and laid him on the bed.

"Hurt, sir?" he panted.

Daane looked hard at him, and gasped, "No. Let me up."

But he was hurt so grievously he lay all night, moaning, while Joe pushed the ship northward. At the hauling point, among the fangs of Waugoshance, he swung toward the Straits. As day broke, bitter and unrepentant, the radio operator climbed the bridge.

"Get the home office?" Joe demanded.

"Yes. Explained it all. Can you get under the lee of Mackinac?"

"Can try," Joe answered. "What about a doctor?"

"He'll be waiting there."

So Captain Daane, cursing his broken bones, was put overside into the bouncing mail boat and the doctor's large, capable hands. Joe signaled full speed ahead. This was his ship now, and his responsibility. Standing by the wheelsman, he could see the length of the vessel, and realized that ice was coating the hull. He ordered salt spread on deck; in another hour, more salt.

AT TWO O'CLOCK the boatswain reported the plates on the windward side of the bow covered six inches thick.

"We'll be gettin' a deckload," he added.

"Chop," Joe ordered. "Rig the men together, and make them fast to something. Axes and salt . . ." A radio compass signal interrupted, and he swung the hand-grip on the receiver until the code crackled in at maximum. Then by the chart he searched his position.

"We're only thirty miles down from Bob Below," he told the wheelsman. "That rate, we'll be a week."

The wheelsman said: "Can't last that long, sir." He added: "She don't seem to mind the rudder."

Joe called the engine-room.

"Steam," he demanded. "More steam. We're making no headway."

MacDonald cried: "Come stoke the boilers yourself then!" and slapped the receiver on its hook. Joe turned from the telephone.

"Take the wheel," he bade Ferkins, who stood by grimly, and crawled out to the slippery bridge. Ice still was thickening. Joe called the boatswain, who in turn routed out the watch below, of front-end men. They rigged a line one to another, and with axes and spuds began laboriously to whittle at the ice.

All night they chopped, but their gigantic shadows were no match for weather, and dawn broke, belatedly, on a deck listing many degrees to port. Anxiously Joe observed it. Here was no task for men and steel.

Determinedly he felt his way aft along the frozen life-line, and battered open the engine-room door. The old man stood beside his telegraph indicator, watching the steel pistons slog up and down. Lighting his pipe, he turned on Joe, his face set in a scowl.

"I want a steam-line," Joe told him.

The ship rolled before MacDonald answered, lay long on her side, came back again.

"What for?"

"To melt ice," Joe replied impatiently. His voice croaked, as if the cords of his throat were frozen.

"Chop it!" MacDonald objected. "Can't waste steam. . . ."

Joe ignored him. From the reel of heavy steam hose he unwound a fifty-foot section, coiled it on his shoulder, and started to climb to deck.

MacDonald yelled, and Joe turned.

"I'm trying to get us home," he answered. "Start the hot-water pump."

MacDonald growled, and Joe opened the door atop the ladder. Cold stabbed him. Gripping the life-line, he staggered forward. The hose dragged his shoulder. At last he reached the texas, passed the steam-line to the boatswain, who sprawled beside the forward deck-engine with it. Joe went on among the men, but they stared at him as if he were a stranger, without greeting in their cold eyes.

Joe crawled to the pilot house, where Ferkins met him, crying: "Heard a whistle blast!"

"You sure?"

Joe looked at the wheelsman, who said: "I didn't hear it."

Plainly Ferkins needed relief.

"Go to bed for a bit," Joe ordered. "I'll call you."

He let down a window, its glass obscured by ice and snow. Wind slashed at him.

"Could we turn and run for it?" the wheelsman asked.

"Not in this sea," Joe answered. "Got to face it."

He could not see the men working on the sides; only occasional puffs of steam flashed whitely up.

IN AN hour Ferkins returned, looking older than ever.

"They're fightin' ice," he reported.

"Go back down," Joe said. "Keep out of the wind. If I need you I'll call."

In another hour Joe caught radio signals and tried to plot his position on the chart. He told the wheelsman: "We're off the mouth of Thunder Bay."

The wheelsman answered: "Wind's falling a bit."

The snow was thinner; the black horizon spread farther from the ship.

"If it only holds this way," Joe muttered.

But it did not hold. New cross winds, out of the southwest, roared unexpectedly, contending with the southeast gale. Wilder seas leaped the deck, port and starboard.

Ferkins stumbled in again.

"I'll take her," he offered.

Joe accepted this time, and slid to deck. Two steam clouds, one at each side, marked two jets boring at the ice. Two steam lines? He had brought forward only one. He saw the boatswain in a cloud of vapor at the rail, and crawled toward the other line.

Murray MacDonald, coatless, gray hair caked with ice, gripped the nozzle. His eyebrows sprouted icicles; frost had laid open both cheeks, so accustomed to engine-room heat. His throat was bare.

Joe cried: "Get out of here!"

Two sooty firemen, behind MacDonald, looked at him, but the engineer gave him no attention. Joe gripped his frozen sleeve. The deck tilted, threatened to spill them into the black lake. Joe clutched tighter. MacDonald swung, his mouth wide, but no sound escaping from it.

Joe snatched the nozzle, gave it to a fireman, and as he reached again for MacDonald the ship lurched, flinging them into each other's arms. MacDonald struggled briefly, then the strength drained suddenly out of him. Joe yanked open the door to his own quarters and dragged the old man in.

He panted: "Stay out of that weather," and pulled a blanket about MacDonald's frozen shoulders.

"I'll report you!"

"You'll obey me!" Joe corrected. "I'm master here."

"You'll drown us!" MacDonald cried.

But he leaned back, eyes closed, and did not resist when Joe piled blankets on him, did not even seem to notice Joe.

Leaving him on the bunk, Joe locked the door and climbed to the pilot house. The radio man waited, with orders from the owners to seek shelter.

Joe grunted. He'd make any harbor he could. Saginaw Bay lay ahead. He sent back a message, mentioning Bay City.

NIGHT fell. The ship fought stubbornly. But she made the bay. Port Austin reef light blinked a dull welcome and midnight blew past. The watches changed, and Joe went to his cabin. MacDonald still lay asleep. Joe sat down and spread out his new radiograms, those from the owners, and another . . . a second one from Jane.

MacDonald stirred.

"Well?" he croaked.

"Yes, sir!" Joe answered enthusiastically. "An hour out of Bay City."

The old man sat up. Joe left him and went to the pilot house. Dawn was breaking. The white land was marching down on both sides to the black water.

At length the ship found harbor.

Joe searched the dock, from his place on the bridge wing. With pounding heart he made out Jane MacDonald. Last night, in her second message, she had said she, too, would try to reach Bay City.

"Your father's all right!" he called. But he had no minute with her until he had answered a thousand outlandish questions hurled by excited agents for the owners. He replied calmly. Why not be calm? All had turned out well.

When, finally, he hurried down to her, she stood with her father.

"Dad and I have been arguing," she said. "About my radiogram to you at Ludington. Tell him, Joe."

Joe held up the ridiculous first message.

"Here it is," he said. "She wanted you to wear your heavy shirts."

"Heavy shirts?"

"Told me not to let you take cold."

"She wired you *that?*"

"Just that."

MacDonald snorted. "She's a little fool!"

But he did not mean it. Nor did he seem to object when Joe took both Jane's hands in his. "I understand, now, Mr. Mate," he said, "how you was mistreatin' me on the deck. It was her orders. Yes—her orders." MacDonald was smiling grimly. "You see, my boy, she's taking command now, both ends of the ship."

"Write Your Own" Awards

The authors listed below find themselves richer by reason of their "Write Your Own" manuscripts inspired by the story of Ulenspiegel and the paintless painting:

$100 **Joseph S. G. Bolton, 792 Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.**

$75 **R. Louise Emery, 4300 Mildred Ave., Venice, Cal.**

$50 **Beatrice B. Beebe, 1263 Oak Street, Eugene, Ore.**

If you think you see something it sometimes makes little difference that you may be wrong. It's the satisfaction that counts. However, we hasten to assure you that there is nothing illusory about the checks sent to the writers named here. The ink is indelible and the cash hard.

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The Party Spirit

It has changed. To the relief of hostesses, guests and exchequer, elaborate dinner parties have given way to gay, informal buffet suppers, where the only tax is on ingenuity. Here are pointers on meeting that, from the Russian Princess Paul Chavchavadze, who does it royally herself

By Marie Beynon Ray

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

The Princess Paul Chavchavadze, whose "automat" parties delight her friends

THERE must have been something in the education of a Russian princess that taught her how to be poor gracefully. Women, not born princesses, are constantly complaining that they can't entertain because they have no maid, no table service, no money, no this and no that. What they obviously haven't is the education of a princess—which seems to enable you to cook an egg fifty-nine different ways and regale hungry hordes on a few small fishes.

A Russian princess doesn't give up entertaining merely because she no longer has a tiara, six feet of train and a *corps de ballet*. She has more resourcefulness than that.

There, for example, is Princess Paul Chavchavadze, the cousin of the Grand Duchess Marie, granddaughter of Queen Olga of Greece, great granddaughter of Czar Nicholas I of Russia, besides being related to most of the royalties in Europe. She lives in a small apartment in New York—but just because it isn't a palace on the Nevskii Prospekt is no reason, in her estimation, why she shouldn't entertain. "But how?" you say.

"How?" she smiled when I asked her. "Well, from where you sit, you can see practically our whole apartment. And I have no maid. So you see it can be nothing elaborate—my entertaining. And, fortunately, today that isn't necessary—in fact, it's almost bad taste.

"When I give a party I never have more than twelve guests. And never do they all sit down at one table at one time. Who would serve them? Of course, for such occasions, I have one little maid, hired by the hour, but one maid can't possibly manage a formal dinner. So I give 'automat' parties—self-service, you know. Scattered about the living-room are little card tables with pretty cloths and flowers in low bowls. All the food, hot and cold, is set out on the large table and the buffet in the dining-room, as well as plates, glasses, silver and napkins. The hot foods are on an electric grill and the dishes which must be kept very cold are packed in ice. The guests serve themselves to what they want and sit at the little tables to eat. You have no idea how much fun that sort of party is—moving about freely, talking to whom you like, eating what you want, coming late if you please.

"In giving this kind of party it is the hostess with the most imagination, not the most money, who wins. Since I can't compete with people who have large houses, a staff of servants and expensive dishes, I must be ingenious in the matter of food. The elements of suspense and surprise are what make such a dinner amusing. So I try to have dishes that will give people something to talk about.

"To begin with—cocktails. That's my husband's affair and he's something of a genius at it. To go with them, I have several big, beautiful grapefruits with toothpicks stuck in them—like an angry porcupine—and on the end of each toothpick is a stuffed olive wrapped in hot, crisp bacon. You pluck out a toothpick and eat the olive.

"Then, perhaps, blinis, our famous Russian pancakes with sour cream—and no one can make them better than Nina Chavchavadze. After that, mussels marinière—you don't do enough with the humble mussel in this country—Russian chicken, which is a special boneless, breaded chicken, a green salad and an ice.

"A point that is terribly important is the appearance of the dishes. Corned-beef hash may be the last word in sophistication—or it may be simply farmerish. You may serve *anything*—rice, stew, chicken hash, boiled potatoes—but it must be done with an air.

"At the Creek Club on Long Island last summer I remember eating the most marvelous corned-beef hash. It wasn't just one big slab—take it or leave it—but small, individual portions, beautifully brown and crisp, with a poached egg on each. Hot rice was also made into little cakes and served with melted maple sugar. The cold meats were sliced and arranged by an artist, layer upon layer of precision and perfect symmetry. Whole cauliflowers were sprinkled with finely chopped parsley, nuts and pimientos and banked with leaves so that each one looked like a beautiful, old-fashioned bouquet. Potato salads arranged and served as if the potato were an imported, hothouse delicacy; lobster salads so exquisitely arranged you would think that Long Islanders had to have lobsters brought by special airplane from the South Sea Islands—that sort of thing.

"Everywhere I go it's the same thing—the plainest fare, the homeliest dish, served with an air—as if it were some rare, out-of-season delicacy. Hamburger steak sandwiches—are they chic? The last word! The meat, thin, crisply brown on the outside, rare within, deliciously seasoned, with a big slice of Bermuda onion on top, is slipped between the toasted halves of a large, flat roll. And baked beans! Standing there sturdily in their big, brown earthenware pots, flanked by platters of Boston brown bread, round, sliced thin, hot and buttered.

"A friend of mine recently gave a party for which John of the Divan Parisienne, sent in several dishes and the others were prepared at home from his recipes—highly susceptible to home treatment.

Lazarnick

"On the cold buffet was a large platter with dozens of little finger-sized rolls of paper-thin pink ham stuffed with pot cheese mixed with chopped pimientos and olives.

"Another huge platter held stuffed eggs—each egg a surprise. The yolks had been mixed with various condiments, some with caviar, some with Roquefort cheese, some with anchovies, restored to the white cups, and the whole decorated with a border of curled celery and sliced pickles.

"The fish dish was a large coral-colored boiled salmon with a border of chopped gelatin (bright red) and quartered eggs. The salad was in big wooden bowls, as if it had come right out of a French kitchen—a salad of mixed greens, chopped fine, with a special French dressing into which had gone a little chili sauce, a little paprika, a little Worcestershire. Over all were sprinkled finely chopped egg and beets. And somewhere there was a little garlic. Or isn't there such a thing as a little garlic?

"On the hot buffet stood a platter of pastry shells filled with creamed lamb and peas, covered with mashed potato and browned, and another of chicken hash with a border of purée of peas and a coating of whipped cream, also delicately browned.

"For dessert came Fraises Divan Parisienne—strawberries mixed with cream and currant jelly in some miraculous manner—and café royale, which some call café diabolo, half the fun of which is the way it's served—in an enormous *fine* or champagne glass around the edge of which is a ring of sugar. The other half of the fun is the brandy in it.

"With this kind of party in vogue, anyone can entertain, without any of that awful keeping-up-with-the-Joneses feeling, as you call it in America. The Joneses are all eating corned-beef hash today."

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statements regarding the Red menace and the number of Communists in the B. E. F. had been made, and so I pressed the general for a little more information.

"Were there ever as many as three hundred Communists in Washington during the time of the bonus occupation?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I am confident there were never that many. I attended many of their meetings, where they made speeches and where, incidentally, an American flag was always displayed alongside the speaker. They never had big crowds, and, to my knowledge, many of the people who were there were residents of Washington who went to see what a Communist looks like. Furthermore, the influence that their propaganda had on the regular bonus marchers was negligible. They just didn't fall for it. Even their greatest effort in that direction—when they endeavored to picket the White House the day Congress adjourned—didn't attract any of the bona fide bonus seekers to their cause."

The Riot Call

"Will you tell me about that incident?" I asked.

"There wasn't a great deal to it," replied General Glassford. "They just started to do it and the police stopped them. That was about all it amounted to. A few heads were cracked, a few men were arrested, and from somewhere the word came to me that if the area around the Executive Mansion was not cleared promptly—because, of course, thousands of curious citizens had gathered to enjoy the disturbance—the troops would be ordered out. And," added the general grimly, "it was cleared. In fifteen minutes there wasn't a soul except police officers within two blocks of the White House in any direction."

"Thank you, General," I said. "And now I want to ask you this. A minute ago you spoke of the men of the B. E. F. as disciplined soldiers. Do you know how many of them were overseas men?"

"Personally, I know nothing about that. The police department did not check it up. My understanding, however, is that General Hines of the Veterans Administration has stated that sixty-six per cent of the bonus seekers whose records were investigated proved to be A. E. F. veterans, and from my close association with these men I am inclined to believe that this is a conservative figure."

Why Call Out the Army?

Again I expressed my appreciation to General Glassford for having made such a frank statement on such a controversial subject, and then I shot this question at him:

"Now, as to the last days of the occupation and the eviction orders that have been so much discussed, do you care to say anything about them?"

General Glassford threw his long leg over the arm of his chair, looked up at the ceiling and said slowly: "No. I would rather not talk much on that subject. It has already created too much controversy."

"But," I persisted, "you didn't ask, did you, to have the Army come in with tanks and tear bombs to evict the bonus seekers?"

"No, I did not."

"You do not believe that it was necessary to order the troops out in order to evacuate the bonus seekers?"

"I have several times stated that I didn't consider it necessary."

"Did you have any plans of your own for moving the Bonus Army out of the District?"

General Glassford's Story

Continued from page 11

"Yes," said the general very emphatically, "but they were not entirely my own plans. I was working in conjunction with the B. E. F. leaders, and the scheme, for which there were funds available, was to erect a camp on a privately owned site, where a small camp already existed, and which was well removed from the residential districts of the Capital. The majority of the marchers, probably ninety per cent of them, would have been willing to move out to the proposed camp, and thereafter it was expected that they would coöperate with the police of Washington in evacuating by any means necessary any undesirable or radical element that insisted on remaining in the Capital."

"What would have become of this new camp?" I inquired. "Would it have remained as a permanent institution?"

"Of course it wouldn't," answered the general, "and that was the strategy of the plan. The camp was more than two miles from the Anacostia bridge, leading into the main part of the city. With nothing to do and not being able to get into the city because of lack of funds and means of transportation, the men would soon have become dissatisfied and returned to their homes. Furthermore, it was the idea of the leaders of the Bonus Army themselves that it was *not* to be permanent. They wanted the bonus seekers to return to their various states, and even at this time it is the plan of most of the leaders to do all in their power to discourage any future march on Washington."

"All right," I said, "this plan of yours was directly in line with the kindly attitude you had held from the beginning towards the members of the B. E. F., and in that connection it has been charged against you that through your friendliness you caused the army to increase in size."

"Yes," replied General Glassford, "that charge has been made and possibly with some justice. Because I was helping feed the men and providing shelter for them I know that they sent out to recruit more bonus seekers and bring them to Washington. However, I felt it was better to have an army of twenty thousand law-abiding men in the city than it would have been to have had, say, six to seven thousand hungry rioters."

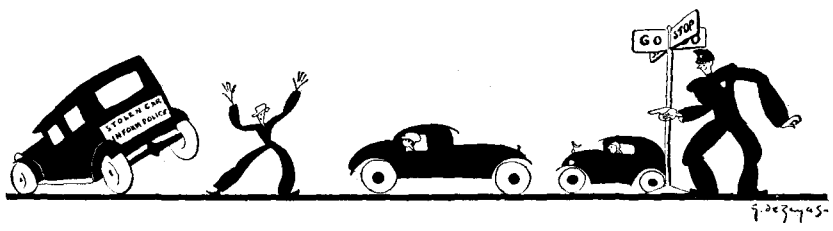
And now for a word or two about the general himself:

Less than a year ago the Commissioners of the District of Columbia decided that they wanted to secure some extraordinary man upon whom they could confer the office of superintendent of police. They got one. They induced General Glassford, who after thirty years of Army service had retired to the privacy of a cattle ranch in Arizona, to come back East and take the job.

General vs. Attorney-General

He didn't do it with any great amount of enthusiasm. The general likes to ride, to fish and to paint. But he also likes to fight and to command men and, as the police job seemed to offer him an outlet in both of these latter strenuous activities, he decided to forgo the other more frivolous delights for yet a few years. Also he is the type of man by whom men like to be led. In other words, he is an entirely human kind of person—one who can exert authority and not make it irksome. When I asked him if the men who served under him in the Army liked him, he replied that he didn't know and then told me several anecdotes from which I clearly understood that at any rate he liked them. In fact, General Glassford likes most people and yet he is so far from being anybody's "yes-man" that Washington, which was looking for an unusual chief of police, hasn't yet recovered from the shock it received when he boldly contradicted statements made by Attorney-General Mitchell and issued directly from the White House.

After the troops were ordered out and the eviction had taken place, General Mitchell issued a statement regarding the affair which caused the Capital to feel that the subject was permanently closed. Statements coming from high sources generally do close arguments in Washington, but in this instance the last word came from General Glassford, who, as he told me, sat up until four o'clock in the morning to prepare a reply to the accusations. At this writing the Attorney-General's answer to General Glassford's reply has not appeared. It may, however, be in the making.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A new invention for automobiles tells the public when a car is being stolen. A secret switch is set, and if the machine is driven away by a stranger, a hidden sign at the back automatically drops down—unknown to him—reading: "Stolen Car. Inform Police."

The king of a large African tribe "shows off" his courage every morning by dashing into his crowded courtyard, where he mounts his horse and calls for his army to attack a near-by kingdom. Assistants then persuade him to wait until tomorrow. Feigning anger, he dismounts and goes to breakfast.—*By W. E. Mansley, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The powerful eroding effect of digestive juices was demonstrated recently by feeding various kinds of metals to rats. A steel ball bearing, in the digestive tract of a rat for 15 days, lost 24 per cent of its weight.

Up to a few years ago Persian criminals, when considered too vicious and contemptible to be hanged, were tied to the mouths of cannons and blown to bits.—*By Robert Williams, Imperial, California.*

Approximately 6,000,000, or 15 per cent of the 40,000,000 employed persons in the United States, today work in uniforms.

More than 70 per cent of all the fish consumed throughout Great Britain today is bought already cooked at its 30,000 hot-fish shops.—*By C. E. Auracher, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

The bull seal is one of the most jealous of all animals. From May to August each year he collects and maintains a harem of from 10 to 50 females which he guards day and night without food or sleep. At the end of the season he is badly scarred from the many battles fought to protect his household.

Men have used strange methods in trying to convince people that they were different from the rest of the world. Yang Ti, a Chinese emperor, used to have leaves and flowers of silk sewed on his trees every autumn to show that even they were not subject to the laws of the seasons.—*By H. B. Wood, La Carne, Ohio.*

One orchid plant is known to have lived for thirty-eight years; and another was once sold for thirty-three thousand dollars.

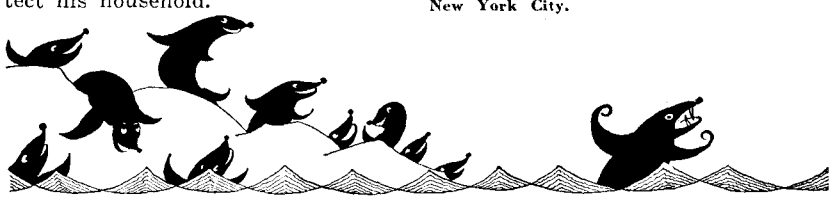
Although hysteria causes paralysis of the limbs, muscular spasms, hallucinations, deliria, and loss of voice, it does not produce any known organic change in the nervous system.—*By Alice Athey, Carterville, Missouri.*

As the gambling casinos throughout the world might easily be made bankrupt by the unsuspected cashing of counterfeit chips, they all maintain Criminal Departments where their playing disks are carefully examined every morning under special lighting equipment.

Every pound of fat in the human body requires six tenths of a mile of blood vessels. Therefore a person carries three extra miles of them for every five pounds of superfluous flesh.—*By R. M. Lowe, Los Angeles, California.*

In Germany shops are selling steel skull protectors because of the numerous street riots; in Italy the Fascists' salute now is forbidden except in homage to Mussolini; and in England a new magazine called "Rejection" is publishing only stories that have been rejected by other publications.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.



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THE WESTCLOX name, an accepted guarantee of quality and good value, appears on Big Ben and on a complete line of alarm clocks from $1 up. There is a wide range of models . . . spring driven and electric . . . some with plain dial, others with luminous dial you see in the dark.

The Westclox trademark also identifies watches at $1 and $1.50, and automobile clocks, as members of this reliable time-keeping family.

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BIG BEN is as quiet as a watch all night long. No noisy tick to disturb your rest. You sleep deeply. And this new Westclox alarm is as polite as can be in the morning, too. His first call is a whisper of chimes that wakes you gently. Then, if you don't shut him off—a shout.

Never before a clock like this new Big Ben. Never before a clock that provided so sure an awakening without an annoying loud tick at night and a nerve shattering racket in the morning.

This new Big Ben is a beautiful clock, too! Satiny black and gleaming nickel. Graceful pierced hands. Balanced modern design.

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WITH QUIET TICK AND 2 VOICES • *First* HE WHISPERS • *Then* HE SHOUTS

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"The dead take to their graves, in their clutched fingers, *only that which they have given away*"

THIS is your chance *to do more good* with the money you give to others than was perhaps ever before possible in the history of this country.

First, because the *need* is greater than ever before. Second, because more of every dollar you give will go to provide your fellow human beings with food, shelter, medical help—the bare necessities of living.

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reenforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised. Each community is making provision for its own people. Each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Read again the great words attributed to Rousseau which are printed at the top of this page. Then *give* through your established welfare and relief organization, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

NEWTON D. BAKER, CHAIRMAN,
NATIONAL CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

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about the alchemist's room, glancing idly at the brick furnace, the crucibles and glass vials and the piled-up folios.

"Is it true, Master Athir," she asked at last, "that you make draughts of magic for the great Marks—the noble dames?"

"Sometimes."

Jeanne's tongue seemed to fail her, and she flushed. "I mean the things they call—love potions. You know well the draughts that make—other people—love these ladies?"

"Verily, I know them." Athir sold talismans and potions to his patrons, while he smiled inwardly at their superstition.

"And such a draught will work no harm to him—to the one that drinks of it?"

"Little Jeanne, such potions are for the seigneurs' ladies, who pay for their whims."

"My father was a seigneur even as they, but a minstrel of the southland with an empty purse and a great thirst in him, which brought him down to singing ballades to the crowds while I fiddled among them, thanking them for the silver. A year ago he died, and I have made good shift for myself. I can pay only a small price, but, please, Master Athir, mix me the draught with magic in it, for I need it sorely."

The Arab looked at her curiously, seeing anew the soft hair, the clear, troubled eyes. And he wondered, as he went to his table, what minstrel had caught the fancy of so fair a girl. He measured out a little red fluid. "Juice of the root of manna," he explained, and added a pinch of dark powder that vanished from sight. "'Tis star dust brought from the Egyptian desert where the heart of a flying star fell. It hath power to arouse great love in a human, but be sure that you keep near to him who drinks it."

"I will do that." She nodded gratefully and hastened away with the red elixir in a vial.

IN THE cellar the wounded man, alone, was pacing restlessly by the embers of the fire—he had been asleep in Giron's charge when she had left him to seek the alchemist.

"What hole is this?" he cried. "Who brought me hither?"

Jeanne lowered her eyes and clutched the vial tighter. "Messire—I did. Truly, you are sore hurt and have not strength to venture forth."

"Thy name is Jeanne—I heard it spoken last night—and meseems I owe thee much." The boy smiled impulsively. "Wil't help me more?"

"Ay, but first," she added warily, "you must eat, and drink."

She hurried to place bread and cheese on a clean cloth, and to pour wine into a cup. After a second's hesitation she emptied the vial of red fluid into the wine and brought it to him. He gulped it down and chewed at a fistful of the bread, while Jeanne sat in the straw pretending to eat, but watching him breathlessly.

The drink had an effect upon him, for his eyes brightened and he seemed to throw off his weariness. "Thou art no rogues' girl," he said. "Nay, an elf-maid, thou, escaped from Merlin's tower."

Jeanne lowered her eyes swiftly, and choked on a bit of bread.

"And thou wilt see my need," he added eagerly. "Harken, little Jeanne—"

With an effort she swallowed the bread, feeling herself flush from throat to forehead, and wishing of a sudden that she had not dabbled in magic. She wanted to fly from the cellar but she could not.

"—I know naught of Paris, nor have I a friend here, save thee. I am Hugh of Bearn, once armor bearer to Sir Rohan of Navarre. We were sent from the south to bear a message to thy lord, the King. At Limoges tavern were we beset treacherously by a dozen riders, who slew Sir Rohan and De Trault. I fought clear of them and got me to a horse, and rode hither without sleep or rest, for now I must carry the message to Louis, who, they say, is captive to Duke John in this town."

The girl drew a breath of relief and glanced at him curiously.

"This is the message: The armed host of Navarre hath joined with My Lord of Armagnac. It is now on the march toward Burgundy. Nor will it cease that march until Louis is released out of the hands of the Burgundians and set free among loyal men in Tours." He caught her hand impatiently in his. "How can I write such tidings in a letter? Nay, I must find me a way into the presence of the King and bespeak him openly. Sir Rohan said that when Louis knows that armed power hath risen to his aid, Duke John's web of scheming will be broken."

The Rogues' Girl

Continued from page 27

Thoughtfully Jeanne nodded. "But how would you find a way into the Hôtel St. Pol, Messire Hugh?" she asked. "Have you a plan?"

"Get me a good horse, and I will make shift to do it."

"Then wait!" Suddenly the girl rose and caught up her fiddle. "Don't pull a snoop—don't go out to look for aught, until I come back. For, truly, Messire Hugh, I can aid you in this." At the stairway she turned to glance back at him shyly. "Will you promise to await me?"

"If you make haste!"

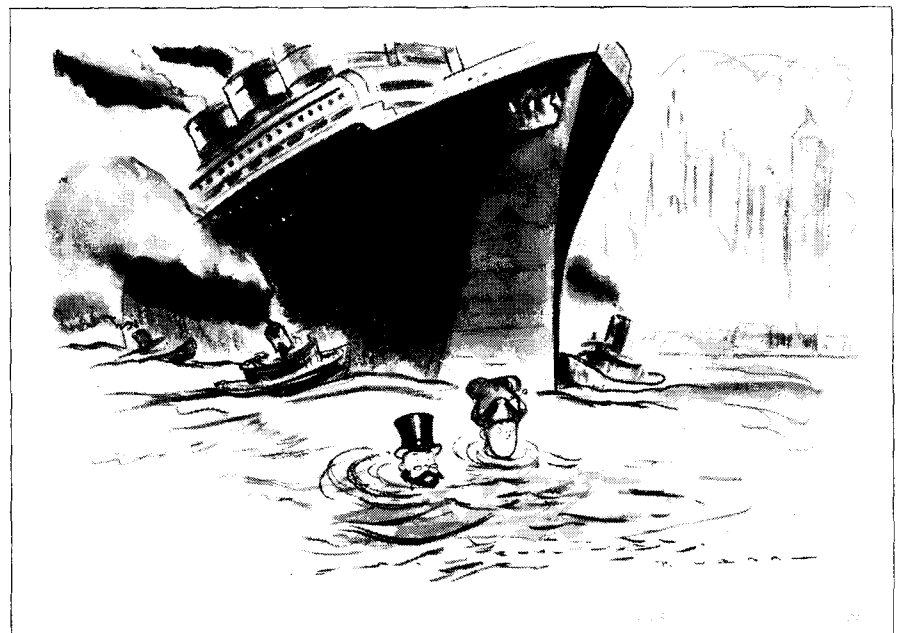
In her own way, Jeanne did hasten, skipping through narrow alleys and under archways, toward the great street of St. Jacques.

WHEN she came abreast a gray wall with gate towers, and tree tops showing over it, she walked slowly, her eyes alert. This, she knew was the entrance to the Hôtel St. Pol, with its gardens. She had visited its courtyard before, to play for the seigneurs, and she meant to try now to slip through into the building itself, and gain the presence of the King. She had seen his face in the streets, and she thought that no one would heed a fiddling girl. Then, if fortune served her, she might cry aloud the message that Hugh of Bearn was bringing from Navarre. These great lords, no doubt, would pay little heed to a girl's word, but still the message would be spoken, and the King himself might send for the real messenger—

The archers lounging before the half-closed grille gates turned to stare at her, and one of them thrust a pike-shaft before her, grinning.

"*Pardie,*" another grunted, "'tis the fiddling wench who hath half the rogues' brigade at her summons. Let her go, Piculph."

SAFELY in the courtyard, Jeanne plucked idly on the strings of her fiddle while she surveyed the prospect. On the left was a blank wall, on the right the stables and quarters of the men-at-arms. At the end of this a roadway led into the gardens. In front of her rose the bulk of the Hôtel itself, with barred embrasures for windows, and a single arched gate, where stood men of the inner guard and an officer talking to a priest.



"I can't help what the stewards think, Daisy—I had nothing smaller than a twenty-dollar bill" *Paul Webb*

She went up to them boldly, and touched the officer's arm. "Messire, I have word for Renault."

He shrugged indifferently. "So have a-many."

"'Tis a word about the crack he did last night," Jeanne whispered.

The Burgundian frowned swiftly, and she smiled up at him, trusting that he would not know all the lieutenant's spies by sight, and would have to admit her.

"Eh, well." He turned to the pikemen of the guard. "One of you bear her in and look to her. Renault is away for the nonce."

Jeanne had expected that the lieutenant might be out of the Hôtel, but she had got herself within the doors. Listening intently to the scraps of talk she caught in the halls, she went with the pikeman obediently as far as the door of a tower room which seemed to be a private reception chamber. "Now verily," she said wistfully, "I have never seen my lord of Burgundy. Is it his wont to pass this way?"

"Nay—he walks i' the garden, and thou'lt not see him."

But Jeanne thought otherwise. Humming to herself, she rested her head against a bar, listening patiently. Her guardian tired of watching her and yawned heartily, then strolled out into the corridor. When she heard him in talk with another soldier she slipped to the door.

Without a sound she edged behind the two, and into the corridor away from them.

Almost running—for the guard in the tower room might miss her any moment—Jeanne reached a narrow door and opened it swiftly, giving inward thanks that no sentry stood there. Closing the door behind her, she glanced up and down the stretch of lawn and tulip beds, at the Burgundian nobles who sat in talk by a fountain—at the distant group of squires and servants, and at the two figures who walked apart, opposite her, in the shade of a high myrtle hedge.

One, in a plain gray mantle, thin and stooped, she knew to be the sick Louis. The taller man in a green hunting jerkin, with a horn at his belt and a whip in his hand, must be John of Burgundy.

Without hesitating, as if she had been summoned to do that, the girl raised the fiddle on her arm and drew the bow across the strings. It was a dance she played—*Gentilz galans de France*—as she moved out over the grass, the sunlight striking on her red-gold head.

The two figures by the hedge were nearer, but they paid no heed to her. Instead, a man in a long velvet tabard who carried an ivory staff strode toward her, overtaking her.

"What mummery is this?" he demanded.

"'Tis the doing of My Lord the Duke," she retorted, without ceasing her playing. But, as she did so, she caught a glimpse of the pikeman who had her in charge emerging from the door. And the staff bearer caught her arm.

She lowered the fiddle and cried out in a clear voice:

"Sire—"

The pale face of Louis turned toward her irresolutely, when the pikeman came up, swearing under his breath, and at a word from him she was pulled back and hustled toward the door. Behind her she heard the voice of John of Burgundy:

"A fiddling wench, Sire, seeking a coin." And then, louder, "Give her silver, from my hand."

"Hearest thou?" grunted the pikeman in her ear. "His Grace will have a word with thee, anon, when Renault is here. Nay, thou red vixen, we'll bide his coming here, within sight of His Grace. I'll have no more of thy trickery!"

RENAULT, however, was delayed. With two mounted men and a spy in beggar's garb he was searching the alley by the market to finish the work that he had begun the night before—having heard from the pseudo-beggar that Hugh of Bearn still breathed in a rogue's cellar, after a sorcerer had brought him back to life by black enchantment. Renault swore that a good knife-thrust would put an end to any spell.

At that hour Giron and Pied-à-Botte were warming themselves in the sun at the alley's mouth, waiting for Hugh to come out. One glimpse of the Burgundian helmets, and the two rogues were flying to hiding. Down the cellar stair they tumbled, hissing to the wounded man to hold his tongue, for the Gardener was riding by with two armed churls.

"*Eschec!*" Giron whispered, "'Tis the big Mark wi' two blades, come to the spot of his night's work."

In a moment Giron began to feel the skin crawl upon his back and skull. For the horses did not trot by. They halted, stamping, and iron clanked as men dropped from the stirrups. Then slow steps came upon the stair, and the gloom of the cellar was lightened by

(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 35)

the gleam of a lantern. Giron shrank back into a corner.

A man in a mail shirt appeared, the lantern lifted high in one hand, a drawn sword in the other. At his shoulder walked the silent lieutenant, the point of his red beard jutting forward and his eyes narrowed. Renault paused to make certain of what the cellar hid—the two rogues shivering against the wall, and Hugh of Bearn standing motionless, unarmed, with bandaged head and tight-clenched hands.

"So," quoth Renault, his beard bristling in a grin, "the dead hath come to life. I regret, messire, that necessity compels me to send you back into the grave you have just now quitted."

He waited to hear the southerner beg for mercy, but he waited in vain. Hugh shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"A pity," he said, "that you must strike such a foul blow twice. Give me a sword, and I pledge you there will be no bungling."

"Nay," Renault grunted, "I swear by the *tête-Dieu* there will be no mistake this time."

He had left a man to watch the horses, and now—being ever careful in such matters—he called to the other Burgundian: "Slay me those rats by the wall."

TO GIRON, who had been watching for a chance to slip up the stair, this was the voice of doom. He roared in fear, and in desperation flung himself at the swordsman with the lantern. Midway in his rush he lowered his head and crashed against the other's chest. Unprepared for this butting, the Burgundian fell heavily, throwing out his arms. The lantern clanked on the floor and went out, while the sword slid over the stones. Before the light vanished, Hugh leaped for the blade and caught it up.

Then he stepped swiftly aside, hearing as he did so the familiar whistle of steel through the air. Renault had cut at him savagely, and missed. Hugh let himself down quietly on one knee, holding his sword upright, beside his head.

The cellar was almost in darkness—only a faint light coming down the stair. Giron and the soldier were struggling and cursing on the floor, drowning all other sounds.

"*À moi, Picard!*" Renault shouted, and changed his position as he did so. Mailed feet clattered down the stairs as the third soldier hastened to obey. Then there was a crash, a yell of pain, and renewed scuffling. Pied-à-Botte had followed the example of his chum, and Hugh judged by the sounds that the two rogues could hold their own at this hand fighting on the floor. But Renault was slashing about him methodically—knowing that a man without armor would have no chance at matching cuts in the dark with him. And he glanced ever at the gray square of the stairway.

But Hugh had no mind to try a run for it. "Nay, Renault," he called, "this way!"

At once the other's sword struck against his uplifted blade, the sparks flying. Hugh's blade yielded and then twisted suddenly around the Burgundian's, as he rose to his feet. The two swords were in touch now, grinding together.

And Renault sought to lock hilts—to bear back the slighter man with his greater strength. But the southerner's blade yielded again, and parried deftly when the Burgundian tried to thrust, for at this game of touch in the darkness the skill of the wounded man was a match for the brawn of the lieutenant. Sweat dripped into Renault's eyes and he panted, maddened by the void before him and the elusive, clinging length of steel that quivered against his own.

He forgot that the southerner's strength must soon give out, and he bethought him of his dagger. His left hand plucked it from his belt and he stepped forward to strike. In that instant the other blade left his own, and thrust through the links of his mail. Fire scorched Renault's side, and red flames filled the black void before his eyes. He fell forward into the flames.

FIVE minutes later, when Hugh had struck a light and kindled the lantern again, Renault lay unconscious on the stones. At sight of the blood-stained sword above them in the southerner's hand, the two soldiers gave up wrestling with Giron and Pied-à-Botte.

"Watch over these fellows," Hugh said, "for I have horses waiting above to take me to the St. Pol, and something—" he pointed to the wounded Renault—"that will open the gate to me. Now help me lift him to his saddle."

They did that, and the gabs and rummies of the alley came out to stare. The rogues and the dogs of the town whispered and sniffed as the horses paced under arch and balcony toward the house of John of Burgundy.

The archers at the gate gave back before the stranger with the bandaged head who cried to them that Renault had been sore wounded.

"And where is your seigneur?" he demanded.

They said that His Grace the Duke was walking in the garden.

"Nay," Hugh retorted, "is not your King here?" And when they pointed to the garden road, he turned that way, holding the unconscious Renault. He guided the two horses between the myrtle hedges, across the wide lawn, with a score of guardsmen walking by him, whispering. He saw the two figures apart, beyond the fountain, and turned that way.

While the Burgundians and the nobles of the court looked on curiously, he let Renault down into the hands of the soldiers, and, before anyone could speak, he cried to Louis, "Sire, a message from Navarre!"

The words reached the ear of the King, and before the onlookers recovered from sheer astonishment at hearing a reigning prince addressed by a strange lad from the saddle, Hugh had dismounted and come forward to kneel within a stone's toss of the two lords. And John of Burgundy broke the silence in an amused voice:

"His Majesty hath not come to the garden to hear messages of state. Go thou, and wait upon the chamberlain in the evening." Carelessly he ran the whip he held through tense fingers—taking swift note how Louis glanced irresolutely about—and he added thoughtfully, "But let us see the letter thou hast, or a token of thy mission."

And the southerner, who had nothing of the kind to show, laughed. He pointed to the wounded Renault, now outstretched upon the grass.

"There lieth the token, My Lord—your follower who tried twice to slay me upon my way hither."

The silence that followed was again broken by the Burgundian: "This is mad talk, and out of place. What proof hast thou? Speak!"

Duke John knew well that he could not now dismiss this man, for too many ears had heard Hugh's charge. But he saw that Hugh had come alone, without companions or witnesses.

"There is one," responded the southerner instantly, "who can give proof to My Lord the King."

Again his arm went out, to point toward the door where Jeanne stood, spellbound with anxiety, beside her guard. And Jeanne hesitated not a second. Slipping under the arm of the soldier, she was across the lawn, her fiddle clutched tightly. She gasped as she came within the ring of those about the pale man in the gray mantle, and she plumped herself down beside Hugh. Her clear voice cut through the rising murmurs:

"Sire, 'tis truth, every whit. The Gardener scragged him i' the alley and stripped his gear away, and I brought the Arabian sorcerer who fetched him back to life, and I tried to carry his message to you, so they should not waylay him again. Now the *Seigneur Dieu* must have brought him hither unharmed, and by that token you must hear him."

All in a breath she cried it out, and laughter echoed her. Some of the listeners shouted angrily, and John of Burgundy with one swift glance at her eager face understood that here was a witness he could not deal with.

"Away with the rogues," he ordered, "and end this mummery!"

But before his men could lay hand on the two, the stooped figure in the gray cloak stepped forward. Louis had found his voice at last.

"Silence!" he cried; and after a moment: "Speak, thou," he bade the southerner.

TWILIGHT was falling over the gray river, and vespers chimed from the bell-towers when Jeanne came back to the door of her lodging, sitting sidewise on the great horse behind Hugh of Bearn. And out of the shadows of the doorway sounded a warning hiss:

"*Eschec!*"

Two shaggy dogs seemed to be crouched there, but the girl recognized Giron and Pied-à-Botte, clutching packs upon their knees. "And what?" she asked.

The big picklock came to the stirrup. "Flash the drag, little Jeanne. We're for St. Denis before the Red Duke twists our gullet in a rope necklace. Come away!"

"Nay," she laughed, "there's no fair fiddling out of Paris."

Giron grumbled under his breath, jerked his thumb at Pied-à-Botte, and the two rogues vanished with their packs. Jeanne looked at the ground. "You'll be wanting, Messire Hugh, to ride from the city before the hour of closing the gates. The Duke, they say, hath a long arm and a long memory for vengeance."

But he was looking at the bright head hovering near his arm. The sight of her caught at his heart as if she had laid some witchery upon him. "And what of thee, little Jeanne? Sure it is the Duke will not forget thee."

"No harm ever comes to me."

"Then will I see to it." He put his arm about her, pressing his head against the tangle of red-gold tresses. "For I will be riding to the south, and I will be taking you with me. 'Tis fair in my hills."

"There's no good fiddling out of Paris, messire," she said slowly. "And I—I am of these streets, having no love for your hills and olive trees and cattle."

"That is even a lie. Giron hath told me how you have ever the love of the place of your nourishing. And I will not cease from wanting you. So if you abide in Paris, so do I. Faith, now you must hide me from the Duke's anger and heal me these wounds of mine."

"Healed you are already, Hugh of Bearn! You fought a champion this day at hand strokes."

"Yet never will I be quit of the spell you have laid upon me, little Jeanne."

FULL into his eyes she looked swiftly, seeing in them a strange hunger. Fear of what she had done filled the girl. "May the good God forgive me!" she cried, and turned to him suddenly. "Now get this horse of yours going, and I will show you the way."

Around strange corners she guided him, to a tall house. Dismounting here, they climbed to the top of the stairs and Jeanne went to the curtained door. At her summons the dark figure of the Arab appeared. He welcomed them gravely, for he had heard what had passed at the Hôtel St. Pol.

"'Tis a cure he must have," Jeanne pointed to the southerner, "for the—for that—oh, you know well the elixir I mean. He hath taken from it a kind of fever, and, *pardie*, it was a sinful thing I did."

Glancing at the flushed faces of the lad and the girl, Athir smiled. "Jeanne," he said, "I know no remedy save one for this ailment Messire Hugh hath now."

"Then give it him."

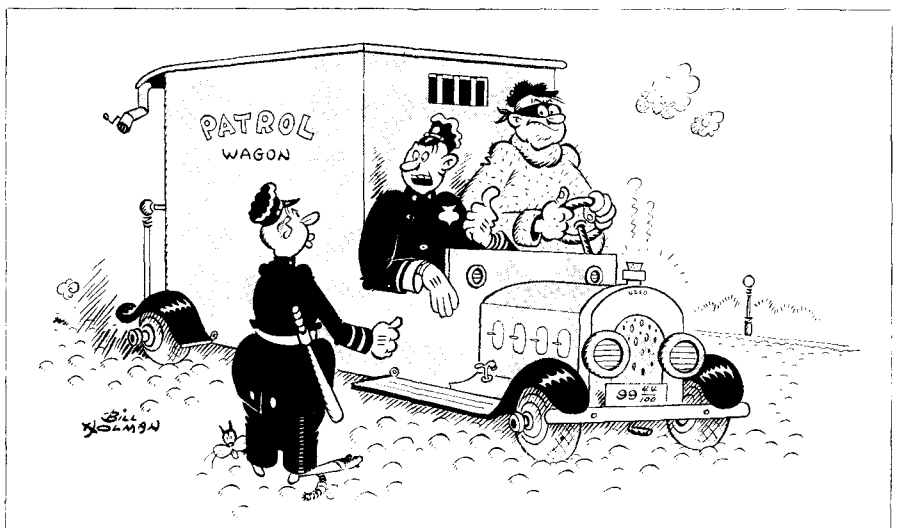
"That only can you do—I have naught will serve him."

Dismayed, the girl chewed her lip, until she flung up her head with quick resolve. "Tell him, then—I cannot. Tell him what elixir I had from you, and gave him secretly."

Turning to his table, the Arab took from it a long vial half full of a red fluid which Jeanne recognized instantly. "This? I keep it for patrons who are more credulous than wise. By Allah," he smiled, "it is no more than spirits of wine which we call *al kahol*. And this—" he took from a bowl a pinch of gray powder—"is pepper. Nay, little Jeanne, there is no elixir of the kind you sought."

"What," demanded Hugh impatiently, "is all this talk of drinks?"

Jeanne drew a long breath and her eyes flashed warningly at the Arab. "It is no matter," she said with dignity. "Come away now, I pray thee, Messire Hugh—to thy hills, if it must be. But come quickly."



"But, Captain—he wouldn't let me drive!" *Bill Holman*

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This is how it feels

Continued from page 15

yards. For some reason he was always very short of breath just before the kick-off. As the captains met in the center of the field he tossed a ball carelessly back and forth with one of the other backs, then jogged up and down, and did a few "rolls" on the ground to limber up. His legs were still weak.

The captain returned to the side line, and the team quickly formed in a close huddle about him. The cheers became deafening; from the outside of the huddle he could hardly hear what the captain was saying.

Lining up to receive the kick-off, he took his position on the ten-yard line on the far side of the field. He jogged in place and moved his arms, trying to keep well warmed up. The weakness had left his legs, but a sick, hollow feeling still remained in the pit of his stomach. The sun in his eyes half blinded him. The opposing quarterback, who seemed painfully slow, was still fixing the ball for his kicker. He dreaded handling the opening kick-off, and secretly he hoped that the ball would not come to him. The referee on the west side line motioned to the two captains; then the shrill sound of his whistle pierced the din of the cheering. An expectant hush spread over the vast throng of spectators.

First Blood

For an instant everything seemed to stand still. He saw the kicker hesitate, then step forward, his whole team moving with him like a battle line. He heard the sharp thump as the kicker's foot met the ball squarely. Breathlessly he watched it come hurtling end over end down the field; the fullback was under it. He moved ahead of the runner to form interference as the opposing line charged down upon them. Overanxious, he left his feet too soon in trying to block the first lineman down the field; it was a weak attempt, and he was knocked to one side. There was a thud behind him as two tacklers crashed into the fullback.

Then came the change. Every feeling of weakness and sickness left him. He was in a football game. He no longer saw the banks of wild spectators towering above him on all sides; his ears were deaf to the roar of the cheering. He saw only the field, the ball, the other players; his ears heard only the voice of the quarterback and the "First down, ten yards to go!" It was always like that after the first play. The kick-off was sickening suspense; but the rest was football—tackling, blocking, speed and skill—a game, yet played under a continual pressure of which he was always conscious. There was something more than the mechanics of each play; he would move faster and hit harder than in practice, for he was "keyed up" almost to the breaking point.

As the game progressed, the routine blocking, tackling and covering forward passes made almost no impression upon his memory. But late in the first period his team reached the opponents' twenty-yard line, and on fourth down the quarterback called on him to kick a field goal. The angle was a difficult one; it would be a hit-or-miss try. The pass from center was good, the quarterback handled it perfectly, and he got the kick away fast. His eyes followed the ball as it rose toward the goal posts, just clearing the upstretched arms of a lineman. It seemed to hang in the air, waver and then pass inches outside the very top of the nearer upright. He had missed it by inches. An indelible picture of the ball's flight imprinted itself upon his mind.

During the minute's rest between the periods, he noticed a sore place on his right leg. He must have bruised the muscle. It would get stiff if he didn't keep it limbered up.

Halfway through the second period, the quarterback threw him a short "flat" pass, just out of reach of the defensive fullback. As he caught it and turned toward the goal he saw two backs bearing down to cut him off. They were coming at different angles, forcing him toward the side of the field. Outrunning the center, who had cut across from behind the line of scrimmage, he dashed up the side line. Both backs were going to get an open shot at him; he set himself.

Crash! Together they hit him as he reached the ten-yard line, and all three slammed headlong into the low board fence inclosing the field. He was dazed when someone pulled him to his feet; for an instant everything looked blurred. He felt badly shaken up as he took his position in the huddle. On the next play a hole was opened on the other side of the line, and the fullback plowed his way to the two-yard line. One more play, and the ball was over.

The teams lined up for the point-after-touchdown. His head was clear now, as he drew a line in the turf with his spikes, straight back from the spot where the quarterback would place the ball. No thought of what it might mean if he should miss entered his mind. He was concentrating on the line and the center of the crossbar, utterly unconscious of the solid mass of spectators beyond the goal posts and the deafening roar rising from the east side of the field.

The ball was passed, the quarterback snapped it to the ground, and, stepping forward, he met it squarely. As he raised his head to follow its flight, the broad shoulders of a lineman charging straight "up the alley" loomed before him. With a dull thud, the ball struck his chest and bounded harmlessly away. The figures on the scoreboard remained unchanged—six to nothing.

A minute before the end of the half, he had a narrow escape. Thinking that the end he was covering was only a decoy, he carelessly let him slip by. The passer had fooled him cleverly, looking to the right as if to throw there, then at the last instant wheeling and throwing to the left. The ball sailed over his head and, as he turned, he saw it strike the end's outstretched hands, carom off and fall, "incomplete," to the ground. Luck alone had saved him. Two plays later the half ended.

Inside the warm room, he threw himself down on the soft blankets stretched on the floor. Now, for the first time, he realized how emotionally wrought-up he had been during the thirty minutes of play, how tired his whole body really was, and what a battering he had already been through. The excitement of the game had deadened all feeling, but now, as he tried to relax, he became acutely conscious of aching muscles in his legs and a dull pain in his bad wrist. His head buried in a loose blanket, he lay motionless on his stomach.

One of the trainers laid a wet towel on his neck; the water felt cold as it dribbled down his back. The doctor, moving about the room to check up on the condition of every player, leaned over him. "How about you?" "O. K., Doc."

He tried to forget everything, but the picture of the blocked kick kept flashing across his mind. The six-point lead looked like a mere nothing; he imagined a touchdown for the opponents, and their kick sailing squarely through the goal posts.

He was well aware now of the importance of the point-after-touchdown that had been blocked. The whole game might hang on that one play. Six to nothing—two plays, and the scoreboard might read seven to six. Seven to six—seven to six!

Then his attempted field goal in the first period loomed before him. He saw the ball rise toward the very top of the upright, waver for an instant, and then pass just outside. Nine to nothing would have been a comfortable lead. . . . Someone tapped his shoulder; it was a manager with black coffee. He rolled over, sat up, and took the hot cup. The coffee tasted good as he sipped it slowly.

The players lay stretched on blankets, some drinking coffee, others flat on their backs with wet towels around their heads. The doctor was busy strapping the center's side with broad strips of adhesive tape. Trainers and one or two coaches moved from player to player, speaking always in low tones. No one was being "bawled out," no one was being criticized; even words of encouragement were few, for above all else the men needed rest and quiet. After conferring with the doctor, the coach read off the line-up for the start of the second half; the players whose names were not read left the room with assistant coaches, trainers and the doctor. The room became quiet.

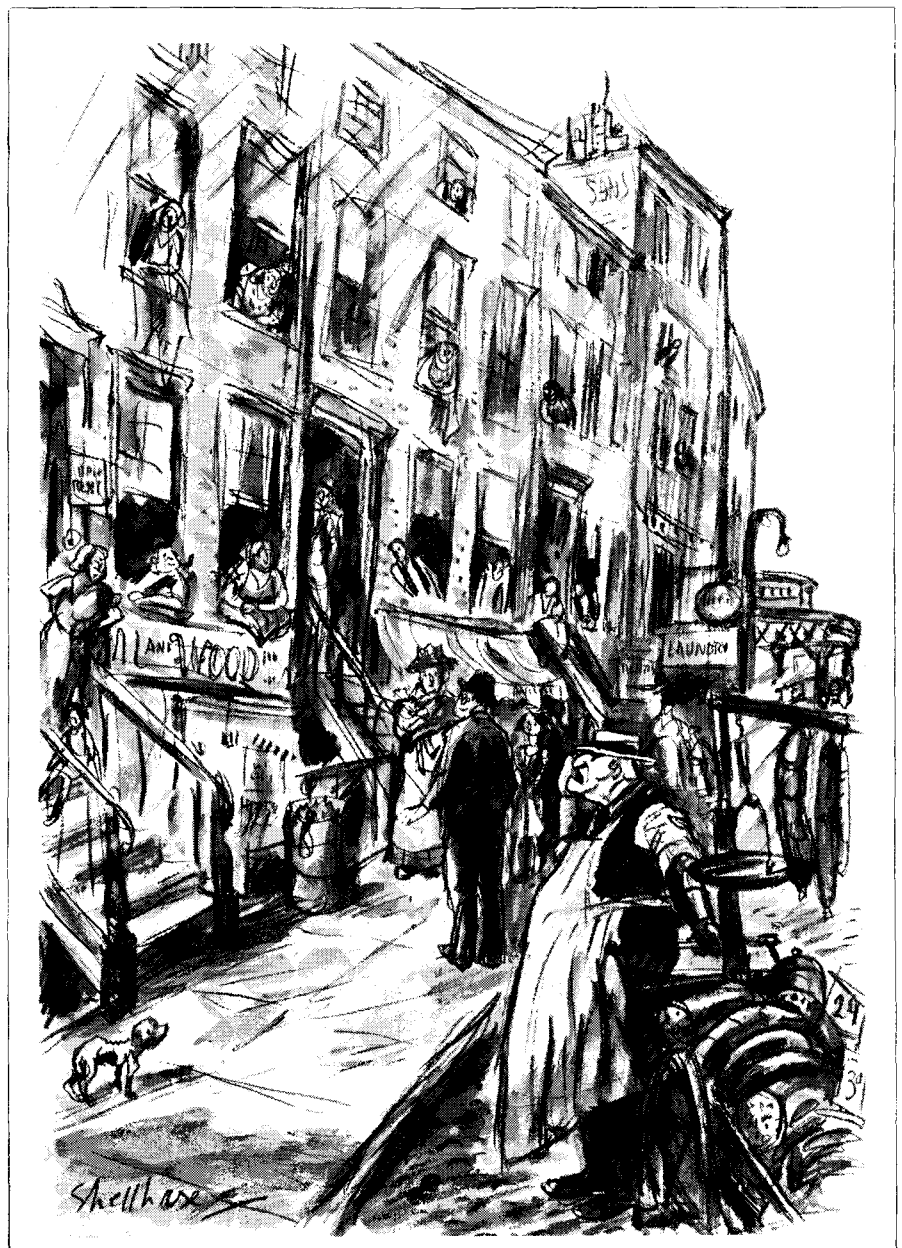
Calamity in the Fourth

As he watched the coach again pacing the floor, the weak feeling came back to his stomach, but not so noticeably this time. He began to forget his tired, aching muscles. The players were getting onto their feet now and pulling on their headgear. The coach moved toward the door and, before opening it, turned and spoke quietly: "They're coming back with all they've got, this next period. You've done a good job. Keep it up."

The members of the opponents' band were just filing off to take their places in the stands as the team came out. He rubbed his stiff leg and jogged a little to warm up before the teams took the field.

The play in the third period was a little slow, with frequent exchanges of kicks, and no sustained offensive drive by either team. The quarterback in the lead was cautious, while his opponent evidently thought it best to play conservatively, waiting for a break, rather than shoot his bolt too soon. Although the play was more conservative, there was no let-up in the fierce tackling and blocking. The tackle opposite him had changed his tactics, playing closer, and was harder to handle.

The fourth period opened with the score still six to nothing. But then the opponents began to open up, and halfway through the period came a play that changed everything. Following



**"The Gilkins won't pay their butcher!
The Gilkins won't pay their butcher!
The Gilkins won't pay their butcher!"**

George Shellhase

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perfect interference, the opposing fullback broke away on a tackle play and raced into the open with only the "safety man" to beat. At the twenty-yard line the quarterback made a last desperate lunge, but missed, as the runner side-stepped cleverly, and dashed across the goal line standing up.

It had all come so suddenly that he hardly knew what had happened. He had seen the runner break away and had instinctively started across the field to cut him off, but an interferer, who seemed to come from nowhere, had taken him neatly out of the play. The whole team appeared to be stunned as they lined up for the point-after-touchdown.

Still Time to Score

Standing behind the goal line, a feeling of helplessness came over him as he watched the opposing quarterback and the kicker prepare for the place kick. He could only hope now; there was nothing he could do from his halfback position except watch for a pass. But perhaps one of the linemen would break through and block the kick; perhaps the pass from center would be bad.

He watched the quarterback set himself, and saw the kicker take a final look at the crossbar. The ball was passed, and his heart seemed to stop beating as he watched it, cleanly handled by the quarterback, leave the kicker's foot and sail directly between the uprights. For an instant he was conscious of the pandemonium in the stands. Then a feeling of bitter disappointment swept over him, and was gone, giving way to one of determination. He glanced at the clock on the scoreboard—nine minutes to play! There was still time to score.

In those last nine minutes he gave everything he had. Tired and battered from fifty minutes of play, he drove himself mercilessly. He hammered the tackle with every ounce of strength in his body. The minutes seemed to fly. When he glanced again at the clock there were two minutes to go. Almost every play now was a forward pass, and he ran his heart out trying to break away from the defense. But they had shifted into a six-man line and were dropping their ends back to cover the passes, making it almost impossible to get free. An intercepted pass on third down finally gave them the ball, and a minute later the game ended.

As the crowd began to pour down onto the field his only thought was to get out of the stadium, back to the locker-room. He pushed his way with the other players slowly through the wild crowd, finally reaching the tunnel leading out under the stands. Once inside the locker-room, he slumped onto the bench by his locker and began mechanically to unlace his shoes.

A feeling of bitter disappointment was gnawing at his mind. Still emotionally wrought-up, he was only half conscious of his aching muscles and a throbbing pain in his head. He noticed that his hand trembled as he pulled half-heartedly at his shoelaces. Looking up, he noticed a player slouched on the wooden bench across the room. There were tears on his mud-stained face, and he was crying quietly to himself, like a child. He had often seen players cry and knew that it was usually more from physical exhaustion than from disappointment. It gave relief sometimes, after the terrific tension of the game.

Players straggled in and began slowly to undress. A lineman lay on one of the rubbing tables, wrapped in a blanket, his knee in an ice-pack; he had twisted it in the third period and had had to leave the game. Coaches went about, speaking encouraging words and helping occasionally with stubborn jerseys or shoulder pads. One of the trainers pulled the adhesive tape from his ankles, and it made him wince. He noticed that his throat was sore as it had been once before after a hard game; he wondered why.

After a hot shower he dressed slowly; every move was an effort. Outside, the busses were waiting to take the team to the train, and he climbed into the nearest one. It felt good to sit back in a comfortable seat. Now for the first time he began to realize how exhausted he really was. He had taken a terrible physical "beating," and every muscle seemed to ache. His bruised leg was becoming stiff, and his head still throbbed.

Climbing out of the bus at the railroad station, with his stiff leg, he felt like a lame old man. The train had just pulled in and the managers hustled the squad aboard. He went directly to the dining-car with one of the other players. Although he felt starved, not having eaten since eleven-thirty, he ate but little, for he had learned that it was a poor policy to overload a tired stomach. Soup, crackers, milk and a little ice cream was all he took.

In the Pullman car most of the players had settled down to read or play cards. He found that the porter had already made up his berth and, although it was only seven-thirty, he was more than ready for bed and wanted to be alone. Stealing a magazine from one of the managers, he undressed and got into his lower berth. He tried to read a light story, but he could not keep his mind on it. Turning the pages, he looked at the advertisements, then finally, too tired even to read, he snapped off the light at his head and stretched out his aching limbs.

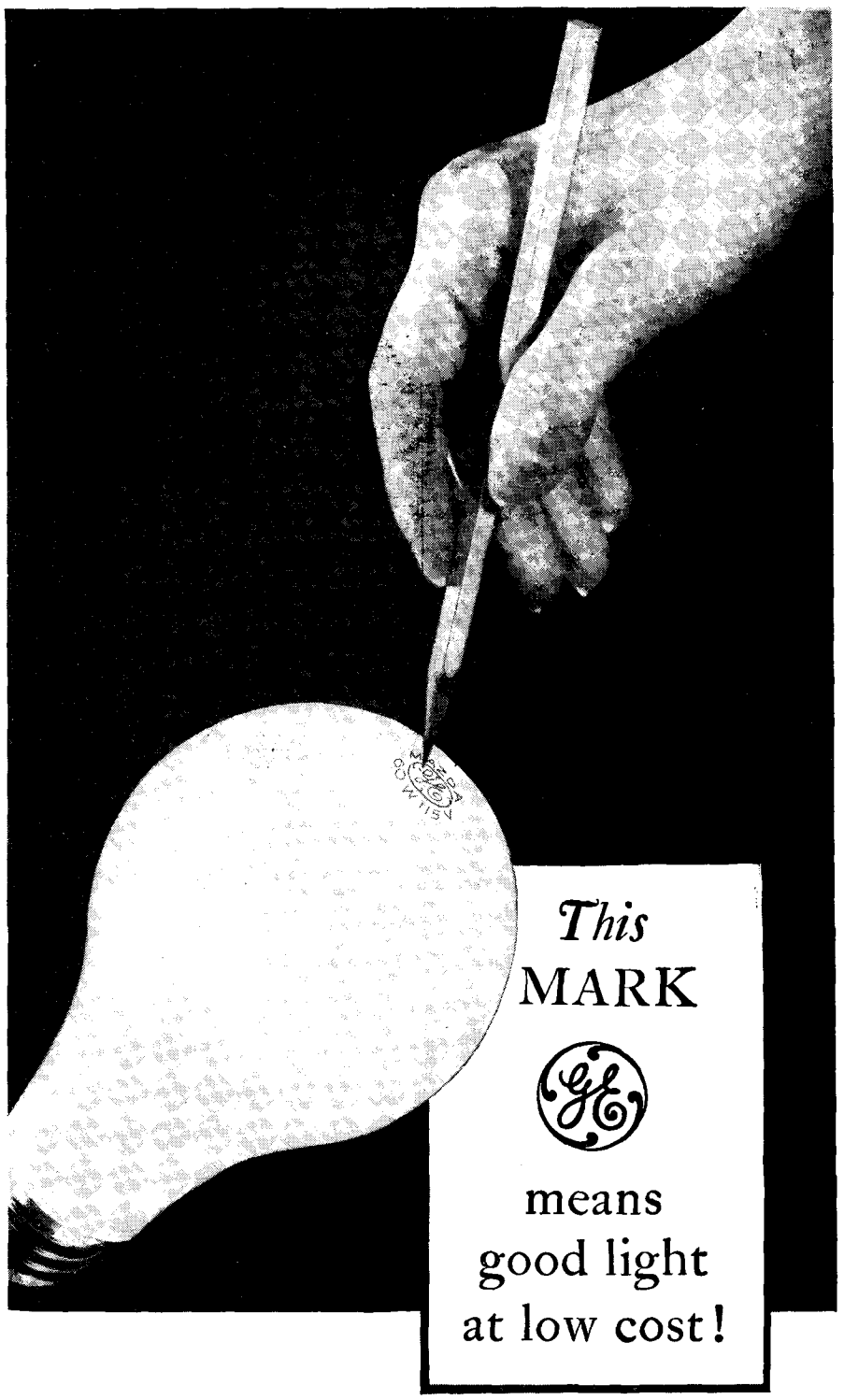
He did not try to go to sleep at once; it was too much to ask his tired nerves and muscles to relax completely after all they had been through. Lying flat on his back, he closed his eyes and tried to think of anything but football. The feeling of disappointment had not left him, and he did not want to think of the game. But it was useless to try to fight against it, for every thought led back to one of those plays imprinted so clearly on his memory.

Again he saw the opposing fullback break loose, he felt himself taken out of the play, and saw the runner cleverly side-step the last tackler and cross the goal line. Every detail of the play came back to him. Then the picture of the winning goal—the suspense, and finally the ball sailing squarely between the uprights. He felt a new pang of bitter disappointment as he remembered his own blocked kick. A clear image of the lineman charging toward him and crashing into the rising ball flashed across his mind. Seven to six—one point.

Every Player's Dream

He thought of the field goal he had missed by inches, and he could see the ball hang in the air, then pass just wide of the mark. That would have changed everything. If he had only . . . His imagination began to run away with him; he was back on the field now. There were two minutes left to play, and in the huddle the quarterback was calling for a long forward pass on the end of a reverse play. He broke away from the defensive halfback as the ball left the passer's hand. It was a perfect throw, just within his reach, and, jumping with all his might, he grabbed the ball out of the air and fell across the goal line. A touchdown! Twelve to seven! That was right, wasn't it? No; seven to six. . . . If he had only . . .

He was dozing off. The porter had turned out the lights, and the sound of voices had died away; all was quiet except for the monotonous clicking of the heavy trucks on the rails as the train sped eastward.



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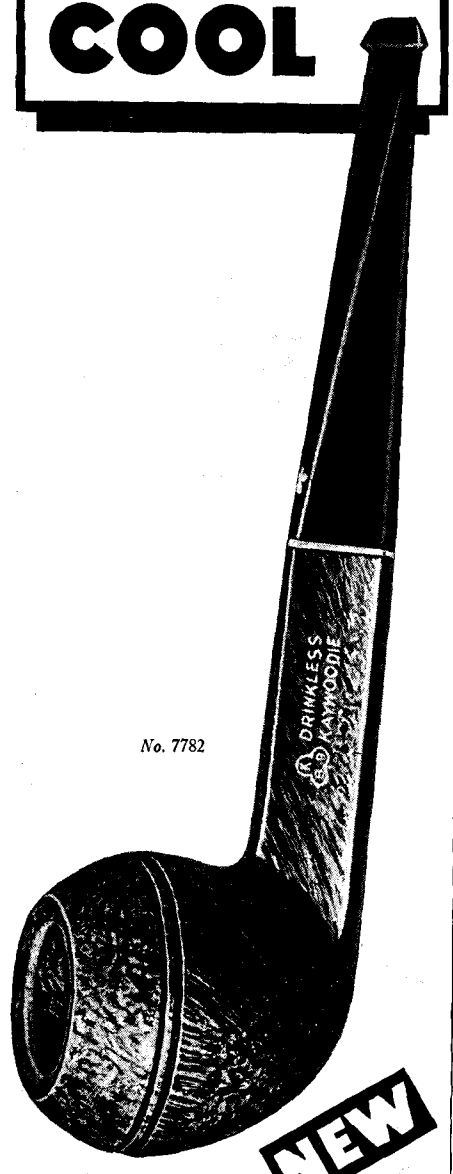

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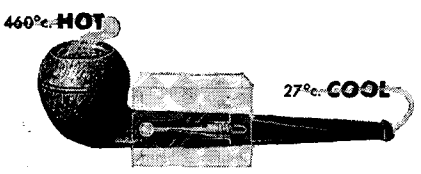

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 21

Pritchard on the stage from Bannock. I told him. He discouraged me. And he and his partners are endeavoring to interest me in mining enterprises here. What do you think of it?"

"Highway robbery, in the majority of cases. Of course some minin' claims pan out well. But if I were you I wouldn't risk it."

"Emerson, I'll go deposit my money in the bank at once. Then I'll want to talk to you again."

"All right, Mr. Blair. I'll be around town today an', I reckon, most of tomorrow," called Kalispel after him as he hurried away.

"I'd like to talk to you, too," said the girl, shyly, yet with a sweet directness. "We are strangers, and I'm beginning to realize we're such tenderfeet. . . . Won't you come somewhere with me, so we can talk? Not in here. How about the restaurant? It's lunch time and I haven't had any breakfast."

"You'd go to lunch with me—after I've admitted I'm a bad hombre?" he asked, smiling at her.

"Yes, I would. You don't seem so—so very bad to me," she replied, returning the smile.

"But I shore look disreputable," he protested, with a gesture inviting her to note his unkempt appearance.

"I haven't seen any dressed-up Westerners yet," she rejoined demurely, and with a flash of eyes took him in as far down as the cartridge-studded belt and swinging gun. "Perhaps you mean—that," she went on. "It is rather fearful. . . . Please come. I don't care what your reputation is. I *know* there's no reason why I—I should be ashamed to—to—"

"How do you know, Miss Blair?" he interposed gravely.

"I—you . . . Well, it's the way you look at me. . . ."

"Miss Plair, I've been a pretty wild cowboy, but there's no reason I can't look you straight in the eyes."

"Well, then, what else matters?"

"But mine's a Westerner's point of view," he rejoined soberly, driven to stand clear in his conscience before this girl. "For a range rider in these days, rustlin' a few cattle, gamblin' hells an' dance-hall girls—red liquor an' gunplay—all in the day's work!"

"It's honest of you to tell me," she said, losing her color. "I'm sorry I forced you to. . . . But if I am to live in this—this beautiful, terrible West I must learn. I must meet people—see things. I feel so—so lonely, and you're the only person I've met that I've wanted to talk to. . . . Won't you come?"

AND that was how Kalispel Emerson found himself seated at a table in the corner of the little restaurant, opposite this lovely, violet-eyed girl. He accepted the miracle and tried to battle against his sensations, to be worthy for the moment of the trust she placed in a stranger and to help her. Ordering the lunch from the waitress took a little time and added to his composure, after which he faced the girl across the table.

"I am Sydney Blair," she began impulsively. "You may not believe that I'm only nineteen. We are from Ohio. Owing to an unsatisfactory partnership and poor health, my father decided to sell out his business and go West. I was the only child. My mother is dead. I had a—a—something happened—that made me want to leave Ohio forever."

As she paused, almost faltering, Kalispel saw a slight bit of color come and go in her cheeks.

"Miss Blair, that's to the great gain of the West," he replied gallantly, as she hesitated. "People come out here from everywhere—to begin anew, to make the West what it will be some day. . . . I reckon you feel lonesome an' homesick an' scared. It's hard on young women—this West—especially if they are pretty like you. But you'll learn to stand what seems so rough an' crude now—you'll fit in, an' some day love it. . . . Reckon I just can't be sorry you came."

"It's not so much to me just now—my comfort, my adapting myself to new people and conditions. It is concern for my father. He has responded strangely to Western influences that we knew nothing of. He drinks, he gambles, he makes friends with any and everyone he meets. He leaves me alone at night, as you know. And I am beginning to worry myself sick over what to do."

"Ah-huh. An' that's why you wanted to talk to someone," replied Kalispel kindly. "Well, that happens to most every man who comes out here. In your case, Miss Blair, you've got just two things to do to keep him from goin' plumb to hell."

"Oh!—what are they?" she exclaimed.

"You must get hold of his money an' hang on to it."

"Yes. I thought of that myself. I can do it. . . . What's the other?"

"Let him get to hard work at whatever his heart is set on."

"It is this gold-mining. Dad is mad about that. Please tell me all about it."

KALISPEL did not need to draw upon imagination or hearsay to acquaint the young woman with the facts. He painted a graphic picture of the hardships—the failures of thousands of gold-seekers to the fortune of one, the rough camp life, the wildness of the gold-diggings. And despite his deliberate sticking to realism, upon the conclusion of his discourse he found himself gazing into such radiant, shining eyes that he was astonished.

"Oh, I would like that!" she cried.

He spread wide his hands, as if to indicate the hopelessness of tenderfeet and his inability to discourage this one. Then suddenly a query flashed into his mind—why not induce Blair and his daughter to go back with him into the mountains and share with him and his brothers the marvelous opportunity there? It struck Kalispel almost mute. He managed to finish his lunch, but his former simplicity and frankness failed him. Fortunately, the girl was so thrilled with the prospect of gold-seeking that she scarcely noticed Kalispel's lapse into pondering reticence.

Soon they were out on the street again, Kalispel biting his tongue to keep back a rush of eloquence, and Sydney babbling away as if the hour had made them friends.

HALFWAY to the tavern they encountered Blair. "Sydney, where have you been?" he queried. His face and demeanor betrayed agitation.

"I took Mr. Emerson to lunch," she replied gayly. "We had a . . . Dad, what is the matter?"

"Emerson, you are being hunted all over town," declared Blair hastily.

"Ah-huh," replied Kalispel. His wary eye had noted a circle of men in front of the tavern. On the moment it split to let out Borden and a wide-sombreroed individual with a star prominent upon his vest. Kalispel recognized him and cursed under his breath.

"Blair, take your daughter inside—pronto," he called tensely, and, striding up the sidewalk, he faced the crowd.

Borden's bold front altered manifestly in his swerving aside. The crowd, too, split behind the two men, the larger half going out into the street and the smaller half lining against the walls of the buildings. These significant moves had their effect upon the sheriff. His big bulk appeared less formidably actuated. He slowed down, then halted.

"Howdy, Kalispel," he called in a loud voice.

"Not so good, Lowrie," replied Lee bitingly, and he stopped within fifteen steps of the sheriff. "Kinda sore these days."

"You're under arrest."

"Say, man! Are you gettin' dotty in your old age?" rejoined Kalispel derisively. "You didn't arrest me in Montana. How can you do it in Idaho?"

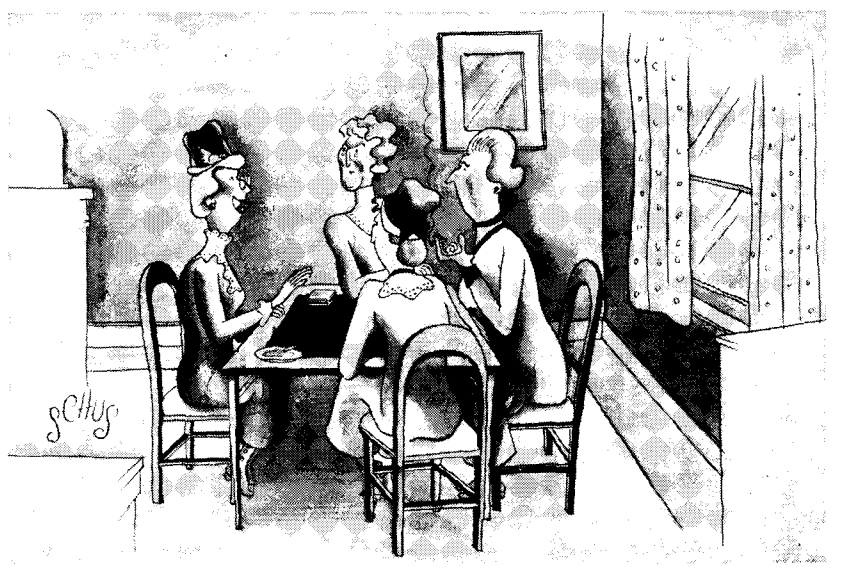
"I was sworn in this mornin'."

"Bah! You can't bluff me. You couldn't be sworn in short of Boise."

"Wal, I've been deputized by citizens of Salmon. An' I'm arrestin' you an' takin' you back to Montana."

"What for?"

"Rustlin' cattle," returned Lowrie hoarsely.



"My maid told me some of the jokes my husband tells her—he's a riot, that man!" *Adolph Schus*

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Kalispel leaped as if he had been stung. His face flamed red and then turned white.

"I shore did. I admit it. I'm proud of it. But what *kind* of rustlin' was that, Hank Lowrie? I helped steal cattle from the outfit which first stole cattle from mine. Why, that kind of rustlin' is as old as the range. Nothin' but an exchange of beef!"

"Wal, you followed up thet exchange by spillin' blood, didn't you?" queried Lowrie sarcastically, his little gimlet eyes wavering like a compass needle.

"Forced on me, damn you! An' you know it. Your lousy K-Bar foreman hounded me all day. He was drunk an' crazy. I had to meet him. At that, it was an even break. An' there's some decent Montana cowmen who patted me on the back for doin' it. . . . I left Montana to save my outfit from fightin' on my account."

"Thet's your story, but—"

"It's true," interrupted Kalispel, in ringing passion. "An' you're a liar!"

BORDEN propelled himself into the argument by advancing a couple of nervous strides and exploding furiously: "Lowrie, are you going to arrest this cowboy beggar?"

"Shore I am," replied the sheriff gruffly.

"Like hell you are!" rang out Kalispel contemptuously.

"Handcuff the bully!" shouted Borden, his discolored face ugly with ungovernable fury.

"Shet up," rasped Lowrie, giving way to more than exasperation. Uncertainty sat visibly upon him.

"Put irons on me? Haw! Haw! That's funny. . . . Why, you damn' fools! Where is this bluff goin' to get you?"

"Emerson, I'm arrestin' you. If you submit peaceful I'll take you along without irons. We're goin' on the noon stage. An' this time tomorrow you'll be under the roof of a Montana jail."

Kalispel believed he had gauged his man correctly. But slowly he came to the consciousness that he might be wrong and that Lowrie, egged on by Borden and his stand before the gaping crowd, might try to go through with it. He sank a little in his tracks and stiffened, all except his quivering right hand, now low at his side.

"Lowrie, long before tomorrow you'll be under the sod—if you press this deal any further."

Lowrie edged a foot forward.

"*Look out!*" cried Kalispel, piercingly. Then as the other became like an upright stone, Kalispel went on coldly: "Old-timer, if you'd moved your hand then, instead of your foot, it'd been all day with you."

"What!" bellowed the sheriff. "You'd draw on—me?"

"I'd kill you!"

Lowrie's visage turned an ashy white. His attitude appeared suggestive of inward collapse. It was plain that he had not expected resistance, let alone a deadly menace that held the spectators rooted in their tracks. A moment of intense suspense passed. Then Kalispel relaxed out of his crouch.

"I had you right, Lowrie. You're just what they call you in Montana—a blowhard sheriff, yellow to your gizzard. Now get out of Salmon. If you don't, an' I run into you again, you throw a gun or I'll shoot your leg off."

"I'm not matchin' gun-play with a killer," replied Lowrie hoarsely.

"No? Then what the hell kind of a sheriff are you in these days?— Rustle now."

Lowrie wheeled as on a pivot and rapidly strode down the street. Borden backed away as if desirous of losing himself in the crowd.

"Hey, you! Hold on," called Kalispel.

Borden turned a distorted face expressive of an impotent wrath.

"Did you get a message from me last night?" demanded Kalispel.

"No," replied Borden harshly.

"Well, I sent one. An' here it is. . . . You steer damn' good an' clear of me."

"Emerson, you add insult to injury," fumed Borden, his pale eyes glaring. "Last night you assaulted me for something I was innocent of. A mistake. . . . I opened the wrong door. . . . An' accident misunderstood by a tenderfoot girl scared out of her . . ."

"Accident, hell!" shouted Kalispel, just as keen to have the crowd hear as was Borden. "You hounded that girl all day yesterday. She told me so. Then late at night you busted into her room. An' you wouldn't leave till I heard her an' went in to drive you out. I should have shot you. Forcin' yourself into the bedroom of a fine little lady at midnight! I never learned rotten cuss-words enough on the range to fit you. So I won't try. But you steer clear of me. If I get the littlest chance in the world, I'll shoot you."

Borden hurriedly shouldered his way through the crowd and disappeared. Kalispel stood there at the edge of the sidewalk, running his eyes over the faces turned his way. He espied Blair and his daughter in the entrance of a hallway just opposite his position. The girl's pale face and wide dark eyes proved that she had seen and heard the encounter with Lowrie and Borden. It had been a bad enough situation without that. Kalispel experienced a sickening reaction. What miserable luck dogged him! What kind of an unfavorable opinion would the girl have of him now?

On the moment, when this thought waved hot over him, he glanced back at the hallway. Blair was emerging with his daughter. She was still staring, as if fascinated, at Kalispel, and, catching his eye, she nodded with a wan little smile. They passed on into the lodging-house. That smile held hope for Kalispel. He stood there on the spot until the crowd dispersed. Then he strode off, with the idea forming in mind to hurry his purchases, pack and leave town before nightfall.

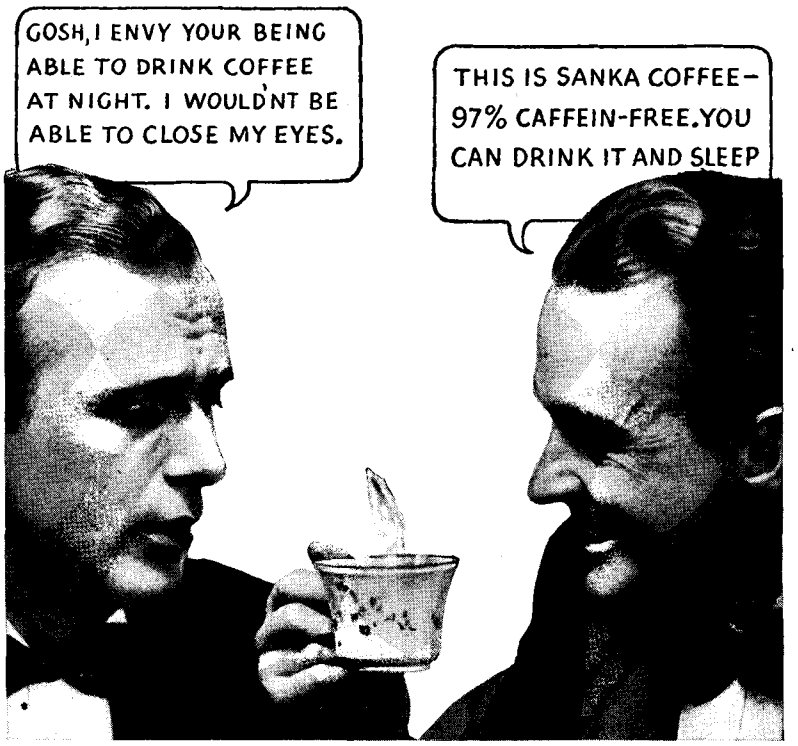
He found that the additional three burros had been acquired for him, but packsaddles were in the process of repair and would not be finished until the morrow. The fact that the man from whom Kalispel got the burros offered to let him have a horse and saddle on credit put a different light on the journey back to the gold claim. A sure-footed, stanch horse could travel wherever packed burros could go. He gratefully accepted the offer.

WHEN he returned to the lodging-house and went to his room, he espied something white on the floor just inside the threshold. He stared. It was an envelope. Picking it up, Kalispel found it open and unaddressed. A faint perfume assailed his nostrils and, recognizing it, he experienced a swift, strong vibration all through him. With clumsy, shaking hands he extracted the folded sheet of paper from the envelope, and spread it out in the glare of the lamp. The page appeared to be covered with fine, even, graceful handwriting:

"Dear Mr. Kalispel:

"Father and I saw and heard everything. If it had not been you, it would have been a show for us. But I was terrified. I thought you were going to fight them, and I was divided between sudden hate for that pompous, beady-eyed sheriff and fear for you. Not until I was safely here in my room and could think did I realize that *you* weren't in much danger. I also found

(Continued on page 42)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(Continued from page 41)

that I had caught a glimpse of the other gentleman's discolored face, which, somehow, afforded me a peculiar satisfaction.

"However, the purpose of this note is to assure you that I did not believe one word the sheriff said, and—please do not leave town without seeing us again. I feel directly responsible for Borden's having put the sheriff after you. Likewise, I am elated that he failed to arrest you. I want to entreat you, despite this new-born, savage something in me, to avoid meeting either of those men, for my sake.

"Won't you have supper with us tonight? You can tell father about gold-mining.

"Sincerely,
"SYDNEY BLAIR."

Kalispel sagged against the bed and sat down limply. He read the note again. There was no doubting the written words that ran on so firmly and beautifully under his bewildered eyes.

"She didn't believe that liar," he whispered raptly. "She trusts me. . . . She wants to see me again. . . . She likes me. . . . Aw, I'm plumb loco! She's just a little lady, too fine and kind to let me go off feelin' sick with shame an' disgrace. . . . An' by heaven, that's too good for me!"

Kalispel took a few moments to wash his face and brush his hair, and then, blissfully oblivious of his ragged garb, he went out bareheaded to knock at Miss Blair's door.

"There he is now," announced her father. "Come in, Emerson."

Kalispel presented himself in the doorway and bowed. "Good evenin'," he said, "I'll be happy to have supper with you."

Miss Blair had changed from the brown street dress to one of white, and she looked so lovely to Kalispel that the blood rushed back to his heart with a shock.

"Oh, here you are," she cried gayly, though a vivid blush stained her cheek. "Good evening. I—we feared you had run away—after that sheriff."

"No. I reckon I'm not much on runin'. Fact is, I shore forgot Lowrie," drawled Kalispel, growing cool now and sure of himself, conscious that havoc had been wrought in him and glorying in it. "I've been out lookin' over my burros an' tryin' a new saddle horse."

"GO ON down, Sydney. I'll catch you," suggested Blair.

"Of course horses are an old story to you," said the girl, as she and Kalispel started down the stairs.

"I reckon. But I've never outgrown livin' that story. Do you ride, Miss Blair?"

"Yes. But I wouldn't take any prizes for horsemanship," she rejoined, with a laugh. "I'd love horses if I had a chance. Perhaps here in the West I may find it."

"How'd you like to ride a horse for days an' days out into those wild hills? Lonely camp fires at night! Meetin' never a soul, not even an Indian, on the way! Seein' deer an' elk an' bear so tame they stand to watch you ride by! Two hundred miles, almost, into these beautiful mountains—an' then a valley like one in a dream—where you can scoop up gold by the handful!"

She turned in the yellow flare of the tavern light to look at him.

"Heavens! Don't torment me," she exclaimed breathlessly. "But you're not teasing. You're serious. . . . Oh, I would be mad with joy!"

Blair caught up with them before Kalispel could find a reply for Sydney's astonishing response.

"Emerson, I gather that the less said to you about today's little fracas, the better," remarked Blair. "So all I'll say is that it tickled me. And it might not displease you to learn that at least a dozen men spoke to me about it—to your credit. Lowrie is partial to Mormon cattlemen, I hear. And Borden is not liked any too well in Salmon."

"Ah-huh. . . . Well, I reckon it'd be kind of hard to displease me this minute," replied Kalispel, with a laugh.

THEY entered the crowded restaurant, where a miner gave up his table to them. Kalispel saw every man in that place before he followed the Blairs to their seats. Sydney was about to take the seat facing the room, when Kalispel intercepted her with a smile.

"Excuse me, lady," he drawled coolly. "Reckon you had better let me sit here. Maybe it's not strict etiquette, but it's *important*. You see—*there are some* poor devils who can't sit with their backs to the door."

"Oh—really?" she returned, blankly, and then suddenly she understood. Her color paled, and when she took the chair he held for her it was with downcast eyes.

Presently, with the orders given, they were free to talk.

"Emerson, what have you been putting into my girl's head?" queried Blair.

Kalispel leaned his elbow on the table.

"Blair," he began, "it'll cost you about fifty dollars for two horses an' saddles. An' about a hundred for supplies, beddin', tent for Miss Sydney, an' other stuff, not includin' trail clothes, guns an' such. Say, an outlay of two hundred dollars at the most."

"What are you drivin' at?"

"Would you risk so much on the chance of a gold claim where you can dig your two-hundred-dollar investment in one day?"

"Emerson, are you serious?"

"I reckon. Never more in my life. This *is* serious, for me. . . . I said—*in one day!*"

Blair turned to his daughter. "Sydney, is our new-found Western friend panning out like the others?"

"No, Dad. He's honest," she replied, with hurried directness. Her bright, shining eyes did not need that warm, fascinating regard to complete Kalispel's undoing.

"No offense, Emerson," said Blair. "I was joking, of course. All the same, I'd take you for your word on Sydney's say-so any day."

"Thanks, Blair. . . . But—Miss Sydney—do you give him your say-so?" rejoined Kalispel earnestly, and again he met the eloquent eyes.

"Yes."

"*You trust—me?*"

"I do trust you."

"But I'm a stranger. I've admitted I'm a bad hombre. You've had evidence of—of my wild range life."

"Are you trying to undermine the—the—"

"No. I only want to be sure. I reckon it's a pretty wonderful thing for me."

"I AM out West now," she countered. But her eyes were intense.

"Meanin' you must level yourself to us Westerners. That's true. . . . But if you really mean what you said—if you can believe me worth makin' a friend of— Wal, I'll put something wonderful in the way of you an' your father."

"I do trust you—and I will go with you," she returned, paling again.

"That makes this hour the biggest of my life," declared Kalispel, stern yet radiant. "Now, listen," and he bent far over the table to whisper.

(To be continued next week)

"Would you men like a *nice, big glass* of *good, ice-cold* water?" *Ross Alexander*

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Mark of the East

Continued from page 9

"Not a word, sir. Henderson sensed it, possibly. His reign of terror over his wife might lose force if she knew the truth. Which, as you intimate, is all none of our business. Er . . . by the way . . . I promised Miss Martin that I'd call again this evening."

"You are absolved from that, doctor," Robinett decided. "We've been dismissed from the case—"

"I'm going about eight," said Bill Ashley.

Dr. Robinett stroked his chin with a thick forefinger. He said, "Well," and then, "In my opinion," and lastly, observing Ashley's blank face, "Just as you say, doctor. Only be tactful, sir, be tactful."

"I always am," said Dr. Ashley. He had the grace to grin. "Always."

WITH his evening call in prospect, Ashley managed to get through a long afternoon of patients; Robinett's practice was large and important. He found time, between, to wonder what Henderson was up to.

The affair, to a certain point, was easily summed up. Henderson was a 'caste; the Henderson baby had Mongol blood, and Ashley could prove it absolutely. Mrs. Henderson both loved and feared her handsome husband, a bad combination. The nurse was not to be trusted a half-inch. Anne Martin didn't suspect—except vaguely, and with little reason—what was back of Henderson's actions. Henderson didn't realize how much Ashley really knew, but didn't like the exposure of the blue Mongol mark, lest the doctor go too deeply into the matter.

Thus far it was clear. However, what real difference would exposure make to the Eurasian? He was married into the Martin family. They, as much as he, would dread exposure. More, there was a terrific tie, in the person of the child.

Ashley had an idea that here was the solution, but what it might be he was unable to guess; perhaps Anne Martin might tell him, but he saw every reason for keeping silence. Why hurt her? Why hurt her sister? Better that both of them remain in ignorance . . . much better.

He reached the great house too soon that evening, although his story was ready. He intended to say that although Dr. Robinett had been informed that his services were no longer wanted, he, Dr. Ashley, felt obligated to return as he had promised. He was going to get inside; he was going to see Anne Martin. After that he had no plans.

There was no indecision in his movements as he pressed the bell-button; none in his words when the door opened. "I'm the doctor," he said firmly, to someone who wasn't Anne Martin, but a China-boy in white.

The Chinese efficiently blocked the way, calling, over his shoulder, "Dloctor he here. You like see?"

Henderson's voice: "Tell him to wait there."

Bill thought: "Miss Martin said Henderson wouldn't have a Chinese cook about; now he has a Chinese houseboy. He's asked for help. Reverted to type. I never saw a 'caste who had the heart for action. This's going to be fun." Nor was the doctor at all fooled by the servant; he knew that houseboys six feet high weren't hired. The reason the boy kept his hands in his jacket sleeves was also obvious to Ashley. The right hand must be about the haft of a short assassin's knife. So it was that serious, was it?

Behind Henderson padded a second Chinese, in white also; Henderson said, "I thought I made it plain to Dr. Robinett that we've changed doctors."

"You did," admitted Bill. "I'm here unprofessionally, to see Miss Martin. At, I'll tell you, her request. May I see her?"

"She doesn't want to see you."

"Well, I want to see her." Ashley waited, was given no reply, and went on, "As a matter of fact, she telephoned me this afternoon, after I'd been here."

Henderson laughed. "Did she?" he chuckled. "Really?"

A muscle just below the zigzag scar on Ashley's face twitched, but otherwise he was immobile. "Locked her in her room?" he asked gently.

"Is it any of your affair, doctor?"

"Yes," said Bill. "Now, if you don't mind, I'll see Miss Martin."

Henderson said a low word to one of the houseboys; at the exact moment that the white-clad Chinese was nodding, Dr. Ashley's head brought words swarming into his mouth; words he had learned from a professional gentleman in China—a professional killer. Words taught Ashley the day after the 'binder's stomach had been relieved of a bullet:

"Ho si' yau yau yat pak so' meng," said Dr. Ashley mournfully, in practiced nasal up-river dialect. "Few men live to be a hundred years old."

In no other way, at this moment, could he conceivably get inside; it was worth the long chance. Whether or not Chinese in America retained their allegiance to the oldest of all professions Ashley did not know. He had to get inside.

The nearest houseboy grunted the response: "My birthday comes on the eighth of June."

In mind Dr. Ashley was back in the hut in China as he said gravely, "Then before night there should be thunder."

Henderson was attempting to make his legs carry him backward, but the two Chinese blocked the way as both intoned, "Whatever thunder you need, O brother."

"Keep him here," Ashley ordered. "Now, brothers, for what duty are you employed?"

"We have been paid to help this person," one of the 'binders answered. "His orders are our orders, and they seem to involve you—"

"Or did," growled the second Chinese.

HENDERSON'S lips twitched. He hardly dared enter the conversation in Chinese, although Ashley was positive the other understood what was being said. Ashley had established himself with the hatchetmen as being in some way associated with their society, but this was hardly enough. He had lived five years deep in China; he ought to be able to bring this to service now. So he said, eyes never leaving the Eurasian: "Do his orders involve other persons, brothers?"

"There is his son . . ."

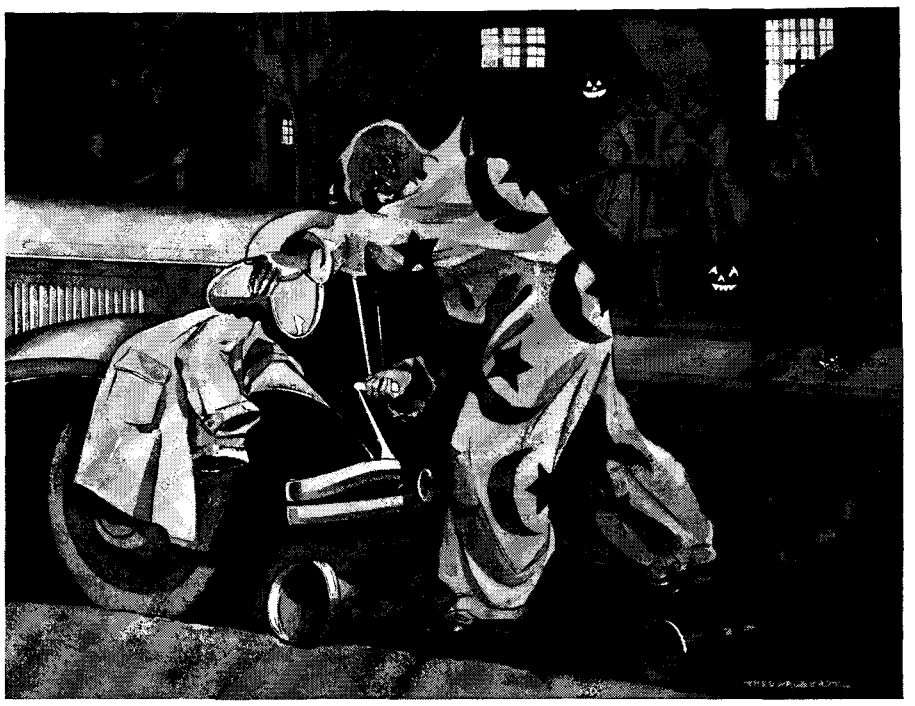
"A man has the right to protect his male child," Ashley agreed placidly. "Unless, of course, it happens to be without the Mark."

Henderson's lips opened for the first time. He said in English to the hatchetmen, "I showed you the Mark."

"We saw it," the pair admitted. "It is there. The Mongol Mark."

So far, so good. Ashley went a step farther. "Very good," he said, in English also. "However, as a member of

(Continued on page 44)



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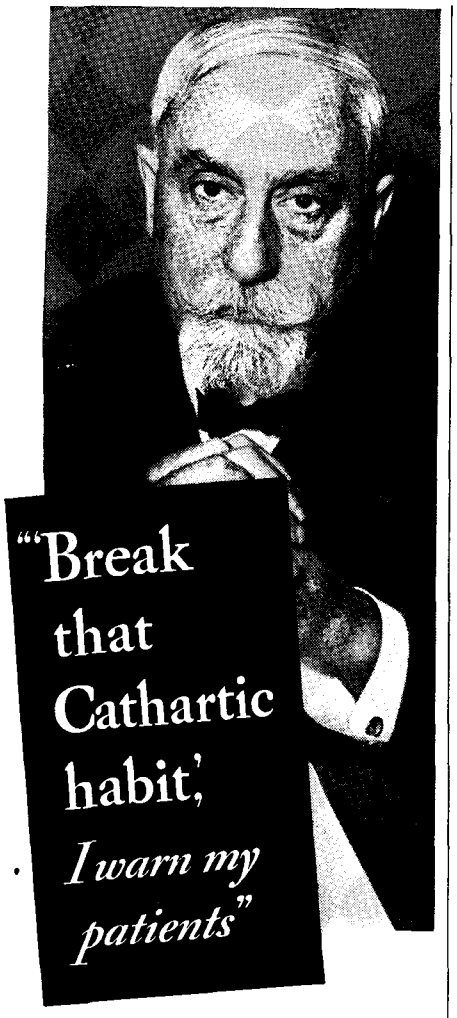

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(Continued from page 43)

the society, may I see it also, lest this person here lead you along an evil path?" He repeated this in Chinese.

"No," Henderson snapped. "You've already—"

"Yes," said the hatchetmen.

And Ashley stepped inside. The great house was very still. Even on the carpeted stairs the advancing feet of the four men made no sound. Henderson must be seething with anger, but as yet there was nothing he could do about it.

The husband of the Martin girl showed the way; Ashley thought of calling out, but feared he could never locate from the answer the room in which Anne Martin was imprisoned. A door was opened; the nursery door. Miss Wheelock was no longer in uniform. . . .

"GOING away?" Ashley asked pleasantly. "Little trip?"

The nurse appealed to Henderson. "You said he wasn't coming back," she protested. "I told you. . . ."

Henderson's "Ssh!" stopped her.

"I'm here," said Dr. Ashley. "It looks like I'm going to be forced to report you, Miss Wheelock—"

"Go ahead, and see if I care."

"Not going back to nursing?" Ashley asked. "Taking quite a trip . . . until the . . . bruise . . . disappears?"

"Please examine the child, brother," urged one of the Chinese. "See for yourself. We were sent here by a person high in the society, and we must do as we are commanded, although admittedly one must be courteous to a brother—"

Ashley turned to Henderson. He said quietly, "This is all over my head. What have you to gain by this nonsense, anyhow? You know, and I know, that the child has Chinese blood. You won't tell. Neither will I. So let's end this nonsense now. Act like"—Ashley almost said "like a white man"—"a normal person, Henderson—"

"Get out of here," Henderson said, his voice rising violently. "Or—"

"Or what?"

"I'll put you out myself."

"Let me talk to Miss Martin and your wife, and I'll go willingly."

Ashley was unprepared for the sudden, wild attack. Henderson was all over him at once. Bill caught the first blow full in the face; the second almost floored him as it drove into his middle. For a moment he backed away; then his fist came up in a fierce short arc; Henderson's head snapped back. Bill's next blow landed squarely. . . .

Almost before the 'caste hit the floor Ashley had danced away, back to a wall. The Chinese's knives were out, but both were undecided.

"Well, brothers?" Ashley asked.

"It is a matter past our understanding, brother," one of the hatchetmen said slowly. "You, if called upon, will prove your connection with the society to the Great Person himself, for our protection?"

Ashley would have promised anything. "Whenever you wish," he said. "*Cho yat ch'i loi cho.* Perhaps I will see you soon." While the two Chinese whispered together, Ashley looked at the nurse. "You're in a beautiful mess," he told her. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I . . . he said . . . he promised . . ."

Bill felt sorry for her. He said, accenting the first word, "I won't promise anything, but I'll keep my mouth shut. Throw some water on him. And don't forget; you were in Mrs. Henderson's room when all this happened?"

"I . . . yes, doctor! Oh, yes!"

"Good girl. Going to take you with him, was he?"

"He said—"

"I can guess," Dr. Ashley said. He could imagine the 'caste's conquest easily enough. "Nursing's pretty tough sometimes, isn't it? A trip to Paris'd be much more fun, with a good-looking chap having plenty of money. . . ."

The hatchetmen had ceased their whispering; one of them said softly, in Chinese, to Ashley, "So he is going away, brother?"

Bill agreed shortly: "A long way," he said. "I'll just fix him up so he doesn't bite himself"—with towels Bill did a good job of binding.

"You are positive he goes away?" insisted the Chinese.

When Ashley nodded, both Chinese padded softly out of the room.

The nurse was speaking: "I—I can show you where she is, doctor. Don't make me stay here with him! You know that wasn't a bruise . . . it's a family birthmark. He said so."

"Birthmark of a pretty large family," Bill grinned. "Is Mrs. Henderson in the next room?"

"No, doctor. He had her moved also."

Ashley glanced down at the stirring half-caste. "He'll keep. Let's get going."

"I've got to have his keys—"

Ashley found them for her; side by side they hurried down the long hall.

When the austere Dr. Ashley stepped into a bedroom, the scar on his cheek began to darken, to throb and turn red. Anne Martin was on the bed, fast bound. A gag was over her mouth, but her eyes were bright.

"Hello," Bill said conversationally.

He unknotted the heavy cloth with fingers that were not entirely steady.

"Hello," said Anne Martin. "You came, didn't you?"

"My practice isn't so extensive that I can't get a night off," Bill grinned. "If you care anything about it, your relative by marriage is in the same condition you were in a moment ago. Miss Wheelock, I'll ask you to go to Mrs. Henderson, please; here are the keys. And I'll ask you not to go back to Mr. Henderson. Promise?"

"I promise. I won't go near him."

"Thanks." He undid the cords about wrists and ankles; Anne Martin sat up. "And here we are," Bill said. "Mind telling me what it's all about?"

"I wish I knew! He went utterly insane, doctor."

DR. ASHLEY pulled a mask over his face; the first thing to do was to get at the bottom of this curious affair. He said, "What's usually at the bottom of all trouble, Miss Martin?"

The girl shrugged: "Money? So people say. But we have plenty—"

"Yes, damn it," agreed Bill. "Money . . . hmm . . . is there any way you could lose it? Any way your sister might? Any way at all?"

"No. Unless . . . but that's impossible . . ."

"Nothing's impossible. Except eyelashes as long as yours—"

Anne Martin said, as if to herself, "Our brother—the one who was killed in the war—almost married, doctor, a girl who wasn't . . . all white. Dad was wild. It was broken off; she was pretty terrible, I suppose. Dad was proud of being a Martin. We're an old family—"

"The Ashleys," Bill said severely, beginning to see the answer, "laid the keel for the Mayflower. So that was it, was it?"

"You mean . . . you think . . . Arthur isn't . . ."

Dr. Ashley said gently, "It isn't a very good time to think, is it?"

"You've told Peg?"

"No."

"Don't. Not that she'd care about the money. If she married anyone not white the estate goes to me. That's why he hated me. How did you know?"

Bill thought of the blue Mongol mark, which, in a year, would vanish. Henderson intended to go away with the child for a year. With his wife, perhaps; with the nurse also, who would say nothing about the slowness with which the "bruise" would disappear. Why, however, had Anne been tied? Bill demanded, "Why'd he make a cocoon of you?"

"I insisted that you continue caring for the baby. I was frightened. He told me he'd fix me for a year so I couldn't talk; that's nonsense, but I was afraid."

Bill said, "Chinese are smuggled across the border every day. It wouldn't be any more difficult to smuggle someone out of the States. Now—"

Bill stopped abruptly at a low drum-roll of knocks at the door—the way friends of the wounded killer in China had knocked. He called in Chinese, "Enter, brothers."

Only one of the hatchetmen, dressed now in customary black silk, with broad-brimmed hat low over his eyes, stood in the doorway. He said, "Brother, we have cut the bonds of the person, and he has departed. As rapidly as if all the demons of the lower world were after him."

ASHLEY saw this new problem; what it might mean to the sister of Anne Martin. He said, "He will bring trouble to this household, brother."

The Chinese said, "I do not think he will return here."

"Why not?"

"There is always the Code, brother. One does not promise money as a final payment, and then plan to leave without paying it."

So that was why the Chinese had been whispering; why they had wanted to know if Henderson really intended to go away.

Bill said, throat suddenly tight: "Where is our third brother, your companion?"

"He needs one death to make him a killer of the first rank, and so I agreed to let him have that honor, this night. You need not worry about that man, brother."

The hatchetman closed the door behind him.

Ashley said: "The Chinese let Henderson go. He's . . . departed . . . perhaps for good."

"He won't stay away. He'll come back. He'll hate you. You've got to be careful!"

"I'm always careful," Bill said briskly.

"Are you?" The fear left her eyes. Something—a smile, a new light—came into them. "Always?"

Ashley was glad the subject was changed, lest she ask questions. "Look here," he told her, "you be careful yourself. Don't look at me like that."

"Like what, doctor?"

"Like you're doing." He tried to become matter-of-fact, to remember that the girl was Anne Martin. "I'll inform Dr. Robinett that we're no longer needed. His bill will come as a matter of course."

In her lovely, husky voice Anne Martin said, "And your own fee?"

"There isn't any," Bill said roughly.

"I've never been saved before," said Anne Martin, stepping closer, "but nobody is going to say that I don't know the customary practice." She put a hand to Bill's shoulder, came to tiptoe, and kissed him.

Bill Ashley's arms, of their own volition, left his sides. . . .

"That's for an advance fee," he said.

"And it was pretty high," Anne Martin said breathlessly. "No . . . any more, you've got to earn."

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The Man who Quit

Continued from page 23

what I mean? If the public liked me, it wasn't because I was a good actor; it was simply all this dauntless business, all the stunts. And all the stunts were done by Jim Romney. Do you remember?"

"I remember," Ann said.

She remembered the morning she had read the headlines: "Famous Movie Stunt Man Killed." Ann had started to skim through the story, because in it there might be a mention of a studio which was a client of the bureau, or of any of several actresses or actors who were on their list. And then she'd read: "Doubling for Eric Paine in an exciting sequence of his first starring picture, Rescue, Romney took his horse on a dead run to the edge of the crevice. It was not a particularly difficult jump for an expert horseman and no apprehension was felt by the director who had chosen the spot. Unaccountably the horse shied at the very brink and, with five cameras recording his fate, Romney was plunged into the gully below." Ann had marked the article for clipping because it had concerned Eric Paine, but she had no premonition of what would follow.

THEN, the next day, started by some reporter who sensed a story and followed by the rest, the storm of criticism broke, condemning the "double" policy and holding "sissy heroes" up to scorn and making an example of Eric Paine. Within a few days, naturally, the story had been worn thin, dropped. But never had there been an answer or an interview from Eric Paine. Reporters wrote, "Eric Paine cannot be located," and then concluded that his disappearance under fire proved he wasn't even man enough to try to justify himself. And so another star blinked out.

"Yes, I remember," Ann said.

"It's like I'd been a soldier marching at the head of a parade in a swell uniform," said Eric. "Then a war came along and after it was over, there I was marching again in an even sweller uniform and with a lot of medals. And just when people were hurrahing it came out that I hadn't been to the war at all, that I'd hired someone else to do my fighting for me and that they were his medals I was wearing. And that—that he'd got killed winning them. For me to wear."

Eric got his pipe alight again and puffed blue clouds of smoke and said, "You see, no matter what you say, I was a fake. And so there wasn't anything to say."

"You should have said it anyway," Ann said. "Other doubles have been hurt and no one criticized. The studio would have backed you up."

"I hadn't any value to them, then," said Eric.

"You should have fought," Ann said. "You should have done something to show them, everybody, you were just as game as anyone. And yet you—yet you—"

"Sneaked off?"

"Yes," Ann said, "you sneaked off. That's what mattered. Quit. Just went away and hid, without a word, and let it wreck your life."

"And took an alias," said Eric, "in the mountains."

"If you'd any pride," Ann said, "you couldn't joke about it. And your family—"

"I haven't any family, really," Eric said.

"You should have had," Ann said. "There should have been someone."

"Like you?" suggested Eric.

"Yes, like me," Ann said. "I know darn' well you meant that as sarcasm. But there should have been someone like me."

"You're a funny girl," said Eric. "Yes, perhaps there should have been someone like you, but I don't think there was. There isn't, very often. So you find me lurking in the mountains, brooding in the tatters of a former glory, pitying myself and—"

"And I'm going," Ann said, "and you ought to be ashamed. You ought to b-b-be ashamed."

The list of clients of the Roberts Service was typical of that of any of the larger clipping bureaus. Some were celebrities with solid reputations, some were glimpsed briefly by the public eye and seen no more. Some subscribed through vanity and some because of policy and some in fear. Politicians and explorers; financiers and lecturers; publicity-loving people and propa-

(Continued on page 46)

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(Continued from page 45)

gandists; authors, artists, actors, athletes, aviators. Ann used to wonder what they thought when they read over what the clipping bureau sent them. Applause to make an athlete proud of his achievement; criticism that would cause a fading actor's heart to ache; homage to an aviator; innuendo that spelled ostracism to a social aspirant; acclamation for an author, or some dreaded exposé that would conclude a long career.

Ann wished, sometimes, that she could send a letter with the clippings that she mailed: "Please don't mind what they say," or, "I am very glad for you," or, sometimes, "Serves you right." Ann felt she knew these people whose careers she followed; some she liked and some she didn't like and some she grew quite fond of, thrilling when she heard them lauded and becoming indignant when she felt they were unjustly criticized.

YES, some she grew quite fond of and for two years, Ann admitted, she had thought of Eric Paine. She'd liked him from the first, in pictures, and when his swift success came she had liked him even more because it didn't make him strut. He'd been, she thought, so nice and young and talented and human and so obviously headed gayly for the top. And then, impersonal and merciless, the press had finished him within a week.

Of course, Ann told herself, she had no sentimental interest. She'd have long ago forgotten Eric Paine—oh, long ago—if it had not been that his name, still on their list, had been a constant, somehow pitiful reminder. Now, because she'd chosen to forgo a gay vacation this year and spend two weeks with her aunt and uncle in the country, she had met him.

And Ann thought: "It's just as sad as it can be. He tried to make a joke of it but I could tell. He thinks his life is wrecked. He thinks he's been disgraced. He thinks that everything is done and finished and he'll keep on thinking that, he'll simply stay there and he'll keep on thinking that, unless somebody does something about him. It's as sad as anything."

And Ann thought: "It isn't anything to me, of course. It wasn't and it isn't and it couldn't be and I don't give a darn what happens to him. It's just simply that it's just as sad as anything and someone's got to help him and I guess—I guess it's me."

The trouble was there wasn't anyone to go to. Eric hadn't any family, so he'd said. He hadn't, obviously, any friends. He hadn't—but of course he had! He had someone who'd kept on being a subscriber to the clipping bureau for two years just on the chance of learning if his name were mentioned anywhere. Someone Eric didn't even know about. Someone, maybe, who was searching for him. Ann thrilled when she remembered the mysterious subscriber and Ann thought: "Some rich old uncle! That's exactly who it is. It's got to be! Some rich old uncle with unspeakable amounts of money and he got estranged from Eric's father years ago and now he wants his nephew back.

The plutocratic uncle, so the bureau told Ann when she phoned for information, was a certain Miss Amanda Weatherby of Fire Falls, Connecticut. But that was just as good! It simply meant an aunt and even richer, likely. Only fifty miles away, too. And Ann thought: "Why, if I start right away and don't have trouble with the car I'll be there in two hours."

All the way to Fire Falls Ann thought about the great estate of Miss Amanda Weatherby, because, to make things come out right, she simply had to have a great estate. There would be sweeping lawns and formal gardens and an endless drive between great trees and, when Ann had penetrated through the butlers, she would meet a tall, gracious, white-haired lady with a diamond collar and a high aristocratic nose.

Amanda Weatherby's estate, the man said grinning, was right down the street, the third house from the corner. The endless drive diminished to a short flagged walk, the mansion to a little, white, green-shuttered house and long before Ann used the shiny knocker she had given up all hope of butlers and of diamond collars. A tiny, rustling, white-haired, fragile little lady with the youngest, brightest eyes that Ann had ever seen came to the door and Ann forgot her disappointment while she fell in love at once. Ann had wondered what she'd say, how she'd begin, and now she found that she was saying, simply, "I've come to see you about Eric Paine."

The young eyes crinkled and the tiny lady smiled, "Of course," she said. "It's nice of you to come to see his Aunt Amanda." And presently Ann found that she had told Amanda Weatherby about the clipping bureau, how she'd followed Eric Paine's career and how she felt when it was terminated and he disappeared. And how, of course, she hadn't any sentimental interest and would have forgotten all about him long ago except that his name was still there, on the list, reminding her.

"I never told him I subscribed," said Aunt Amanda, twinkling. "But he wouldn't write me all the nice things they were saying of him and, you see, I raised the creature."

"And you kept on being a subscriber," Ann said, "afterwards."

"Of course I did," said Aunt Amanda vigorously. "You'd not expect that I'd desert him?"

"I hoped," Ann said, "I hoped that you'd be someone with a lot of money who could help him and—"

"Help him?" Aunt Amanda asked.

"But, oh, he needs it, needs someone. Don't you see? He thinks he's been disgraced. He's given up. It's pitiful, his living there like that, just giving up and thinking that his life is wrecked."

"Did that boy tell you that?" asked Aunt Amanda.

"Of course not," Ann said. "I just knew. He tried to be as brave as anything and even make a joke of it but I knew, I could tell."

"I'D STROP that boy," said Aunt Amanda, rocking placidly, "if I thought he'd been playing on your sympathy like that."

"But sympathy is what he needs," Ann said. "And, oh, I don't know why I came here anyway."

"I do," said Aunt Amanda. "Have another cup of tea."

"It isn't anything to me—what happens to him," Ann said. "I hardly even know the man. Except—except—"

"Except you love the creature," Aunt Amanda said.

"I don't!" Ann answered. "I couldn't! Do I, Aunt Amanda?"

"I baked these cookies specially," Aunt Amanda said.

"Oh," Ann said, "but I don't want to love him. I don't want to love a man who runs away from things."

"I told him that was what they'd say," said Aunt Amanda. "when I went out to Hollywood and found him in the hospital. I said then. 'Georgie Paine, if you were goop enough to go right out there all alone the next day and try to jump that horse across that awful place yourself, without a cent of pay—'"

"What?" interrupted Ann. "What?"

"'And fall and hurt yourself and maybe limp for all your days,' I said, 'the least that you could do was let those nosey old reporters know about it.'"

"Oh!" Ann said. "Oh! He really did that? Really?"

"Of course," said Aunt Amanda. "And he said he didn't give a whoop what the reporter said."

"Oh!" said Ann.

"He said that he was through with acting anyway," said Aunt Amanda. "He said that acting gave him pains. He said that he was glad that he could go away to write his book."

"His book?"

"It's out at last," said Aunt Amanda, "and about time, too, if you ask me. And now, of course, there won't be any holding him. I'd like to shake those critics, making all that fuss about that boy."

From a capacious apron pocket Aunt Amanda drew a sheaf of folded papers.

"Critics!" Aunt Amanda sniffed, but you could see her eyes were proud and tender. "The clipping bureau sent these write-ups on this morning. Listen: 'Notable First Novel.' 'Hurricane shows evidence of major talent.' 'Best first novel since This Side of Paradise.'

"Ridiculous!" said Aunt Amanda. "Fiddle-faddle. That boy! But child! You're crying!"

"I'm n-n-not," said Ann. "I'm n-n-not. I'm s-s-simply sniffling. Like I always do when I'm infuriated. Oh, Aunt Amanda, I've been such a f-f-fool. For two years I've been thinking of him and how sad it was and how his darned old life was wrecked. And when I met him yesterday I thought he needed someone—needed help and—"

"There, there," Aunt Amanda said.

"I USED to darn' near cry about him," Ann said. "And I darned near cried last night and all the time, these whole two years, the big sneak was sitting there and writing on his book and doing just exactly what he wanted to and—"

"That boy!" Aunt Amanda stated firmly.

"And its exactly what I get," Ann said, "for being such a s-s-sap and I don't ever want to see him all my life again and if you ever tell him I was here I'll—"

"Shush," shushed Aunt Amanda, "there's the creature now."

"Hello," said Eric Paine. "Hi, Amanda."

"You call me Aunt Amanda like I raised you to," said Aunt Amanda. "And you might at least have put a necktie on."

"Neckties? At a time like this?" said Eric. "Here, I've brought you what the critics said. I'm hot stuff, Aunt Amanda."

"Fiddle-faddle," Aunt Amanda said, "I'll go and get some cookies."

"They told me you had come here, Ann," said Eric, "when I returned your bicycle."

"I didn't come here," Ann said; "I just happened to drop by."

"And I just happened to tear after you," said Eric, "just as fast as I was able."

"And you needn't think my coming here had anything to do with you or anything," Ann said, "or anyone so dog-gone' mean they let me think that they were—they were—"

"Lurking in the mountains with a ruined life?" said Eric. "Listen, Ann, you didn't give me any chance to tell you—"

"And I'm going," Ann said, "right this minute. And as far as possible. You needn't think—"

"I'll tell you what I think," said Eric, "what I thought the minute you bumped into me."

"You'd bring that up!" Ann said.

"And what I stayed awake all night to think," said Eric. "And what I'll always think, Ann. Listen—"

"Here's the cookies, children," Aunt Amanda said.

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Too much Violet

Continued from page 13

Grogan when he goes out of the city."

"And you are quite happy together?"

"Beyond words."

"Thank you," said the reporter, and the Evening News printed nothing about the affairs of the Russes.

Violet knew full well that her husband had strayed from the path of rectitude, for the Hockenburys and the Eastmans had described Miss Lewis in great detail, and had made her even more beautiful and sinful than she was.

As she perceived it, Alfred had gone mildly insane. In his senses he would never think of walking into a public restaurant with a bedizened damsel; and if a man is temporarily blinded to the higher things in life, stumbling along through a moral fog, it would be silly, Violet told herself, to fly into a rage and have the law on him.

MEANTIME, the hell-raiser from Buffalo Wells lolled in his New York hotel and took life easy. It was a cheery, large room, with pink wall-paper, and therein Alfred slept as late as he liked, read the morning papers, ate a leisurely breakfast and went to the afternoon and evening movies, thus disposing of each day. He was not certain of his immediate future. He sat up until after midnight, eating onion sandwiches and dill pickles, both of which were forbidden at home. After a few days the vice president of the First National Bank of Buffalo Wells, being in New York on business, called on the renegade.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the v. p., looking for signs of dementia.

"I'm fine," said Alfred. "I am now a dissolute rogue or scalawag leading a life of debauchery, and everybody likes me."

"Come home," pleaded the v. p. "We need you, Alfred. Your wife needs you. Everyone in town is feeling pretty sad about this and is hoping you will snap out of it."

"The hell with 'em," Alfred said firmly. "Do you want to go out and get cockeyed with me tonight, and visit a lot of low dives fit more for beasts than men?"

"No," said the v. p., and he went mournfully back to Buffalo Wells, called on Violet and informed her that Alfred was a changed man.

But Mayor Snecker of Buffalo Wells was a man of action and he knew what to do.

"I shall go to New York," he told Violet, "and bring back that husband of yours. Our town hasn't so many high-grade citizens that we can afford to lose Alfred and sit by supinely. We need him."

Mayor Snecker walked into Alfred's New York hotel without a word of warning and found him leaving for the afternoon movies.

"You're coming home with me," the mayor said sternly, and he gave Alfred a good going-over then and there. He spoke bitterly of abandoned characters in a great city who lure a man on, and of young women who use rouge and stay up late. He assured Alfred that his departure from Buffalo Wells had left a vacant niche that could never be filled. Alfred listened. He even smiled wanly. He was getting weary of moving pictures, and the dill pickles had given him indigestion.

"Very well, Harvey," he said to the mayor. "If you put it that way, I suppose I shall have to return with you."

They left on the midnight limited.

IN THE morning they stepped from the train and the mayor thanked Alfred for coming home. Alfred removed his car from Mike Grogan's railway garage and drove down Main Street, with everyone looking.

He drove up the gravel to his own garage, the doors of which were open. A pleasant breeze stirred the leaves overhead. Violet was in the back yard clipping roses from a bush when Alfred slid out of his car.

"Hello, Alfred," his wife said. "Glad to see you back again."

"Well," said Alfred, drawing in his breath quickly, "I'm glad to be back again." No avalanche so far.

"How are you?"

"I'm quite well," he replied. "And how do you feel?"

"Never better," said Violet, and she actually smiled. "It certainly is nice to have you back home."

"I suppose," said he, "you have heard about me."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Everything."

"Ah-h, you—would you like to hear what I have to say?"

"No," said Violet. "I think it is not necessary to discuss your visit to New York."

"That's funny," he said. "I'd think you would like to know what actually happened."

"I know what happened," Violet said, "and further conversation would be useless. Now, how about your playing a game of golf today? It is a lovely day for golf."

"It certainly is," he said.

"I have laid out your golf clothes. I wouldn't think of going to the office today, Alfred."

Walking in a slight daze, he entered the house, followed by Violet.

"About your resigning from the golf club," she said in a thoughtful voice, "I have been thinking it over. You must not resign."

"No?"

"No. Golf is indeed a wonderful recreation for a hard-working man. It is healthful. You require the exercise. Furthermore, you must not give up the lunch club."

"I thought—"

"I have changed my mind," said Violet firmly. "Now, you'd better be starting, or you'll be late. Dinner will be at seven—roast chicken."

As he was leaving the room in his knickers, the telephone rang. It was Dr. Clarence Cook, who had just heard of the return. "Hello," said the medical leader of Buffalo Wells. "This Alfred?"

Alfred said it was, and Dr. Cook expressed his genuine pleasure. He added that he had been thinking over a business matter. How would Alfred like to join him and compose a new and peerless medical team of Cook and Russ, specialists? The big man said the thought had been with him for some time and Alfred replied, when he could speak, that he was now on his way to the golf course, but would be glad to confer later with Dr. Cook. Violet listened silently to one side of the conversation, and Alfred strolled slowly out to his car and climbed aboard, a faint smile upon his thin countenance.

He paused at his office on Main Street to get half a dozen old golf balls, and as he came out he saw approaching a reporter for the Gazette. "Ah," said the baby expert, "he's going to ask me about the scandal." He prepared to be dignified, for the Gazette is the town's leading paper.

"DR. RUSS," said the journalist, "we are getting up a symposium of the best opinion in Buffalo Wells, and I am instructed to ask you what you think about the proposed bond issue for the waterworks."

Alfred coughed and replied that, in his opinion, every citizen should vote for the bonds. "It is a matter of civic duty," he concluded.

"Thank you," said the reporter. "You've been away, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Alfred, "in New York, on a business trip."

"Might mention it in the paper?"

"Oh, sure," said Alfred.

He drove on out to the golf club, was welcomed by the members present and invited to join a threesome of important citizens. He idled in the bright sunshine, looking back upon his recent misdeeds and recalling the old saw about the evil that men do lives after them. He smiled slightly.

"Not a bad town," he murmured, thinking of New York and its wickedness. "I might go back there some day."

"Like hell I am—I'm going to Harvard!" *Chon Day*

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 18

into his room, he finally fell asleep.

The Wetherings ran their house or, rather, governed their hospitality in a sane and reasonable way. They asked to visit them only persons who they were quite sure would amuse them.

Their house was neither a hotel nor a club. It was a home, and a guest was expected to be a part of that home, and if he or she didn't fit—well, he or she was not invited again.

One could breakfast in bed during the week, but on Sunday morning one was expected to play one's proper part in being entertaining or amusing. There would be other guests; it wasn't fair to break up a foursome or ruin a doubles match because it was too much trouble to rise at a reasonable hour. If you couldn't get up on Sunday morning by ten, and by eleven be breakfasted and accoutered for whatever sport you had selected on the previous night, well—you just weren't a good guest and bad guests never came again.

TODAY was like other Sundays at the Wetherings. Meridew had last night signified his willingness to play golf and he found himself paired with Myrna Dale against Flo Wethering and Brockridge. Luncheon, they were told, was to take place at the golf club, and in the afternoon there would be more golf for the addicts, or there would be bridge and swimming at home.

Meridew drove Myrna to the course.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

He hated himself for the question. But he could not prevent himself from asking it.

"Fell asleep almost before I was undressed," she replied.

He had not expected a frank answer. But he was hardly prepared for so complete a falsehood. And yet, it might have been the truth. After her secret talk with Brockridge, she might have been sleepy; heaven knew it must have been late in the night! But there was falsity in the impression which she deliberately conveyed—that she had gone directly to bed when the party downstairs broke up.

But she didn't look as if she had been content with a few hours' sleep. Her smooth skin wasn't a bit pale, and the redness of her lips owed nothing to artifice. Or, at least, very little.

"Shall we ask for a handicap? How good are you, really?" he asked.

"Not good at all," she replied. "I *might* break a hundred, but hardly on a course I've never played. What can you do?"

"Maybe ninety," he answered. "But Flo is sure to break a hundred, so it all seems to depend upon the President."

"Important man," she laughed. "But he told me that his game is about ninety-five."

"Last night?" he inquired.

She looked at him.

"We didn't talk golf last night," she said.

"Politics?" he asked.

"We hardly talked at all," she stated flatly. "Just now, at breakfast, he told me what his game usually was."

He wanted, almost uncontrollably wanted, to shout insults at her. How could she brazenly lie to him? Hardly talked at all, when he knew that she and Brockridge had paced the Wethering grounds last night, whispering intently!

But he choked back his rage, a rage which he didn't any more comprehend now than he did last night. If a girl chose to deceive you in matters that were her own business, you became angry only if you cared for her. That seemed logical reasoning. And why couldn't he be logical in his attitude toward this girl whom he had known less than forty-eight hours?

He struggled for that reasonable frame of mind which seemed indicated in the circumstances, and for the rest of the brief ride to the golf course he chatted with an assumption of lightness which he trusted was sufficiently convincing.

"I disapprove," said Brockridge as they stood on the first tee, "of any sort of gambling. Publicly and privately I am opposed to it. But speculative investment has developed this great country of ours, Mr. Meridew. All honor to the men of broad vision who, for a commensurate return, risked their all in opening up new lands, new industries for our population. I consider the game of golf a test of skill, not a matter of chance. And skill is something in which every man ought to be happy to make an investment. What shall we play for, Mr. Meridew?"

"My usual stakes are a dollar a hole and a five-dollar Nassau, Mr. President," said Meridew. He smiled as he spoke. It was impossible not to like this good-humored man.

"A fair amount," agreed Brockridge. "But I'm told you are around ninety. I'm five strokes worse than that. Mrs. Wethering may perhaps be a few strokes better than Miss Dale. I would suggest, to remove this game from blind chance, that you give us two out and two in."

"I'm glad to find you so soundly conservative, Mr. President," laughed Meridew. "That handicap removes all speculation from your investment. It makes it a sure thing, I would say. Suppose you take one out and one in?"

"Only your youth prevents me right now from inviting you to become Secretary of the Treasury," grinned Brockridge. "One who guards his own money so carefully would be equally careful with his country's finances. What do you say, partner? Shall we accept this unfair offer?"

"If only to shame them by our sportsmanship, yes," replied Flo Wethering.

A SCORE of members, attracted by the presence of the President, were grouped about the tee. Servants peered from windows and caddies eyed enviously the proud youth who carried Brockridge's bag. And when, after Flo had topped her drive, the President sent a ball screaming two hundred yards down the fairway, the little gallery cheered.

It was a close and exciting and entertaining match. Brockridge outdid himself, shooting a ninety-one, but Meridew came to the last hole needing a par for an eighty-six. Myrna had not done as well as Flo, and the match was all square at the eighteenth. And Meridew, to his own great surprise, scored a birdie and the match was won.

In the locker, while the ladies powdered their noses, Brockridge paid his debt. It amounted to six dollars.

"A good match," said the President, "and worth the amount which I now give you."

"Much obliged," said Meridew. "I think I ought to frame these bills. My descendants might value them. Money won by grandpop from President Brockridge."

"I could give you a letter stating the fact, and save the money," suggested Brockridge.

And upon the laugh this mild humor

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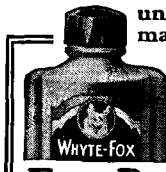

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roused in Meridew, Pete Wethering deprecatingly broke in.

"It's way after two," he said, "and everyone's ready for luncheon—"

Brockridge was instant in his apologies for having kept the ladies waiting even so briefly, and promptly led the way to the restaurant on the second floor of the clubhouse. A long table had been reserved for the Wethering party, and eighteen people sat down. Meridew found himself between plump Alice Kernan and the athletic Betty Clarke. The latter had Johnny Wilson at her right, so, things being as they were between Betty and Johnny, Meridew knew that he would have to depend, for table talk, upon Alice.

But Alice's plumpness came from no inactive or overactive gland. It came from sheer devotion to good food, and all that she was ever known to say during the course of a meal was, "Good, eh?"

So he prepared himself for forty minutes, more or less, of thought, observation and food. Which was exactly what he had. He had thought that there might be more golf, but to a tentative suggestion Brockridge returned a negative.

"Mrs. Cooley and I," he said to Flo, "desire revenge upon you and Mr. Cooley. Last night, due to brazen duplicity, we were cheated out of a victory at croquet. Today—"

"The challenge is accepted," laughed Flo.

Whereupon, because watching a President was more exciting than playing oneself, most of the guests decided to return to the Wethering home. Myrna, passing Meridew as the luncheon broke up, flashed him an inviting smile, whereas her smile to Brockridge had been casually polite.

FOR a moment Meridew felt hot anger. Acting as though she and Brockridge were the most casual acquaintances, when last night they had conferred in whispers. . . . But it hadn't been the kind of intrigue that it might have been. Of this he was certain, and much of his anger vanished as he gave himself this assurance.

Then it returned—at himself, this time. What did he care what was the nature of her intrigue with Brockridge? She was just one of a score of girls whom he knew, wasn't she?

She climbed into his car beside him.

"Wonder if you'd mind taking me in about six?" she asked.

"Not staying for dinner?"

"Do you mind?"

He shook his head.

"Not at all."

"I'll bet you do. You probably haven't any column to write for tomorrow—you *do* have Sundays off, don't you? And you want to play."

Again he shook his head.

"Then I'll rely on you," she said. "That was a good game. You played better than you said. What a rare man. A man who doesn't lie about his golf game—"

"I was lucky today," he said. "You did well, I thought."

"I was as good as usual," she admitted. "But I did win one hole and halved another, so—I helped, didn't I?"

"Entirely aside from the inspiration I received from having you as my partner," he smiled.

"Which, of course, made you outdo yourself," she mocked.

They drove the rest of the brief journey quite gayly. Meridew, as he deposited her at the front door, and parked his car a few yards away, wondered at the fact that she seemed able to deflect his resentment with the utmost ease. But, of course, she wasn't aware of this resentment, and was merely natural.

She didn't wait for him at the door, and when he passed through the house and out upon the lawn, he found her the center of a group of men. And among them was Mortie Disston.

"You hound," said Disston to him.

"A fighting word," said Meridew.

"You bring her out here; I just discovered you're taking her back to New York."

Meridew grinned.

"Is this love that has entered the Disston breast at last?" he asked.

Disston grinned in turn.

"If it isn't, it's love's first cousin," he replied.

"But you've had so many of those cousins," said Meridew.

"That's the trouble with people," said Disston. "If a man pays attention to a girl, begs her to marry him, goes into despair because she rejects him, a lot of damn' fools say he's in love. Then, if a dozen girls refuse him, and he suffers about all of them, the same idiots maintain he's romantically inclined."

"Whereas?" suggested Meridew.

"Whereas he's merely been getting in training. You see, Ken, I have theories. Practice improves—in everything! How can a man give a woman a true and deep devotion unless he's gone into training for it? Now, I've been in training in the past. Now the big contest comes—and you're monopolizing her."

"Sorry," chuckled Meridew. "But I'll speak to her about you."

Disston laughed and crowded into the center of the little throng about Myrna.

It was all in fun, of course. Mortie Disston was a notorious romantic, and the débutante that hadn't subjugated him had not been a success. Nevertheless, Mortie's exaggerated attentions were not the only proof that Myrna was triumphant with the men. She was popular, and Meridew felt a faint pang of annoyance as he observed her popularity now.

Shrugging, he walked toward a bench and prepared to be a spectator of the croquet game.

Tilly Gentry screamed with delight and sat down beside him.

"On Long Island again, Ken?" She looked archly toward the gay group of which Myrna Dale was the center. "And motored the young lady out here last night, I understand."

"You do, do you?" said Meridew acidly. "What a bunch of inveterate gossips you Long Islanders are!"

"Aren't we just?" giggled Tilly. "But when the aloof Kendrick Meridew, who's hardly ever looked at a girl twice, falls head over heels—"

"That," interjected Meridew, "is the rankest nonsense—"

"Oh, is it?" replied Tilly. "You couldn't take your eyes off her Friday at my house. You danced with her that night at the Casino—"

"Damn it, do you spy as well as cackle, Tilly?" he demanded.

"MR. MERIDEW! Such language," she said. "Frances Dabney rang me up yesterday. She said that you and Myrna Dale danced together just too divinely and wouldn't it be wonderful if you two—"

"How about watching the croquet?" Meridew suggested.

Tilly patted his hand.

"Don't be angry with me, Ken, you old darling," she said.

He smiled.

"I won't; only—Miss Dale—if she heard this sort of chatter—might not care for it, you know."

Tilly smiled reassuringly at him.

"I make fun of my friends only when I'm alone with them," she said. "And I never embarrass them before others."

"Bless your heart, Tilly," said Meridew.

But, though he chatted gayly enough with Tilly and the others all through the croquet match, his mind was not upon the subjects he discussed. His mind was on the extraordinary girl who had made such an impression on him.

At sight of her, he had stared so that Tilly Gentry had accused him of wearing his heart upon his sleeve. Frances Dabney had at once decided to make a match. Already—less than three days after he had met Myrna—his women friends were looking archly at him, uttering sly innuendoes.

Did Tilly read his heart better than he read it himself? Could a man fall in love without being certain of it, yet so definitely that onlookers knew it? But that was ridiculous. As a matter of fact, far from being in love with her, he was beginning to feel contempt for her. A girl that would lie—not once, but repeatedly. . . .

NEVERTHELESS, although he fought against it, and tried to deny it to himself, he was thrilled when, shortly before six, their bags stowed away in the rear of the car, they started toward town.

"You're nice to drive me in," she said.

"You're nice to let me," he rejoined.

"Which seems to make us both nice," she laughed. "The week-end was fun, wasn't it?"

"I hope it's repeated soon," he told her. "Am I driving too slow? Are you in a hurry?"

"I *have* an appointment at seven," she admitted.

"Isn't that rather early for dinner?" he asked.

She smiled.

"Did I say it was dinner? It isn't—exactly—"

He leaped at the opening.

"Then perhaps you could dine with me?"

She shook her head.

"It would be nice, but—"

"My apartment—it's a penthouse—is twenty stories in the air. It's so cool on the porch—"

"Mr. Meridew! Are you asking me to come, unchaperoned, to your apartment?"

"How did you guess?" he laughed. "That's exactly what I am asking you."

"Oh, in that case, I accept," she said mirthfully. "Only—I can't dine with you. I—I'll have dinner before I come. But I'll have coffee with you. At nine-thirty?"

"I shall count the minutes," he said.

"But will you be able to keep the coffee hot for so long?"

"My cook—and you will find Minnie well worth acquaintance—will put a fresh pot on the stove as you walk in."

"What manner of miracle man are you?" she exclaimed. "To possess a cook who will make fresh coffee—but you're a bachelor and cooks love to work for single men."

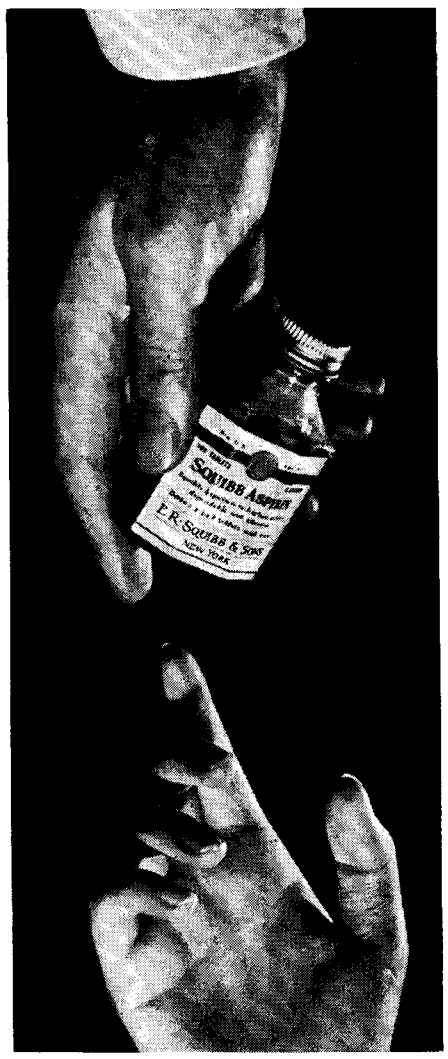
"I suppose that's it, though I hoped it was my charm," he said.

She looked at him queerly.

"It might even be that, too," she said.

And for the moment he forgot all about Brockridge and last night and her petty falsehoods. He only remembered that an extraordinarily charming girl had paid him a compliment. And though she shifted the subject instantly, the memory lingered with him. And not until after he had left her at her apartment did it occur to him to wonder if her seven-o'clock appointment could have been with Cattrone. And then he dismissed the thought with self-contempt at having unworthily entertained it. Why, he asked himself, because she saw a man of Cattrone's type once, was it necessary to assume that she would see him again?

(To be continued next week)



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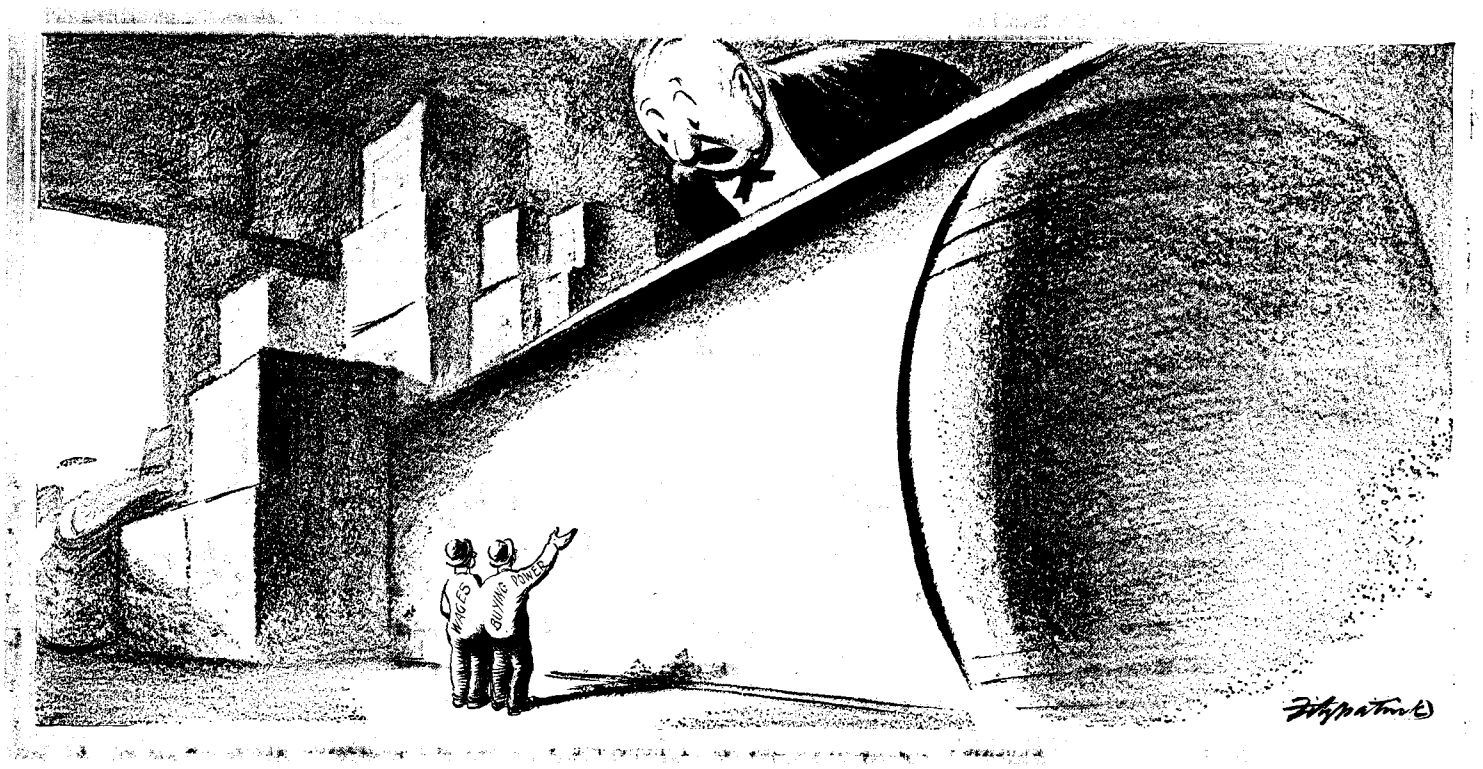

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We know, among other things, that workers are consumers before they are workers. We know, also, that millions of consumers with money to spend for the good things of life are essential to the prosperity of industry and the welfare of the nation.

Nothing more important to our future well-being has been discovered than the truth that the prosperity of business depends upon the payment of high wages.

In the days when cartoonists pictured Mark Hanna wearing clothes covered with dollar signs, wages were still counted a tax upon business. The smaller the wage the better the business, according to ideas of that benighted period.

Every intelligent modern business man sees the folly of that thinking. Any business lives on its customers. Workers are customers. The more money customers have to spend, the greater the opportunity of business. A corporation has to give if it expects to receive.

The great strides taken during the years up to 1929 were made possible by high wage scales. Almost overnight, living standards rose throughout the nation. Fat pay envelopes created new markets for a myriad businesses.

No people could hope to live well so long as industry was on a small scale. The man who relied on his own family, friends or locality for customers was destined for small things. Only when trade became national and international and when the many, not the few, were able to buy did we begin to enjoy the fruits of initiative, invention and energy.

We have facilities for manufacturing five million motor cars a year. Our capacity to produce radios, electric refrigerators, washing machines, stoves, and all the endless conveniences of modern life is measured by millions and not by thousands.

If these useful objects are made by the best modern machinery they can be produced very cheaply. A motor car which now sells for around $500, it has been estimated, would cost at least $10,000 if made by hand according to the custom processes of Europe.

High wages have not involved high labor costs. On the contrary, the output of the American worker has been so large that our labor costs have been very low even when wages were highest.

There is no way of keeping a mass production factory busy except by mass consumption. That means high wages. There is no other way to provide a sufficient market. A rising wage scale is a vital necessity to industrial America.

It is important at this time when signs of business recovery are multiplying to keep this basic fact in mind. In so far as the managers of American business have the opportunity to choose, intelligent self-interest dictates rising wage scales now and over a long future. We must have consuming power.

Any general policy has obviously to be modified to meet the exigencies of particular situations.

So the time and the extent to which wages can be restored or raised is a question which each employer must determine in the light of his own problems. Business must be solvent and profitable or there will be no wages, high or low.

This consideration applies to governmental bodies quite as much as to private employers.

Taxes must be reduced if private industry is not to be deprived of capital and revenues essential to recovery, even though salaries have temporarily to come down. As business is more prosperous there will be more revenue to tax. Then public salaries can be reconsidered. Inevitably they will be reconsidered and increased as better days appear.

This does not mean extravagance or waste. It does mean a recognition of the needs of a growing industrial nation.

The directors of large-scale industry, it will be remembered, were very reluctant to lower wages, and the influence of the government was exerted in favor of keeping up rates. What was done was the result of necessity. It was a concession to the emergency. There were some, of course, who welcomed the opportunity to lower labor costs and who unscrupulously pressed their advantage. These, happily, were in the minority so far as they represented industrial opinion.

On the large issue of a national wage policy, however, there has been and there can be little debate. Business will prosper in the United States as the sums paid in wages increase. Low wages mean a small volume of business. High wages make growth possible. The trend must be steadily upward.

The experiences of the most intelligent and the most prosperous American business institutions justify this policy. It is one element in any plan for lasting recovery.

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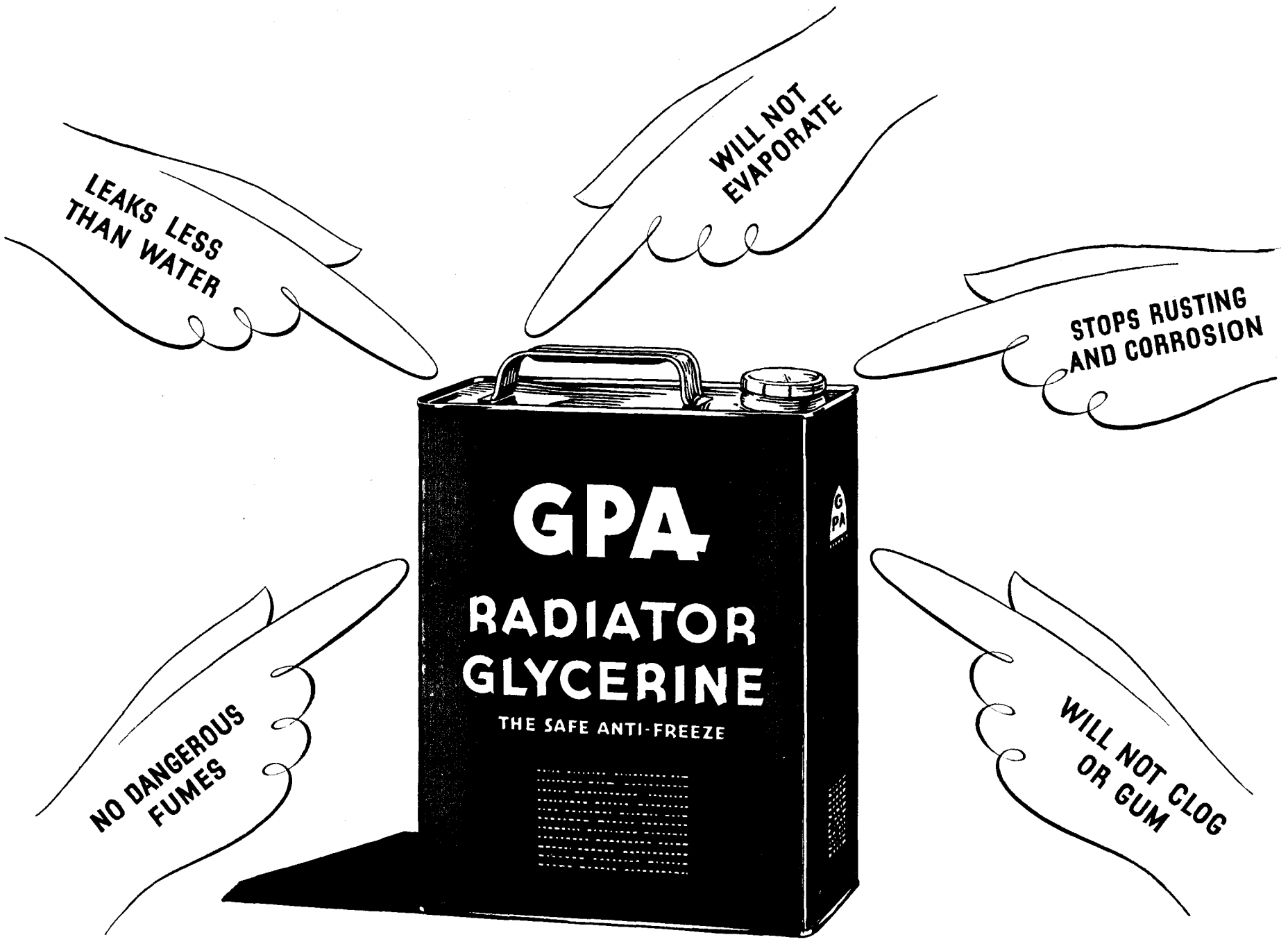

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13. Uniform in quality. Made to G.P.A. standards.
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